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# POLISH EXPERIENCES

DURING

# THE INSURRECTION OF 1863-4.

BY

W. H. BULLOCK.

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# POLISH EXPERIENCES.

## CHAPTER I.[1]

### INTRODUCTORY.

In spite of the much talking and writing on the subject of Poland, during the past year, I have been convinced, since my return to England from that unfortunate country, that very vague ideas still prevail as to the real state of Poland and the Poles. The important thing for Englishmen to know is—first, to what extent Poland has already been Russianized or Germanized, and, secondly, to what extent Russians and Germans have it in their power to finish the work of denationalization. For it is not the having moral right on her side, or the requirements of divine justice, or anything so far off as that, which helps to keep Poland alive, but simply the inability of her enemies to kill her outright. Garibaldi may solemnly declare, and Mr. Hennessy may repeat after him, in the House of Commons, "Poland must not die," but Poland would have died long ago, but for the physical impossibility of killing her.

[1] A portion of the present work has already appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*.

Happily for the Poles, Prussia, the Power with incomparably the most formidable appliances for working out the denationalization of Poland, has but a comparatively small slice of Polish territory in her hands in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and the part of the province of West Prussia in which Dantzic is situated.

In Galicia, Austria has a rich and extensive province, but of comparative insignificance by the side of the lion's share, which Russia obtained for herself by successful intrigues at the Treaty of Vienna.

It was a short-sighted policy on the part of the statesmen assembled at the congress of Vienna, who fondly imagined that they were finally settling with Poland, to hand over the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which formerly, including the territory of Bialystock—ceded by Napoleon to the Emperor Alexander—belonged to Prussia, to a Power with such a limited civilization, and consequently equally limited capacity of assimilating foreign territory, as Russia.[1] It was not only short-sighted, but cruel to the last degree, for from the beginning it was certain that Russia, incapable of governing herself, would be unequal to the task of governing Poland, a country possessing a superior civilization to her own. Had Prussia been reinstated in her former Polish possessions, it is more than probable that she would have succeeded to as great an extent in denationalizing the kingdom of Poland as she has done the Grand Duchy of Posen. With a thriving industrial population, already overflowing in the great towns, and now finding an outlet for its superfluous energies in America, Prussia would have had it in

[1] Previously to the Treaty of Vienna, Russia possessed no part of the present kingdom of Poland.

her power to flood the kingdom of Poland with her industry and commerce. To have Germanized the towns would have been sufficient to prevent the possibility of anything like a successful Polish insurrection. Had Prussia enjoyed, if only for a quarter of a century, the opportunity which has been completely thrown away on Russia since the Treaty of Vienna, of denationalizing Warsaw—the head and heart of the Polish movement—we should in all likelihood have heard nothing of Polish insurrections. As it is, Russia, possessing so much of what formerly was, and still is, Poland *minus* Russian bayonets, that many persons forget that Prussia and Austria have to be taken into consideration at all, has been able to effect so little in altering the face of the country, that periodical insurrections with the view of shaking off the Russian yoke are inevitable. In their lust of aggrandisement, the last question Russian statesmen think of putting to themselves is, "Can we digest this morsel which we are about to swallow?"

While the main efforts of Prussia in the Grand Duchy of Posen have been aimed at Germanizing the towns, Russia, aware that such an attempt on her part would be hopeless, inasmuch as she has no town population to spare—town, *i.e.* permanent place for buying and selling as opposed to fair or temporary place being a thing of recent growth in Russia—has rather directed her energies countrywards. But even here the means at her disposal are not only very limited, but she is kept within bounds in applying them, not by any sense of decency, but by the necessity of looking out for herself. For all communistic measures adopted by Russian statesmen in Poland are apt to spread like wildfire into Russia. Indeed,

supposing Russia not to be afraid of adopting wholesale measures of confiscation of Polish estates, what is she to do with them when confiscated? She has to choose between three courses—(1) keeping them in the hands of the State, (2) giving them away, (3) or selling them.

Now, fortunately for Poland, it is not in the power of Russian statesmen to follow any one of these three courses in such a manner as shall at all attain the end in view, namely, the denationalization of Poland, and chiefly for the following reasons. First, Russia is, in proportion to its extent, the most thinly populated country in Europe, and, consequently, has a very limited number of Russians at her disposal for colonizing purposes. Secondly, Russians manifest a decided unwillingness to leave home. Thirdly, the nature of the Russian administration is such, as to offer the smallest possible inducement to foreigners to immigrate.

Bearing these circumstances in mind, it is not surprising, that what formerly was Poland should have remained Poland, everywhere but in the geography books. To such an extent are Russians unwilling to leave Russia and settle in Poland, that in the whole extent of Russian Poland, including the so-called kingdom of Poland, Lithuania, and the Ruthenian provinces, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine—countries which for centuries formed as united a kingdom as England, Scotland, and Ireland at the present day—you might almost count the number of resident Russian proprietors on your fingers. If a Russian general acquires an estate in Poland as a reward for his services, he invariably contents himself with receiving the profits, and living himself at St. Petersburg or Moscow, leaving the

estate to be managed by an agent, in most cases a Pole, from the difficulty of finding a competent Russian.

With regard to the question, which all persons who take an interest in Poland must wish to have answered, —to what extent has the country suffered by the late insurrection, I should reply that although at the present moment the land is suffering from very general prostration—the inevitable result of an unsuccessful struggle —it is quite certain, that at the expiration of fifteen or twenty years, the strength of the Poles will be sufficiently recruited to render another rising probable. The fact is, that the landowners, although they furnished the sinews of war, and in some cases sent their own sons to represent them, did not, except in a few instances, themselves openly take up arms, from the consciousness that they could do more for their country by staying at home. In this respect the insurrection of 1831 differed materially from that of 1863. In the former insurrection a large proportion of landowners took part, and paid dearly for it by the confiscation of their estates. The insurrection of 1863, on the other hand, was the work of the middle and lower classes, a circumstance which irritated the Russians most particularly, for although they could hang or shoot the students, apprentices, artizans, etc. who fell into their hands, their power ended here, there being no property to confiscate. From this it results, that although a considerable number of young men were killed, and a much larger number deported to Siberia, Orenburg, and the Caucasus, but a small proportion of landed estates, at least, in the kingdom of Poland and Ruthenian provinces, has fallen into the hands of the Russians. In Lithuania, on the other hand, where

over and above the work of putting down the armed insurrection, Murawiew devoted himself to the task of eradicating the Polish element, with little regard to the guilt or innocence of his victims, I understand that as many as 2,000 estates have been confiscated by the Russian Government. I have been informed that this number may represent about one tenth of the whole number of estates in Lithuania, of which the great majority still remain in the hands of Poles.

For the reasons above stated, the Polish estates in Lithuania, which have been confiscated by Murawiew, will not easily find purchasers, nor, even supposing the Government to be willing to sacrifice the gain which would accrue to the exchequer by their sale, and give them away to the peasants for nothing, would it be easy to find Russians willing or available for colonization in Poland: and Polish peasants will not answer the purpose, who, as they rise in the social scale, develop a spirit of patriotism, and become a source of danger to the Russian Government. Peasants, who are already proprietors in Russia, prefer getting a living out of their paternal acres, to acquiring a more considerable property abroad, as they consider any part of Poland. As to those peasants who are not proprietors at home, but mere day-labourers, and who might not be unwilling to leave home with the enticing prospect of becoming their own masters, the fact is, that they cannot be spared. In the face of the existing scarcity and dearness of agricultural labour in Russia, the Government would not dare to face the storm, which anything like a wholesale measure of deportation of agricultural labourers would infallibly raise among the Russian landowners. The probability

is that the majority of these estates will be knocked down for a mere song to the Jews, who have only been permitted by the law to hold land since the proclamation of the edict of the emancipation of the serfs, which, in a roundabout way, released them from their disabilities in this respect.

The size of landed estates in Russia being out of all proportion to the labour available for their cultivation, the extent of land is less looked at in valuing an estate, than the number of "souls" residing on it. So it became usual in common parlance to talk of a proprietor being worth so many thousand souls, where we should say, so many thousand acres. Now, until the edict of emancipation went forth, these souls were literally regarded as the property of the lord. This being the case, it is at once evident why Jews were disqualified from becoming landowners, or more properly soul-owners, the idea of a Jew owning a Christian soul being too preposterous. It will be observed, however, that the position of the Jew, in other respects, remains pretty much as degraded as before, and that he only accidentally benefits by the emancipation edict, the purchase of land at present having ceased to be at the same time a traffic in human souls.

There is another point with regard to Poland, on which it is important that Englishmen should be correctly informed, namely, as to the nature of that Poland which the Poles and their friends aim at reconstituting. In the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1863, a writer of an article entitled "Poland," endeavours to scare Englishmen out of their sympathy for the Poles, by drawing a very highly-coloured picture of the vicious state of

Poland a century ago. Towards the conclusion of the article, the writer suggests that the past of Poland "is not a felicitous topic for those to dilate upon, who are asking for the aid of free and order-loving Englishmen." Admitting this for the sake of argument, I may add that no human being, in or out of Poland, contemplates the restoration of anything like the Poland of ancient days. At the same time, I maintain it to be in the highest degree unfair to compare the Poles of a century ago with the order-loving Englishmen of to-day. It would not be very difficult for an ill-natured foreigner, who devoted himself to the task, to draw anything but a flattering picture of English society a century ago. In judging the Poles, it is only fair to bear in mind, that while we have been steadily progressing in the last hundred years, they have been too cruelly oppressed to admit of any considerable national development. What they have learned in their century of bonds is a deep moral lesson, which they will not easily forget, and they would now only be too thankful to live under an hereditary sovereign of their own choosing in that peace and quiet which their enemies declare to be so distasteful to them.

In common fairness to the Poles of the last century, against whom the writer in the *Quarterly* wages war to the knife, it must not be left out of sight that that which immediately brought about the second partition, was the liberal constitution of May 3, 1791, the passing of which was about the last voluntary act of the Polish Diet. The spirit of that constitution was so enlightened, that Russia foresaw, that were it once allowed to work upon the nation, she would encounter the utmost diffi-

culty in carrying out to completion the partitioning of the country. So her troops received orders at once to march into Poland.

Not to weary the reader by inflicting the whole constitution upon him, I will confine myself to quoting the fourth article, which amply refutes all the calumnies in circulation on the subject of Polish intolerance and determination to keep the peasants in bondage.

The article runs thus:—"Every individual, be he stranger, or born in the land, shall be free, from the moment of setting foot on Polish soil, to turn his industry to the best account, without let or hindrance, in whatever manner and in whatever place may appear good to him; he shall be at liberty to enter into whatever compacts he may think fit, and for whatever length of time, and to pay rent in money or manual labour, according to the arrangement which he may be desirous of making; he shall be at liberty to establish himself in town or country, as he may prefer; and lastly, it shall be open to him to remain in Poland or to leave the country, as he may deem it best conducive to his interests; provided only he shall have first fulfilled all the agreements into which he shall have voluntarily entered."

Since I have made the Polish question my study, I have found it throw light on so many points of the highest importance to the student of the political history of Europe, that I am quite at a loss to understand how so few persons think it worth their while to pay attention to it. In the Poland of to-day you find much brewing which has, if I may be allowed the expression, been long turned into beer in Western Europe. Much that in its finished state in England, France, or Germany

does not strike us as worth noticing, because we have been accustomed to it all our lives, only occurs to the mind as worthy of attention when one sees it in its incipient stages, or struggling into birth in the face of difficulties. We are, so to speak, in the third part of the exercise book, while there, in Poland and Russia, they are laboriously plodding through the first part. And this remark applies to the whole social and political edifice—from representative institutions down to making a shirt. All questions relating to the tenure of land, and the respective rights of lord and villain, are illustrated in the most interesting manner in the Poland of to-day. Then, again, an acquaintance with even one Sclavonic nation widens one's political horizon to a surprising extent, opening up the whole of Eastern Europe, and throwing much light on the state of the non-German provinces of Austria.

Independently of its own intrinsic interest, it is only by the light of Poland that the history of Russia can be read. Now, whether they interest themselves about Poland or no, I presume that few persons would deny the importance of rightly understanding the position of Russia in Europe. Yet, strange to say, little more is known or cared about Russia in Western Europe, than about Poland. Indeed, an ignorance of Russia is implied in an ignorance of Poland.

Now, the less Western Europe occupies itself about Russia, until she has had time to render herself strong enough to despise the public opinion of the world, the better she will be pleased. There is nothing Russia is less desirous of doing than attracting public attention to her proceedings. If the Polish insurrection has been a

great calamity to the Poles, it will at least have done some good in turning our eyes eastwards, before it is too late, towards the danger which threatens Europe from the side of Russia. Russia is at the present time bent upon three things; first, swallowing Poland; secondly, consolidating her strength, by settling the emancipation question; thirdly, building her railways.

Now, Russia's policy is very deep, and she sets to work quietly—indeed, just as if she had no policy at all, and she is only too glad to get her work done for her, if she can find dupes. In the Schleswig-Holstein question Russia is, beyond a doubt, the Power principally interested in maintaining the integrity of Denmark—for this reason. From Denmark and Sweden separately Russia has nothing to fear, but if Scandinavian union be achieved by the union of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, which would be the probable result of the dismemberment of Denmark, then let Russian naval supremacy in the Baltic look out for itself. Now, if it was more generally known that England was dragged into signing the London Treaty of 1852 by Russia, public opinion would hardly have pronounced itself so noisily in favour of maintaining it. England having no immediate interest in the matter at all, except that the more ships of war the Germans have, the better for her, in case of a war with France, it was a piece of unpardonable vanity on the part of Lord Russell to allow himself to be pushed forward into the first place by Russia.

Now, I only bring forward this Schleswig-Holstein business as an example, illustrating Russia's general policy, against the insidiousness of which English politicians should be perpetually on the look-out. If it was

desirable to check Russian aggrandisement ten years ago, surely there are no sufficient grounds for adopting a different policy now.

I observed above, that it is only by the light of Poland that the past and future history of Russia can be read—meaning, of course, by Poland, not that bit cut out of the rest and called the kingdom of Poland, to blind the world into the belief that no other Poland ever existed, but the country extending from the Prussian frontier *literally half-way to St. Petersburg and Moscow*, where every spark of civilization is Polish.

To illustrate my meaning, take the Crimean war, of which any history, leaving the Poles out of the question, must be incomplete. To how many Englishmen did it occur during the exciting days of the war in the Crimea, that there were hundreds of Russian officers—really Poles—burning all the time to quit the Russian ranks and pass over to us?[1] How many Englishmen know that after repeated applications, a reluctant consent was given to General Zamojski by the English Government to form a Polish legion, out of those Poles who deserted or were made prisoners?

Were not Poland perpetually such a thorn in the side of Russia, and were not Russia at all times of danger compelled to detach so considerable a force to overawe Poland, we might already have felt to our cost what a danger Russia may be to us one day, if we are not wise enough to give our support, before it is too late, to the re-establishment of at least a part of Poland.

[1] I am informed by a non-commissioned artillery officer, who was stationed in one of the foremost English batteries before Sebastopol, that scarcely a night passed but what Polish deserters came over to them. In one night as many as 300 deserted to the French.

In completely ignoring the existence of the Poles, except when they throw down the gauntlet, in despair, to one or the other of their oppressors, I am convinced that we leave out of our calculations a force, which it is of the highest importance for him to bear in mind continually, who would arrive at a true perception of the state of Europe. Whatever our feelings may be on the subject, whether our sympathies are Russian or Polish; or whether we have no sympathies at all, it is alike important for us to know the truth about Poland.

Again, the history of Europe becomes doubly interesting to one at all acquainted with Poland. Not to go farther back, take Napoleon's Russian campaign. If you bear in mind, that as far as Smolensk, on his road to Moscow, Napoleon had a population to deal with, which regarded him as its saviour, the scheme of the invasion of Russia does not seem such a mad one after all. Indeed, it is probable that the idea would never have entered Napoleon's head, but for the certain knowledge that he could reckon on the rising of the Poles.

With regard to the Danubian Principalities, and the road to Constantinople, a glance at the map appended to this volume will show, that to reach Bessarabia and the frontier of the Pruth, Russian armies must necessarily pass through Podolia, where the landed proprietors, and every man who can read or write, are Polish to the backbone; or, supposing the Russian troops to be engaged in hostilities in the Principalities, they might at any moment be cut off from their basis of operations by the landing of a French or English force near the mouth of the Dniester (see map), which, in its march up the country to Kiev, would be welcomed with accla-

mation by the inhabitants of the towns and, at the worst, received with indifference by the country people, who are neither Russian nor Polish.

At all events, it is important for us, in the face of that huge Power, which threatens to overshadow Europe, to bear in mind that Russian armies can reach Western Europe and Constantinople by no other road than through territory formerly Polish.

Napoleon meant something when he said that Europe would become within a century republican or Cossack. At the present moment Cossackdom, thanks to the short-sightedness of English statesmen, who refuse to act generously with France, seems to have it all its own way. If Englishmen really do love liberty, how can they look on quietly, while Russia crushes liberty not only in Poland, but in Germany, Hungary, the Danubian Principalities, and in every country with which she comes in contact? Who can doubt that liberal Prussia is at this moment expiating her complicity in the partition of Poland, by having to submit to a Bismark and a military despotism propped up by Russian bayonets? Separated as we happily are by the sea from all Continental influences, it is impossible for us here in England to conceive what a curse the next neighbourhood of a colossal military power like Russia is to a nation. Freedom may well have shrieked when Poland ceased to be independent—not so much, perhaps, because of the wrong done to a chivalrous nation, as because that by the partition of Poland the policy of Austria and Prussia became necessarily identical with that of Russia.

If it be admitted that the partition of Poland was a

great crime, it is not to be expected that a great crime can be atoned for without a painful remedy. To re-establish even a portion of the ancient kingdom of Poland—say from the Netze to the Niemen, including the seaport of Polenga—would, no doubt, disturb vested interests to a considerable extent; but if the civilization of the world would be advanced by such a step, a great and generous nation like England should not shrink from doing its utmost to bring about the desired end.

In conclusion, a few words as to the population at present existing, within the limits of the Poland of 1772. To get at the exact truth, where it is in the interest of both parties to falsify the figures, is of course hopeless, but the grand total may be put approximately at twenty-two millions, portioned out as under:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Poles | 9,000,000 |
| Ruthenians | 6,000,000 |
| Lithuanians | 2,500,000 |
| Jews | 3,000,000 |
| Foreigners | 1,500,000 |
| | 22,000,000 |

## CHAPTER II.

### PREPARATIONS FOR A START.

ACCORDING to popular belief in England, there exist but two kinds of Poles—the Pole who is ready to die for his country, and the Pole who will bolt with your umbrella, if he is left alone in the hall—the Pole of the Thaddeus of Warsaw stamp, and the Pole of the police reports. Most of us have read of the one, and a few of us have come across the other in real life. Admitting generally the existence of these two separate classes, Englishmen are somewhat apt to run the distinguishing characteristics of the two together, in the particular instances which come under their notice. It is from shuffling these two characters together, with the admixture of the smallest quantity of logic, that result the phenomena which take place in England on occasion of the outbreak of an insurrection in Poland. We are loud in our expressions of sympathy with the Poles in general, whenever they please to throw down the gauntlet to one or other of their oppressors, but we beg leave to retain a lurking distrust of individual Poles. As not one Englishman in ten ever saw a Pole, and not one in a hundred ever spoke to one, it is obvious that, whatever may be the opinions on the

subject of Polish character current amongst us, they must, at all events, be of the smallest possible value. Yet if it were generally known how eagerly the Polish nation watches the attitude of England, and hangs on the utterances of British statesmen, we might be tempted, every now and then, to bestow a thought on a people who take so deep an interest in our sayings and doings. Members of parliament, who too often forget that they are addressing any but an English audience, would be astonished to find their every word reproduced in Polish newspapers.

The fact is, that the British public, as such, really cares little or nothing for foreign politics of any description. I consider this to be proved by the fact that in forming their opinions of Continental questions, Englishmen, in general, allow themselves to be swayed by the merest accident, never taking the trouble to inform themselves decently on the subject in hand. They are ready to sympathize with Poland, Hungary, Italy, or Denmark, but are not ready to give an account of what they are sympathizing with. The British public regards foreign politics as a legitimate field for having an outing. Every one considers himself entitled to an opinion gratis, that is, without the requisite amount of study. We are, as a nation, so taken up with business and home politics, that we grudge every moment spared to gaining information on foreign questions. So long as ministers are subservient to the public in home politics, they may do what they like with foreign affairs. The British merchant, when he has well dined, will consent to be tickled by exciting news from abroad, and does not object to subscribing a pound or two that Poles and

Hungarians may go on throwing themselves into the lion's jaws; but the instant there appears a chance of England being, as the phrase is, dragged into a war, and some real good thereby accruing to these oppressed nationalities, he buttons up his breeches pocket at once, and reads the peace-at-any-price articles of the *Times* with great satisfaction.

Now, I must plead guilty to having shared, to the most extreme extent, in English ignorance and carelessness about the Polish question. Less than eighteen months ago, my acquaintance with Poles was confined to the accidental meeting with one in a boarding-house at Heidelberg, and to the recollection of having once listened to a Polish lady singing her national songs in a country house in a remote part of Devonshire. I can hardly, then, be accused of having been prejudiced in favour of Poland at starting, inasmuch as, to the best of my belief, in common with most Englishmen, I had never wasted so much as a thought on Poland.

Some two years since, I saw a Pole in the flesh for the first time. It was on this wise. For the benefit of German conversation, my sister and I had made up our minds to put up for a few weeks with the chance society one meets in a German boarding-house. On our arrival we were somewhat alarmed at learning that a Pole was among the guests. At that time I shared the distrust of individual Poles commonly entertained in England, and began to think of beating a retreat. We had been prepared to put up with stray Germans, but we had not bargained for Poles. However, bracing ourselves for the occasion, we determined to give the place a trial. Next day at dinner, when we were introduced for the

first time to the rest of the company, it so happened that two places had been left for us next to the Pole, who had caused us so much alarm. Getting carefully between the enemy and my sister, I began to make my observations. To my astonishment, his manners and dress were those of a perfect gentleman, and it began to dawn upon me, that there were other Poles in the world besides those seedy-coated individuals, who brush up against you in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and against whose impostures the Professor of Logic at Oxford used to warn his pupils—the Professor, who was never taken in but once in his life, and then by a Pole. On repairing to our private rooms, we mutually expressed our surprise at finding the groundlessness of our fears respecting our Pole. At the end of a week, we decided that he was not only the most gentlemanly, but decidedly the most conversable man at the table.

While my personal acquaintance with Poles was thus limited, I should be ashamed to confess the depths of my ignorance of Polish history and geography, were I not aware that no one is expected to be even decently informed on these subjects. Germans and Russians having officially given out over and over again that Poland has ceased to exist, we in England have preferred to believe the statement, rather than go to Poland to see how the matter really stands. Thus, if the subject of Polish history and manners ever came up in conversation, it was treated as a species of antiquarian lore, more or less interesting to the ethnologist—of a piece with discussions on other extinct races, but of little or no real importance to the politician.

I can hardly believe that, a few months ago, my

knowledge of Polish history embraced but three facts, of no one of which could I have given a satisfactory account: *i.e.* the salvation of Vienna from the Turks by John Sobieski; the fall of Kosciuszko; and the death of Prince Poniatowski, by drowning in the waters of the Elster.

Where John Sobieski came from, and how he came to be in a position to save Vienna, was to me a hopeless puzzle; and, in common with most readers, I supposed, from Campbell's line,

"And freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell,"

that the hero in question had been killed, instead of merely wounded and taken prisoner. It will surprise most people to learn that Kosciuszko lived for more than twenty years afterwards on excellent terms with the Emperor Alexander (who, by the way, cruelly deceived him), and died in comfortable circumstances in Switzerland.

As for Polish geography, I was acquainted with the names of two towns, Warsaw and Cracow, and one river, the Vistula, but that either or both of these towns were situated on the river in question, I was quite unaware. How many more names do you know now, reader, after all the noise about Poland?

How is it that Englishmen know and care so little about Poland, when there are so many Poles in England, and not a few Englishmen in Poland?

In the first place, the Poles in England, if they are not too miserable to think anything at all about the matter, are not aware that they have anything to tell about their own country of general interest to Englishmen. In the second place, the Englishmen in Poland are either buyers of wool, timber, or corn, railway contractors, manufacturers, grooms, or private tutors. Now

of these varieties of Englishmen, it is only the last whom you could reasonably expect to devote themselves, in anything like earnest, to the study of the country.

As for the engineers, merchants, and manufacturers, they are too much taken up with their immediate business, to notice that there is anything remarkable in the manners and customs of the people in whose country they are employed, and an English groom is the same everywhere. It would be too preposterous to require of him any unprofessional notice of the country in which he finds himself. He will not bring himself down to anybody else's level. You can read that wherever you see him, in his shooting-jacket and tight English cords, without even looking at his face.

As a preliminary step to undertaking a journey to Poland, I called on my banker to consult with him as to the best method of opening a credit in that country. On my declaring my intention of proceeding to Cracow, he confessed himself in the dark as to the exact whereabouts of that city, and had to refer to a Continental postal directory to find out for certain, to what Power it belonged. That point being settled, and Cracow being set down to Austria, it became necessary to find out whether any direct banking communication existed between that city and London. After a futile search through the list of foreign correspondents, it was decided that it would be the simplest plan to open a credit at Vienna.

Somewhat consoled at finding my own ignorance on the subject of Poland shared by my banker, I set about inquiring as to the best means of reaching Cracow, and here again next to no information was to be had. That

Poland might be reached by railway was an opinion generally prevalent, but by what railway it was not so easy to find out. However, after a diligent study of Bradshaw, I contrived to thread my way through the network of German railways into the few isolated lines, which mark their prolongation into Eastern Europe.

Having settled the question of route satisfactorily, it became necessary to cast about me how to obtain letters of introduction. I was quite unacquainted with any members of the emigration, and had never so much as heard of the Zamojskis or Czartoryskis—names which have been daily before me for the last fifteen months. I was quite at a loss how to proceed, till I bethought me of applying to one of the Polish Associations; for in the spring of last year, besides the permanent Literary Association of the friends of Poland, in Duke Street, St. James's (founded by Campbell, the poet), there existed a second association in Southampton Street, called into life by the outbreak of the insurrection. The complexion of this latter association (since defunct) was, I have been informed, decidedly redder than that of its aristocratic or white rival in Duke Street. By the secretary of the Southampton Street association, to whom I addressed myself without any knowledge of a rivalry existing between the two institutions, I was furnished with a letter to the Polish delegate of the National Government in London. It was then that I heard for the first time of that mysterious invisible influence which, under the name of National Government (Rząd Narodowy), has directed the Polish insurrection from its outbreak to the present day.

Here I may observe that the Rząd Narodowy is

divided, like all other governments, into various departments. There was (and is, I believe) a Minister of the Interior, and a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of Finance, and a Minister of War, and I rather think at one time there was a Secretary of the Navy, when the National Government had in its pay three privateers in the Black Sea.

Furthermore, the Rząd Narodowy had its accredited agents at all foreign courts, though to Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, at Paris, was alone accorded anything like an official acknowledgment on the part of the Government to which he was accredited. Nor is it surprising that at St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna the Polish ambassadors preferred that their diplomatic character should be kept a secret from all but their most intimate friends. It may be interesting to know that each embassy was accompanied by its secretary and attachés.

From Southampton Street I set out in search of the delegate, who in the absence of his superior was temporally acting as diplomatic agent in this country. I found him residing in anything but state, on the third floor over a baker's shop in Piccadilly. The great man was himself not at home, but his wife, who appeared in a *negligé* costume, gave me to understand that her lord was transacting affairs of state in a neighbouring coffee-house. She thought if I called again in half an hour I should find him at home.

At the expiration of the time specified I mounted a second time to the third floor, and encountered a good many weird-looking individuals ascending and descending the staircase. On entering the front room I found there a goodly assembly of Poles, anxiously awaiting

the return of the plenipotentiary of the National Government. Feeling myself very strange in this company, I beat a retreat to the back room, where I had my former interview with the delegate's wife. She expressed great regret at my being put to so much trouble to see her husband, whose delay she could not understand. On this occasion she informed me that she and her husband were intimately acquainted with General Langiewicz, and promised to send me an introduction to him forthwith; so, leaving my address, I returned home without having made the personal acquaintance of the delegate.

Three months later I was dining at my hotel at Lemberg, in Galicia, when a friend introduced me to a distinguished-looking individual who had just arrived from England, and whom I soon identified with the delegate whose acquaintance I had missed making in London. In Lemberg he moved among his countrymen almost like a god, on the strength of his diplomatic mission, and he seemed to carry with him the whole weight of English civilization to back him up. My thoughts reverted to the third floor over the baker's shop, and I was glad that the delusion of his simple admirers, who doubtless fondly pictured to themselves their representative as living in some stately hotel, was not rudely dashed to the ground by a knowledge of the true state of things. Seriously speaking, it appears to me a great misfortune that our preparations for the reception of foreigners in London are not more worthy of a nation like England. It is a shame that a foreigner should be unable to find a lodging in a decent neighbourhood without paying three times its value. We divide foreigners (roughly speaking) into princes and

swindlers, and send the former to Claridge's or the Clarendon, and the latter to Leicester Square. If respectable foreigners, with moderate means, come to England, where are they to find decent quarters at a moderate price?

But to return to the introduction to General Langiewicz, promised by the delegate's wife. Next day came, but with it no letter, and I began to get uneasy, as I was to start on the morrow. However, a telegram, published next morning by all the London papers, explained the delay. General Langiewicz was a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians, and his army had dispersed across the Galician frontier.

My friends assured me that it was all over with the Poles, and I began myself to doubt, whether it would be worth while, under the circumstances, to carry out my plan of proceeding to Poland. I was quite unable to form an opinion, as to whether the insurrection had really received its death blow, or whether there was a probability of its continuation. I was then totally unacquainted with the Polish character, and the continual readiness of the Poles to embark in what would appear, to more calculating natures, desperate ventures, and once fairly embarked, to go on as long as it is possible to imagine — if not descry — the faintest spark of hope.

In spite of my misgivings I set out, and was encouraged, on arriving at Paris, to find the newspapers quite taken up with the Polish question, and taking on the whole a cheerful view of the situation of affairs. It was explained to me that it was a mistake ever to have appointed Langiewicz Dictator, as by so doing, the

Russians had a head to cut off, whereas the essence of a guerilla warfare consists in distracting your enemy, until he does not know which way to turn. To appoint a dictator, was to provide the Russians with something definite to aim at, which should always be avoided in a war of partizans.

The fall of Langiewicz taught the Poles a lesson, which they were not slow to improve, and thenceforth they conducted their insurrection on true guerilla principles—principles which, unfortunately, rendered it quite impossible for a correspondent to attach himself for any length of time to one of the insurgent bands. These principles consisted of holding themselves perpetually in readiness to inflict a sudden blow on the enemy, and to disperse if they should find themselves overpowered. It will be readily understood that a special, or any other sort of correspondence, was incompatible with this programme, there being little possibility of writing, and no possibility of posting letters. Once or twice—as will appear later on—I joined my fortunes to those of insurgent bands, but each time had sufficient reason to convince myself that the thing was not feasible for more than a few days, and when the detachment happened to be operating close to the frontier, which if good for the correspondent, had a very demoralizing effect upon the band. Even under the most favourable circumstances, getting across the frontier unobserved and back again, was a work not unattended with danger, what between the lances of the Cossacks and Objesczyki, or frontier guards, on the one side, and the bullets of the Austrian or Prussian patrols on the other.

Suppose, for instance, that an engagement took place

between the insurgents and the Russians close to the Austrian frontier. The insurgents find themselves overpowered by numbers, and, true to their principles, disperse, living to fight another day, according to the nursery rhyme. The correspondent must disperse likewise, but inasmuch as he does not know the country, or speak the language, the chances are that he disperses in the wrong direction—a mistake which is likely to prove equally disastrous to himself and the readers of the newspaper for which he is engaged. For Cossacks, Circassian or Tartar cavalry, and the like, having no particular notion of discriminating between combatants and non-combatants, the chances are that the hapless correspondent is treated with the same barbarity which is dealt out as a matter of course to the Poles, who fall into their hands. There certainly was this excuse for them, that the insurgents, who were often dressed in plain clothes, used to get rid of their arms, when the possession of them would have led to their certain apprehension, and more discriminating observers than Cossacks might have been puzzled to distinguish between fighters and non-fighters. Only one thing is certain, that when it suited their convenience, the Russians always gave themselves the benefit of the doubt. They knew themselves to be in the midst of a hostile population, and were sure not to be far wrong in assuming that every respectably dressed individual was their enemy.

To prove that I am not in any way exaggerating, when I use this language, I may instance the case of Mr. Finkenstein, a British subject, who, simply because he had a black coat on, and was not a Russian, was set

upon by Cossacks while quietly driving with a Polish lady, and maltreated in the most horrible manner. I myself saw this gentleman some ten days after the occurrence, and found him so faint and weak from the loss of blood, that he could hardly speak. His head, chest, and legs were one mass of wounds, and the doctors from the beginning had despaired of his recovery. Thanks, however, to an extraordinarily robust constitution, I found him still alive, in spite of the thirty-seven wounds which he had received.

On visiting him a second time, he was sufficiently recovered to give me a partial account of the circumstances of the occurrence; but as the case of Mr. Finkenstein made so much noise at the time, and was given in detail by all the newspapers, I need not dwell upon it here.

One incident, however, is worth mentioning, and as the account of it is drawn from Mr. Finkenstein's own lips, its truth may be depended upon.

When Mr. Finkenstein was lying on the ground, wallowing in his own blood, and stripped almost naked, he heard his assailants exclaim, "See, he has got a ring on his finger. We will cut that off." Here I may observe, *en passant*, that the Cossacks would seldom take the trouble to detach any bit of jewellery from the body; but if it was a ring, earring, or necklace (the Poles seldom went into action without some charm suspended round their necks), would cut the finger, ear, or head off, as the case might be, in order to get possession of the coveted article.

Mr. Finkenstein, knowing this habit of theirs, had only just strength left to slip the ring over his finger

and hand it to his spoilers, who were astonished to find he was not killed outright. Happily at this moment the Cossacks were disturbed at their work by the advance of some Poles, and thus Mr. Finkenstein's life was saved by a miracle.

## CHAPTER III.

### ON TRAVELLING IN POLAND, AND THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE POLES.

At Berlin in the north, and Vienna in the south of Germany, the ordinary British tourist may be said to have come to the end of his tether. All beyond is clouded in thick darkness. The land of guide-books ends, and the region of find-out-for-yourself begins. Henceforth churches, palaces, and picture-galleries will fail us, and our mental food will consist of the study of human nature—a highly refreshing diet after being bored to death with a long dose of sight-seeing. In Poland, in the guide-book sense of the term, there is nothing to see, and you feel thankful for it, after steadily working your way through the sights of Western Europe. But if there is nothing to see in Poland, there is a great deal to feel and to study. For the benefit of future tourists, finding themselves with a little spare time on hand at Berlin or Vienna, I may observe that in the space of twelve hours, and for the sum of something like thirty shillings, they may from Berlin reach Posen, or from Vienna, Cracow, and find themselves transported into the midst of an entirely different civilization. Then, for the first time, they will feel the

refreshing sensation of travelling, as opposed to touring. Who ever escaped from Murray's leading-strings without rejoicing in his liberty, and feeling the bracing effects of being thrown for once on his own resources? In Poland, even Baedeker fails you. Your swimming-corks are gone, and you must strike out for your life, or sink. Refreshing misgivings come over you as to what sort of a bed you will get for the night. You will henceforth have to take and be thankful for what accommodation you find, instead of daintily picking and choosing between half a dozen equally good hotels, weighing carefully the difference between Murray's words of praise—"excellent," "first-rate," "much to be recommended," and so forth. In my day, I have done a good deal of touring, but only travelled once, and that in Poland.

Even in Syria and Egypt, where directly you land you are taken in and done for by a dragoman at so much a day, you can hardly be said to travel, if you mean by travelling getting anything like a real knowledge of the inhabitants of the country. A good dinner is, no doubt, an excellent thing in its way; but to be accompanied by a professed cook and an enormous plate-chest through Palestine and Syria, as was my lot in common with my fellow-travellers, undoubtedly takes off, to a great extent, from the bracing sensation of travelling. Now-a-days, the dinner, with which his dragoman provides the traveller in the desert, is hardly inferior to that to which he sits down at a first-rate hotel in Europe. The best plum-pudding I ever ate in my life was served up to us by our *chef* in our tents, which were pitched on the high bank of the brook,

which flows past the tower of Zacchæus—all that now remains to mark the site of Jericho. Although I felt more or less like a criminal all the time we were eating that pudding, I remember that we found it so good, that we finished it at breakfast next morning at five A.M.

Of the countries within easy reach of England, Poland is one of the few where it is still possible to travel, in the true sense of the word. In France, Germany, Italy, and other highly civilized countries, you may see something of the towns, and make the acquaintance of any number of hotel-keepers, housemaids, and waiters; but what does any tourist see of the real life of the people, among whom he is sojourning? In Poland there are no hotels to speak of, and you pass the night, as a matter of course, at the house of the nearest proprietor.

It being a notion generally prevalent all over Europe, that there is nothing whatever attractive in the country, Poland is visited about twice in a century by foreigners whose sole object is to study the people. Even the Poles have begun to believe that there is nothing to be found among them, which can possibly interest a stranger, and more than once expressed unfeigned astonishment at the trouble, to which I put myself to learn something of their national institutions and customs. The consequence is, that no preparations whatever are made for the reception of foreigners, and it is just this very circumstance which renders real travelling possible. It is true, that in every village you find a miserable hovel, audaciously called an inn by the Jew who keeps it, where the traveller may get as much execrable potato brandy as he can drink, and a bed without any sleep, but were it not for the hospitality of the inhabitants,

which knows no bounds, a tent would be, to an Englishman, a travelling accompaniment as absolutely necessary in Poland as in Syria. As it is, let the traveller enter Poland with one good letter of introduction, and the house of every proprietor is open to him. "Gosc w dom, Bóg w dom," ("A guest in the house, God in the house,") says the old Polish proverb. All over Poland the rites of hospitality are most religiously and cheerfully observed, and this it is which makes travelling in that country so delightful.

Let the traveller drive up to a country house at what hour of the day or night he will, and he is certain of a cordial welcome from the proprietor. If he arrives at an unseasonable hour, it is taken for granted that he missed—the road, I was going to write, but I must adapt my language to the circumstances of the country, for often an uncultivated bit of field, where you might grow excellent corn, does duty instead—it is taken for granted that he came to one of the many kinds of grief to which travelling in Poland is heir. As the wheel of your carriage sinks up to its axles in slush, in what the country people are pleased to call a road, it will appear to you that you would have got on much better had you taken to the fields at once, which appear hard in comparison. The so-called roads are mended with whatever grows on the roadside, stones being for the most part an unknown luxury. As these muddy tracks often lie through boundless fir woods, the branches of the fir are the most ordinary material employed for road-mending; and as the roads are patched with the branches, so the bridges are constructed of the stems, laid alongside of each other in the rough, unhewn state,

without any sort of joining. Even when first made, it is no luxury to jolt in a carriage without springs over these bridges, but, after a few months, it is a work of positive danger, as two or three of the weakly stems in the middle are sure to have already given way, leaving horrid gaps, into which horses less accustomed to their work, would infallibly put their feet.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that you should occasionally arrive at untimely hours, it being rather astonishing that in bad weather you arrive at all. It has occurred to me more than once to knock up the inmates of a country house, after every one had retired to bed, but on no single occasion to be received with anything but good-humoured cordiality. Though the comparison is not a fair one—viewing the different circumstances of the two countries—suppose for an instant, that a foreigner, a perfect stranger to the proprietor, were to ring the bell of an English country house at midnight, what kind of reception would he be likely to meet with?

In Poland, not only will the master of the house, as a matter of course, turn out of bed to bid you welcome, but the chances are that his wife will get up to superintend the preparation of the stranger's supper. Before you also get to take the thing as a matter of course, which you do unfortunately before you have been long in the country, there is something surprisingly charming about the way in which your entertainers put themselves out to accommodate you, a perfect stranger. The result of this universal hospitality is, that you feel at home and at your ease in Poland in a very short time, from feeling sure that you are not considered as an intruder

anywhere. While travellers of all other nations may make certain of a kind reception, Germans and Russians would find a journey in Poland a most painful experience, and, on their return home, would have a very unfavourable account to give of Polish manners and customs. This is only the natural, but unfortunate, result of every German and Russian being included in the original guilt of the partitioning governments.

An Englishman will not be long in recognising much in Poland to remind him of his own country. In the first place, there is as little of living in public in Poland as with us. The German, accustomed to his daily *table d'hôte*, and who cannot dispense with his *café* and theatre, would soon weary of life in Poland; whereas the Englishman, used to look for his pleasure at home, will be charmed to find the domestic life, to which he is so much attached, so pleasantly reproduced at such a distance from his native country. Speaking from personal experience, I know that I have found it highly refreshing to exchange the eternal clatter of dominoes, and stifling atmosphere of French and German *cafés* in winter, for the cheerful family tea-table in Poland.

Whatever be their failings in public life, the Poles have brought to greater perfection than any other people I am acquainted with, the art of possessing themselves in quietness in their own homes. I know of no people whose social relations are characterised by so much graceful ease. This will doubtless sound a paradox to those of my readers who are unacquainted with Poland, or whose knowledge of that country is derived from German or Russian sources. But I give this as my deliberate judgment, not formed hastily, but after an

intimate acquaintance with all classes of Polish society, in every part of ancient Poland. If these pages should chance to meet the eye of Russians or Germans, who only recognise in the Poles a capacity for making revolutions, they will probably consider this statement a monstrous misrepresentation of the truth; but I am content to appeal to the verdict of those of my countrymen who visited Poland in the course of the last year.

That which will probably strike an Englishman as least agreeable in the Polish character, is an undue tendency to imitate the French. This is no doubt to a certain extent to be regretted, though it is hardly surprising, owing to the intimate relations of the two nations. It is so far a pity, inasmuch as the Poles are unmistakably the finer people of the two. They seem to me to combine happily some of the best points of the French and English character. They have borrowed grace and vivacity from the French, and grafted them on to English sincerity. That the Poles are still wanting in that *solidarité* which is supposed to characterise us Englishmen, is to be regretted in a political point of view, but *solidarité* is a quality which is the better for being kept well in the background in a *salon* or at the dinner table.

The mere fact that the Poles are a tea, and not a coffee-drinking people, brings them nearer to us. The music of the hissing of the urn—even under the name of "samovar," or whatever else they may call it—falls most gratefully on the English ear, and seems to bring with it a message from home. The pleasure of lingering over his second or third glass—for tea is served throughout Russia and Poland, as most of my readers

are probably aware, in glasses—is one which may be indulged to the heart's content in Poland. How many hundred times has not this sociable tea been served up to me at all hours of the day or night! I hardly know whether it was more refreshing and restoring, if one arrived well-nigh struck down with the heat, or perishing with cold. Sometimes, alas! it was prepared by wives and mothers, with their eyes brimming over with tears, set flowing afresh by the mere arrival of the stranger. For, might it not, perchance, be the lost one come back? Sad as is the fate of those poor women who are now mourning for husbands, sons and brothers, whom they know to have perished, ten times more pitiable is the agonizing uncertainty of those, who know that their loved ones went forth to the battle, but know not what may have become of them. These cases, alas! are sadly numerous. Yet, on the whole, it is surprisingly rare to see Polish women weeping. Here and there, where the long pent-up tears will burst forth in spite of the determination to hold them in, you may see a wife, sister, or mother, sobbing her very heart out, but the traveller is not often pained by witnessing such paroxysms of grief. An Englishwoman's eyes in Poland last year had seldom been dry, but a Polish woman feels she has another part to play. She has hardly time to mourn the dead, so taken up is she with keeping up the hearts of the living. Let Polish women once begin to exhaust their dangerous energies in weeping, and we shall hear no more of Polish insurrections.

It is a charge universally brought against Polish ladies by the Germans, that they entirely neglect the management of their families and households. In common with

all other opinions current in Germany on the subject of Poland and the Poles, this reproach is very far from being just. If the Germans mean by this, that the mistress of the house is not her own cook and nurse, as she often is in Germany, so far the remark is true. The truth of the matter is, that in Poland a lady devotes just so much time and attention to her household duties as she does in England; whereas, in Germany the mistress of the house is never presentable till dinner-time, up to which time she is occupied in the kitchen and nursery. If you happen to stumble across her any time before one o'clock, you will find her in curl-papers and dressing-gown. If she is young she will utter a little shriek, and dive at once out of sight. If she is old she will probably stay long enough to allow you to contemplate the full horror of an aged female in curl-papers. Now, as we in England like to see our wives and sisters dressed like ladies at the breakfast-table, without reflecting how the fact of their being already dressed for the day may incapacitate them for subsequent dirty work in the kitchen and nursery, it would never have occurred to us to find fault with Polish ladies for doing the like.

So far is it from being true that Polish ladies neglect their children, that I know of no country where the children pass so much of the day with their parents. Except the children are very young, they invariably dine at the same table, the whole family as a rule dining early.

The long table, with its descending scale of guests, reminds one of the descriptions of the dinners in old Saxon times in England. At the head will sit the master and mistress, surrounded by any strangers who

may be staying in the house or invited to dinner. Next below sit the chaplain and librarian, and below them again the children, with their tutors and governesses.

Of course this description will only apply to the houses of what the French would call "grand seigneurs," but of these there are a much greater number than I should have supposed had I not had the best opportunity of reckoning them up, having been entertained so frequently at their hospitable boards. At an ordinary country house the same order of things prevails, though, of course, on a smaller scale.

This early dinner is followed by that most sociable of meals, a meat-tea; to which friends and passing strangers are expected to drop in without any sort of invitation. To me, this meat tea was the pleasantest and most sociable meal of the day, and under its genial influence the habitual reserve of the most rigid Englishman must have thawed in a very short time. To have partaken of one of these meals in a house was in itself sufficient to make one feel more like a member of the family than a passing stranger. The youngest daughter of the house, would, as a rule, station herself behind the urn, and dispense the tea.

As to Polish women, who are spoken of in such disparaging terms all over Germany, I can only say that, after long experience of their characters, under ordinary and extraordinary circumstances, I no longer wonder at the influence they exercise over the men. They are not precisely charming, like French women, or fascinating, like the women of Spain or Italy; but there is an undefinable something about them, which renders them irresistibly interesting. I shall perhaps best express

my meaning, when I say that you find in them all those qualities which are summed up in the one word, 'woman.' And here I am not speaking of any particular class, but of Polish women in general, be they the wives or daughters of the owners of a hundred thousand acres, or of the manager of a small farm, of a professor, doctor, or tradesman. It may be that their tenderness of character was brought out to an unusual degree by their commonest occupation of last year, which consisted of tending the sick and wounded, but I can only say that the general impression which I have carried away with me is this, that the trouble of a journey to Poland would be amply repaid by the pleasure of studying womanhood in its interesting development there. Had I visited Poland in happier times, when Warsaw is said to have been one of the gayest capitals in Europe, my verdict might have been different, but finding all the women as I did, in deep mourning—put on for the humiliation of their country, but continued as the expression of private grief—and flitting about the churches and hospitals like dark shadows, how could I fail to sympathize deeply with them? When I saw them behaving with a noble courage under the most trying circumstances, and scarcely free from the insults of a ruffianly soldiery in the very house of God, where their devotion was continually broken in upon by the Cossacks under the pretence of searching for arms and ammunition, how could I but feel indignation against the oppressors, and pity for the oppressed?

O happy English women! if you knew half what your sisters in Poland have to go through, you would not surely be so little thankful for your own happiness,

taking it as you do, as a matter of course. Your sorrows are indeed little sorrows compared with theirs. You are not trained from your youth up to witness agony unmoved. You have not been brought up by the experience of those around you to expect the day when father, husband, or brother shall be carried off to exile in Siberia or the Caucasus, whence hardly one in ten returns.

You may read the partition of Poland in the eyes of every Polish woman, and woe be to you if their piercing glance does not detect in yours an answering sympathy. Well might Prince Gortschakoff, the late viceroy of Poland, exclaim on his death-bed, "Oh, the women in black! the women in black!" They haunted to the last the conscience of him who was responsible for the bloody days of February, 1861, when the soldiery fired on the mingled crowd of praying men and women.

However different their other features may be, the eyes of all Polish women have but one expression, and seem for ever striving to pierce the black veil of the future, in some dark recess of which they fondly believe the regeneration of Poland to lie hid. Their eyes beam with a double faith; a faith in the future of their country, and a faith in the better life, which shall make up for their sufferings here.

It is this constant habit of looking forward, which distinguishes Polish women from those of every other nation. You can see that they believe they have a mission to fulfil, and make it the business of their lives to fulfil it. A German woman cannot, for the life of her, comprehend this "yearning for what is not," which characterizes her Polish sister. Her eyes are unmistakably bent on the present, and her whole soul is taken

up with the preparation of her *Mann's* dinner. For this reason, a Polish and German woman will never understand each other. They are the Mary and Martha of Sacred Writ. Yet, in the business of the German "Hausfrau," and her carefulness for many things, there is too an air of poetry, which Schiller seized, and expressed so exquisitely in his "Song of the Bell."

There is another point, wherein the Poles—men and women alike—are remarkably distinguished from the Germans, and that is, the unmistakable breeding, which characterizes them as a nation. After the common coarse features which you encounter all over Germany, except in Austria, it is highly refreshing to find yourself among a people, where fine lines and an aristocratic type of countenance prevail. If you are seated in a purely German company at a *table d'hôte* in the north of Germany, you will find yourself surrounded by a wearisome monotony of heavy common-looking faces, bent with a somewhat unseemly earnestness on the work of devouring their food. Should there be an individual among them, whose face and bearing bespeak unmistakably the blood in his veins, you may be sure that whatever else he may be, he is not a German. As a nation, the Germans are so taken up with trade, that you can read "tradesman" on all their faces. Napoleon's famous saying, that the English are a nation of shopkeepers, would be much truer as applied to Germans.

It is in the Grand Duchy of Posen where you have the most favourable opportunity of comparing Polish and German proprietors alongside of one another. Happening to be well acquainted with the true state of the case as between the two, I would often listen in

feigned ignorance to the accounts the one would give of the other.

The Germans would always assure me, that I could have no conception of the ruin and disorder which prevailed universally on Polish estates and the Poles would draw laughable pictures of the length to which German proprietors carried economy.

Now, on this point there can be no doubt, that in a mercantile point of view the Germans make a much more profitable concern of their estates than the Poles. If the one end and object of possessing an estate be to screw as much out of it as possible, then I must allow that the Germans carry on their business on the most approved principle. If, on the other hand, it is desirable that an estate should not be managed on precisely the same principles as a small shop, then the Polish and English method is to be preferred. In point of fact, not a few of the German proprietors in the Grand Duchy of Posen are shopkeepers, or their descendants, who have been imported into the country by the Prussian Government. These are they who proclaim all over Germany the rottenness of Polish institutions. And why? Simply because the old Polish aristocracy holds aloof from them, and will not visit them.

Now is this surprising? If we consider that county families in England will often have nothing to say to wealthy tradesmen, their own countrymen, who settle down beside them, is it astonishing that the Polish landed gentry refuse to associate on equal terms with vulgar foreigners who are their enemies?

I do not hesitate to express myself with some vehemence, because of the extreme contempt with which

Germans in Posen and Galicia (where you may count the non-Polish proprietors on your fingers) invariably speak of their Polish neighbours. The tone of the German press in these two provinces is offensive to the last degree, not to say scurrilous. If in Poland the Germans have to do with a civilization inferior to their own, that accidental circumstance surely does not justify the contemptuous light in which they affect to regard everything Polish. It is just this offensive bearing which renders Germans at bottom more deeply hated in Poland than Russians. If the Russians hang, shoot, flog, and exile the Poles, they at least do not affect to despise them, and it may yet happen that the inhabitants of Posen and Galicia will throw themselves into the arms of the Russians (as the Marquis Wielopolski would persuade them) to be avenged on Germany. For there exists between the Poles and the Germans a deep-seated hatred of race, whereas Poles and Russians have at least so much in common, that they are both Sclaves. Even the peasants in Posen and Galicia, in which latter province they have been completely won over by the Austrian Government, call each other German dog (*pies niemecki*) when they wish to convey the greatest possible insult.

Before I have done with the subject of Polish character, I must not omit to mention another point wherein they may be likened to Englishmen. I allude to their love of self-government and hatred of bureaucracy. The Germans in Posen and Galicia reproach the Poles with an unwillingness to serve the State. As far as it goes, the reproach is just; but this unwillingness arises from two very natural causes. First, the Poles

feel an abhorrence of taking their orders from Berlin and Vienna even more than from St. Petersburg. Secondly, they cannot bring themselves to become the mere bit of the bureaucratic machine, which is required of every Austrian or Prussian *employé*. The Pole, like the Englishman, prizes his individuality beyond everything, and prefers to stand or fall on his own responsibility. On the other hand, the German, with his exaggerated love of order and authority, is always ready to shape himself to the bureaucratic mould. To him, to be a man is nothing, and to be a "Herr Regierungsrath" everything. Give him a bit of ribbon to stick in his button-hole, a gold-lace cap, before which the inferior herd shall bow down, and an unlimited supply of execrable tobacco, and he will live and die happy.

That, besides the taste, the Poles possess also a capacity for self-government has been amply proved of late years. Take, for instance, the *Crédit Fonciers* of the kingdom of Poland, Posen and Galicia, which have been almost exclusively managed by Polish directors with great success. To so dangerous an extent was the Crédit Foncier, or Landschaft of the Grand Duchy of Posen, considered to have developed a capacity for business among the Polish landed proprietors, that the last application of the directors for the royal sanction to a fresh issue of papers was refused at Berlin, and the Government has started a Landschaft of its own. The directors of the Polish Landschaft were elected from among the proprietors whose lands were mortgaged in the Landschaft; but there was an odour of self-government about this, which was

very offensive to the official nostril, so the whole concern was knocked on the head, and will cease to exist in a few years. In the meantime the Government has set going a "Königliche Landschaft" with directors nominated by itself.

Again, I may instance the Agricultural Society of the Kingdom of Poland as a proof that the Poles are capable of doing something for themselves. Now of this society, which was ably presided over by Count André Zamojski, and consisted of not less than 4,000 members, it is not too much to say that it contained within itself the means of regenerating Poland. Its operations were conducted on the most liberal and enlightened principles, and the last vestiges of serfdom in the kingdom of Poland (abolished since 1807) would have disappeared before it. Already the peasant was personally free, but in many districts he still performed corvée instead of paying a money rent for his land.

Now, the Russian Government watched with great anxiety the beneficent operations of this society, to the foundation of which the Emperor Alexander had, as he was subsequently persuaded, in an unlucky moment, given his consent. It soon became clear that no time was to be lost in giving the death-blow to a society containing in it the germs of so much Polish life. Accordingly, Count André Zamojski was sent for to St. Petersburg, where he received sentence of banishment; and the Agricultural Society was summarily closed. This event shortly preceded the outbreak of the insurrection.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CRACOW.

It was after dark, in the evening of April 1st, 1863, that the train which had conveyed me from Vienna drew into the Cracow terminus. The monotony of a thirteen hours' railway journey had been somewhat relieved by the novelty of observing for the first time a Sclavonic population by the side of the German. For in Moravia, as in Bohemia, although the towns are to a considerable extent Germanized, the country has remained Sclavonic. Only the peasants who have served in the army, or been brought much into contact with Germans in the towns, have any knowledge of the German language, the rest speaking Moravian and Bohemian respectively—languages which so nearly resemble Polish, that a knowledge of Polish will enable you to understand them both to a considerable extent. Readers of Mr. Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," will remember how he abuses the unfortunate Czechs, or Bohemians, for not understanding his beloved "Teutsch." According to Mr. Carlyle, non-Teutsch speaking races are in a "parlous state." Moravia and Bohemia in the south, and the Wend country and Upper Silesia—where the peasants speak a corrupt Polish—in the north of Germany, serve as it were, as stepping-stones from Germany proper to Poland.

By Germany proper, I mean the country included between the Rhine and the Elbe; and by Poland proper, I mean the country extending from the Warthe eastwards to the Bug, which separates Poland proper from its sister provinces Lithuania and Ruthenia, which in their turn extend to the Dwina and Dnieper respectively, where Russia proper begins. The valley of the Oder was always debatable ground between the Germans and the Sclaves.

It was at Hradisch, a small station in Moravia, that I first beheld the pure Sclavonic type of countenance—the high cheek bones, large eyes, round head, and lanky straight hair, cropped square over the forehead but left to fall over the shoulder behind. As these wild-looking "Slovaki" stood there regarding the train with their great inquiring eyes, clothed in their long sheepskins, high boots, and fur caps, I could not but think it a pity that the German peasants, who stood by their side in their meagre cloth jackets and breeches had been so completely civilized out of their picturesque aspect.

At Prerau, where the line from Vienna to Cracow sends out a branch to Olmutz, I caught my first glimpse of Polish insurgents. A train full of prisoners had just come in from Cracow, and drew alongside of ours, giving us a good opportunity of observing the batch of insurgents, who, having been caught by the Austrians with arms in their hands, were being sent into the interior of the country, well away from Galicia, so as to prevent the possibility of their joining the bands in the adjacent kingdom of Poland a second time. As soon as I caught the word "Polish insurgent," I naturally pricked up my ears, having pictured to myself a desperate, powerful

fellow, with a gleaming scythe, who would take at least two or three men to hold him. Imagine then my astonishment on being told that those innocent-looking beardless boys, sitting ten in a third-class railway carriage, with a single soldier to guard them, were Polish insurgents! They seemed to be mostly students and apprentices, and although one could have affirmed of hardly one that he was a gentleman's son, there was a pleasant, fresh look about their faces, which till that moment I had believed confined to English boys. I obtained subsequently a list of the names and occupations of a similar batch of prisoners sentenced to be "internirt," or sent to the interior, and found my supposition as to their social position confirmed, except that one landed proprietor, and the sons of several, figured on the list.

I naturally asked myself, what can these boys do against regular troops? and could not bring myself to think it much short of madness to pit such striplings against Russian soldiers. Among them were several, whose ruddy cheeks and rustic appearance were strangely suggestive of the young David going forth to fight Goliath, so unequal did the contest in which they had been lately engaged appear. From my subsequent experience of Polish insurgents, I should estimate the lads under 20 at nearly two-thirds of the whole, the remaining third being composed of men in the prime of life.

As I passed from the railway station at Cracow to my hotel, the city struck me as surprisingly still, whereas I had expected to find stir and bustle, consequent on the outbreak of the insurrection. I was not then aware, that all the preparations had to be carried on underground. So full of spies was every city in Poland, that the least

suspicious action was instantly reported to the authorities. You would have thought from its appearance in the evening that Cracow was a city of the dead, rather than a hot-bed of insurrection. To prove that the desolation of Cracow was apparent, not real, it was next to impossible to find a bed in any hotel or even private lodging. I found, on an average, some half-dozen insurgents sleeping in each room. I was fortunate enough to possess a friend, who being "a friend in need was a friend indeed," and I owe it to his kindness, that I was not reduced to choosing between passing the night in the porch of a church, or sharing a room with six or seven others.

I had scarcely established myself in my room, and was proceeding to unpack, when the door was unceremoniously opened, and one of the strangest beings I ever saw stood in the doorway. The room, being long and narrow, like a cell, and the candle standing on a table in the window, which was opposite the door, this remarkable figure, blocking up the entrance, was but half revealed by the darkness visible, which reigned in his end of the chamber. Taking the candle in hand, I advanced to reconnoitre the enemy, and was met by a cringing voice, "Wünscht der Herr etwas" ("Does the gentleman want anything?")

My first impression, conveyed by his noiseless gliding, that my visitor was a disembodied spirit, was dissipated by observing, to my intense satisfaction, that he was standing hat in hand, and I felt assured from his voice, that he was not a burglar.

I saw before me a figure clothed in a long garment, which on nearer inspection turned out to be a greasy

great-coat of the Noah's-ark species, reaching down to the heels of the wearer. On either side his face hung down one long curl, which ought to have belonged to a woman, but in fact characteristic of the Polish Jews, who adhere to the ancient confession—for the intruder was nothing more nor less than the *commissionaire* of the hotel, an employment which is, unfortunately, a monopoly of the Jews all over Poland. Had my wants been "legion," I felt I would rather have put up with them all than employ such an embodiment of cringing greasiness in satisfying them; so, sending the Jew about his business, I was once more left to my own reflections. Being somewhat fatigued with my journey, I retired to bed early, and was soon asleep in spite of the vision of the Jew, which haunted my brain.

In the middle of the night I woke, and on looking out of my window saw, by the light of a little lamp which hung below an image of the Saviour, that snow was falling. The only sound which broke the silence of the night was the monotonous tramp of the Austrian patrol, whose bayonets flashed in the lamp-light.

Next morning I was early afoot, and found the ground lightly sprinkled with snow. The animated scene presented by the market-place contrasted strangely with the creeping silence of the night before. It was market-day, and the peasants had flocked in in great numbers from the surrounding country. I never witnessed a more motley variety of costumes. The red, white, and green—the colours mostly worn by the women, gave to the centre of the market-place the appearance of a gay parterre of flowers; while their snow-white sheep-skin coats, their black conical hats, with a broad border of

gold, and a peacock's feather stuck in it, and their leathern girdles richly ornamented with steel, lent a highly picturesque air to the men. While the market-place itself was occupied chiefly with peasants from the country, the pavements surrounding it were thronged by a busy crowd of Jews, and citizens in the Polish costume, which lends a more or less warlike appearance to the followers of the most peaceful avocations. It is some time before you get used to seeing your tailor, bearded and moustached, got up in a braided tunic, high boots, and a square cap trimmed with wool. Your first impression is to fall down before him and ask for quarter, although your intention on entering the shop may have been to order him to measure you for a pair of trousers. If you have sufficient presence of mind, you will probably blurt out an apology, giving him to understand (if you have any language in common) that you did not mean to insult him by taking him for a tailor, and retire in confusion.

Of all the cities of Poland, Cracow is the most Polish, and therefore the most interesting, but at the same time by far the most uncomfortable. As in Rome one suffers an intolerable amount of dirt, because it is Roman dirt, so is it in Cracow. Nor is it in this respect alone that Cracow resembles the Eternal City. By the swarm of beggars which line the entrance to all the churches, the traveller is constantly reminded of his Roman experience. It is worth while to expend a few kreuzers on these seeming cripples, to witness their lavish expressions of gratitude, though it is advisable not to let them come to too close quarters, for a most incontinent habit of kissing exists, even among beggars, all over Poland.

As you run the gauntlet of the avenue of beggars, leading to the church-door, heads will be thrust forth from each animated heap of rags in the endeavour to impress kisses upon some part of the person of the passer by. In their insatiable lust of kissing, it is all one to them whether they kiss your feet, shins, or the tails of your coat, and if they miss you altogether, they will fall to and kiss one another.

Yet, for myself, in spite of this nuisance, I would hardly wish to see Rome and Cracow cleared of their beggars. Who would not be sorry to miss old Beppo from the Spanish steps? One has the consolation of knowing that the miseries of these beggars are all seeming; and they do act so well, that it is only fair one should give them the twentieth part of what one pays, as a matter of course, to witness a far inferior performance at the theatre. What is a ruin, a church-door, or a flight of steps, without its beggar to give life to the picture? Still, with all my partiality for the species in general, I must confess to preferring your beggar without legs, who cannot get up and dog you home, if you do not happen to have coppers about you.

In spite of the general uncomfortable appearance of the old city, Cracow can boast, notwithstanding, of not a few good substantial residences and palaces, the lower regions of which are devoted to the same mysterious uses as they are in Italy. To reach the comfortably-furnished first-floor, after stumbling over the old apple-woman, who keeps her stall just within the entrance to get out of the cold, you will have to grope your way between a mangle, an old wagon, and a wheelbarrow, against one or the other of which you will probably

break your shins; and when you at last gain the staircase, you must be careful not to put your foot through one of the holes which are apt to yawn in it. If, added to this, you happen to be of a nervous temperament, you will expect an assassin to emerge from some dark corner—an event which was, unhappily, of too frequent occurrence at the time of my visit.

To see Cracow to the greatest advantage, you must climb to the top of Kosciuszko's mound, two English miles without the walls. You then discover that the city is built at the spot where the two rivers, the Rudawa and the Vistula, converge, and that a range of wooded hills, terminating in the mound on which you are standing, runs up into the triangle formed by the convergence of the two rivers. This mound, raised by patriotic hands in memory of their greatest national hero, was ruthlessly seized upon by the Austrians, and converted into a fortress, when they violated the Treaty of Vienna by destroying the liberties of Cracow, which, by the stipulations of that treaty, was to remain a free town for ever. The traveller who has taken the trouble to mount to the top of the mound has but to look around him, and he will at once see that the Austrians have not been idle since 1848. As the Russians have rendered the citadel at Warsaw impregnable, and the Prussians have done the same by Posen, it would appear that Austria is bent on turning Cracow to the same account. It will be many years before the works are anything like finished, and, until their completion, Cracow is any day at the mercy of the Russians pouring in through the gates of Michalowice on the top of yonder hill, and less than five English miles distant.

Immediately in front of the spectator is spread out the picturesque old city, out of the centre of which, as from a forest of churches, raises itself up majestically the castle hill, with its royal residence and cathedral, big with the memories of Poland's departed glory. Now, the Pole who would visit the tombs of Sobieski, Kosciuszko, and Poniatowsky, or would go to worship in his own cathedral, is only admitted at certain hours of the day by a little wicket-gate in the fortifications, and has to thread his way through frowning cannon, which command all the approaches. When their national feeling is thus cruelly wounded, is it wonderful that the Poles should be dissatisfied with the Austrian government? During the fifteen years, which have elapsed since they laid violent hands on Cracow, I would defy the Austrians to point to a single public work of theirs which has for its object the development of the material resources of the country. The railway which connects Cracow with Lemberg, and that now in course of construction from Lemberg to Czernowitz, in the Bukowina, is the work of Prince Sapieha, to whom the province of Galicia owes what little commercial prosperity it can boast of. Were the Austrians driven across the Carpathians to-morrow, the only trace they would leave behind of their occupation of the country would be a few dozen glaring red-brick forts in a more or less forward state of preparation.

At a little distance, to the right of the mound on which we are standing with our faces towards Cracow, winds the Vistula, as truly the river of Poland as the Rhine is of Germany; and as the German poets love to sing of their national river, so are the praises of the

Vistula the burden of many Polish songs. And the Vistula is worthy of being sung, for he is a mighty benefactor of the human race. In his beneficent winding course, from his ice-bound home in the Carpathians, to where he loses himself in the sea, at Dantzic, he fertilizes a valley which for centuries has supplied with corn the countries washed by the waters of the Baltic.

From the gently sloping ground, beyond the Vistula, the eye mounts gradually to the outlying spurs of the Carpathians, and strives to penetrate the veil of clouds, which shrouds the granite wall of the Tatri, rising abruptly from the Hungarian plain to the height of 8,000 feet.

From out of the woods behind Kosciuszko's mound, and separated from it by an intervening valley, rise the twin turrets of the convent of Bielany, pricking up like the ears of an owl. Of all the tranquil retreats I ever visited, I can hardly think of one—scarcely excepting Val Ombrosa—where I would sooner end my days. The monks belong to the rigid order of Camaldolenses, and are presided over by a prior, whose countenance is a wonder to behold—so perfectly does it reflect the peace and calm of the place. The music of his voice is even more wonderful than his face, and Italian is happily his native tongue. It is whispered that he belongs to one of the noblest Italian families, and that he took refuge in Poland from unfortunate family circumstances. He is still a young man, and even his mother is ignorant of the place of his retreat.

The last time I visited Bielany I was in the company of a young Polish officer who had distinguished himself

much in the insurrection. We passed a few of the pleasantest hours of my life together, and on our return I parted with him late at night, making an appointment for the next day. At daybreak next morning his room was entered by the police, and he was thrown into prison, where he has lain ever since.

As to the society which is to be met with at Cracow, I can only say that I was astonished at its elegance and polish. In visiting Poland, I imagined that I should find a people more or less savage, and quite destitute of the luxuries and elegancies of life. In providing myself with a waterproof coat and boots, in addition to woollen socks, flannel shirts, a strong suit of clothes, a piece of soap, and a toothbrush, I imagined I was furnished with everything I could possibly require in Poland. So convinced was I of this, that I left everything else in my portmanteau in charge of my banker at Vienna, starting for Cracow with nothing but a bag. It had never occurred to me that there were ladies in Poland, so occupied were my thoughts with the insurrection.

For the first time it dawned upon me that civilized life existed in Cracow, when I beheld, to my utmost astonishment, an English friend getting himself up in evening costume. I asked myself "Is the man mad?" but let him go on with his dressing.

A few days later I received my first invitation to an evening party. It was the third day of the Easter *fêtes*, which are observed with great solemnity in Poland. What was I to do? I wished above all things to go, but I had no clothes to go in. There was no time to send to Vienna, for the party was that very evening.

To cut the matter short, I went—in boots and coat belonging to the porter of my hotel! On entering the elegantly furnished drawing-room, it was some consolation to find but a small party assembled. As soon as I was able to get over my first confusion and look quietly about me, I was surprised to observe how little apparent notice was taken of my strange costume. I have no doubt that the company had a good laugh at my grotesque appearance after I had taken leave (I am sure I hope they had, for I have had many a laugh at myself since), but as long as I remained in the room, I was not once made to feel that there was anything laughable in my dress.

I was introduced to nearly every one in the room, and was astonished at the fluency with which the whole company spoke French. In fact, in point of taste and elegance, there was nothing in the dresses of the ladies (except that they were all black), or in the general appearance of the *salon*, to suggest that I was in Cracow, rather than in Paris. The conversation flowed on easily, and the evening passed so pleasantly that I became oblivious of my strange appearance, and it was not till I got back to my hotel that I was reminded of it by the porter, who requested to have his coat and boots returned to him at my earliest convenience. First thing next morning I sent off to Vienna for my portmanteau, and my next appearance in a *salon* at Cracow was a more becoming one.

Whereas in English society the conversation is never more than "kept up"—like a game of battledore and shuttlecock—and the dread of a horrid pause is ever present to the minds of the talkers, in foreign society

it seems to go on of itself, like running water which can be turned on and off at pleasure. Now, it would be all very well for an Englishman to affect to despise this power of conversation with which most foreigners are gifted, and to hold his own countrymen up as far more worthy of admiration for their dignified power of reticence, did their remarks, "like angel's visits, few and far between," bear the stamp of depth of thought at all proportionate to the length of time they have undergone incubation, when they do come out at last. If English society is ever to be anything but a bore when there is not heavy eating or dancing to be done, men must be prepared to talk more, and think less, when they come together.

During the Easter *fêtes*, the whole Polish world gives itself up to the consumption of the most delicate and exquisite confectionery which it ever entered into the mind of man to conceive. You have scarcely swallowed the most wonderful composition of cream, jam, maize, nectar, and other divine essences, and pronounced it the most delicious thing you ever tasted, when something more ethereal still is forced upon your acceptance. With a vengeance Poland becomes for three days a children's paradise, and grown men and women become children for the occasion.

But before my picture of Cracow is at all complete, I must request the company of the reader through Kazimierz, the Jewish quarter, so called from its royal founder.

In Poland's palmiest days, there reigned a sovereign called Kasimir the Great. Following the example set him by Ahasuerus in sacred writ, this monarch took to

him to wife a Jewish maiden, called Esther, and out of his exceeding love for her, granted all kinds of privileges to the Jews, her countrymen. From that time the Jews have increased and multiplied in Poland to an extent out of all proportion to their means of sustenance, and they live now, for the most part, in a state of filthy indigence, which moves less pity than disgust in the mind of the traveller.

A walk through Kazimierz is no unmixed pleasure, and we must leave all our daintiness behind us. We shall have plenty to see and hear, too much to feel, but most of all to smell—not to say taste—for the stinks are so penetrating, that they seem to get down your throat. Every one who crosses the bridge which separates Christian Cracow from Jewish Kazimierz, is supposed to be in want of a general outfit. It never enters into the head of the Jews that any Christian can be attracted there from curiosity. What the bazaars are to an Eastern city, that is Kazimierz to Cracow.

As soon then as the figure of a respectably-dressed Christian is descried crossing the bridge, Jewish vendors of every conceivable article, from a horse down to a bodkin, prepare to din their wares into his ears. I must premise that, with the view of gaining your custom, you are advanced freely to the rank of prince, duke, count, &c.

"Buy a bed, your grace?"

"Is the Herr Graf in want of soap, or any other article for his toilette?"

"If his excellency is for buying arm-chairs, there are none equal to mine in all Kazimierz."

"If it's a horse that the Herr Fürst is in want of, I have some in the stable which go like the wind."

Running the gauntlet of these greasy and importunate vendors of all kinds of merchandise, you dive thicker and thicker into this nest of Israelites, and wonder at the possibility of human beings existing so closely packed.

If you can pluck up courage to follow one of the superior-looking Jews into his den, he will conduct you by mysterious passages into the depths of his premises, and will astonish you by the richness of the goods there stored away, and only displayed to first-class customers.

There is nothing that cannot be had in Kazimierz, if you will only pay for it. Under the very eyes of the Austrian military authorities whole battalions of Poles were equipped, *cap-à-pied*, and a constant supply of arms and ammunition was always to be had at four or five times the value of each article furnished.

From the general aspect of Kazimierz, you would say that the founder had taken his stand on the *débris* of a ruined city, and with a pitch-fork tossed the fallen rafters and bricks about at random, which by some miracle had held together and since done duty as human tenements. Whole families are lodged in a space which would be thought barely sufficient for a single Christian, and certainly not if he were an Englishman into the bargain.

If I said nothing of the University, Archæological Museum, Cathedral, Royal Palace, &c., I would not have it supposed that they are undeserving of notice, but I suspect the reader will be glad to be spared a lengthy description of them. I may observe, however, that for lovers of antiquarian lore, Cracow is ful of

objects of interest. Among other curiosities preserved in the museum is an original statue of the god "Swiatowit," a deity well known to students of Sclavonic mythology. The statue is some ten feet high, and is four-faced, and covered with very curious carving. Besides many other interesting objects, you find a collection of the rude weapons used by the ancient Sclaves in battle, and, interspersed with these, the ornaments worn by the women. A young authoress of great genius, who, under the name of "Deotima," is known all over Poland for her improvisations, has reproduced the infancy of the Polish race in a spirited epic poem, and clothed Polish mythology in a most attractive dress.

## CHAPTER V.

### PASSION WEEK AND EASTER SUNDAY.

I HAD arrived at Cracow on the Wednesday in Passion week. Independently of the universal mourning which reigns to a greater or less extent all over Christendom during this solemn week, it was impossible to enter a church, or even take a turn in the streets, without perceiving that the inhabitants of Cracow were plunged in a grief of their own, potent enough to render any ordinances of the Church to put on black, and be of a sorrowful countenance, quite unnecessary. In every church solemn services were being performed throughout the whole day, and prayers were continually offered up for the repose of the souls of those who had fallen for their country. Instead of the motley advertisements, with which all available waste places are covered in prosperous cities, at the corner of every street in Cracow you read the names of those who had died of their wounds since yesterday, or been killed in some recent engagement, and the name of the church where a mass would be said for the repose of the soul of the departed. It was only a few weeks after the most disastrous episode of the insurrection, as far as the inhabitants of Cracow were concerned, that my arrival took place.

On the night of February 16, about a thousand of the flower of the youth of Poland set out upon the desperate adventure of surprising the Russian garrison at Miechow, a place of considerable importance, and their head-quarters in those parts. Instead of reaching Miechow while it was yet dark, and falling upon the Russians unawares, the insurgent column—composed for the most part of Cracow students and the sons of the landed aristocracy of Galicia—was unfortunately delayed, and appeared before Miechow an hour after daybreak, and found the Russians quite prepared for them. The town of Miechow lies pleasantly, nestling in a basin, and is approached by a gradual slope from every side. It is undefended by any sort of wall, and quite open to attack. When the insurgent band reached the crown of the gentle hills, and looked down upon the town below them, with its houses painted pink, green, and yellow, with a good sprinkling of gardens and orchards—yielding pleasant shade in summer, but then wearing their inhospitable winter dress—a suspicious silence seemed to reign in the place, and there were little or no signs of the enemy visible anywhere. Under the circumstances it might have been prudent to send out a reconnoitring party, but prudence is a quality quite foreign to Poles under any circumstances, with whom discretion is not only not the better part, but no part of valour.

Without a moment's hesitation the devoted column threw itself upon the town, and poured into the apparently deserted streets, the cavalry to the number of 100 leading the way. They were met by a perfect shower of lead from every house and orchard, and half

the saddles were emptied at the first volley. There was no turning back now, as the infantry pressed hotly on from behind. Through the narrow streets the insurgents fought their way into the open market-place, where a worse fate awaited them. For no sooner was the market-place full of Poles, than the Russians surrounded it on every side, and the Finnish riflemen—the best shots in the Russian army—poured in a deadly fire upon the now helpless insurgents. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and a fearful slaughter took place. In the meantime the Russian soldiers, who were amenable to no sort of discipline, had drunk up every drop of brandy (wódki) to be found in the houses in which they had been concealed, and in their mad frenzy set fire to the town, which was soon in flames. I will not distress the reader by the details of the terrible scene which followed. I will only add here, that on passing through Miechow subsequently to the disaster, I found a heap of charred ruins, where but a short time before had stood one of the most thriving little towns in Poland. Out of a population of about 2,000, I found barely fifty remaining, with scarcely a roof over their heads. Among them was a poor mother, grieving for the loss of her children, but who was filled with gratitude at the self-devotion of a Russian officer, quartered upon her at the time, who had risked his life in the vain effort to control the drunken fury of his men. It gives me the most sincere pleasure to add that, during the insurrection I heard of not a few instances of similar noble conduct on the part of Russian officers. In one case, of which I was informed by his brother officer, a certain Lieutenant Tidemann, at Petrikau, received a bayonet wound in

the belly, while endeavouring to check the licence of his men.

While the grief of the inhabitants consequent on this disaster was yet fresh, Passion week, with its burden of solemn memories, broke upon Cracow, lending a deeper dye to the already general mourning. Though quite ignorant of the language, it was yet a pleasure to me to go into the churches and listen to the preachers. I could at least watch the attitude of the audience, and inferred from their wrapt attention, that the priest was only uttering what the people felt—the most telling kind of eloquence.

I remember well on the night of Good Friday standing in the deep shade, cast by a massive pillar in the church of St. Mary, which, as it stands in the market-place, has usurped the place of the cathedral far away on the castle hill, and quite built up in the fortifications, and watching the eager crowd, all standing and straining their necks, to catch the every word of the preacher. The mere sight of that church, with its waving throng of worshippers, partly sunk in deep shade, and partly standing out in bold relief in the lamplight, was enough to convince the most callous observer that stirring events were going on, and that the preacher had understood to improve the occasion, by adapting his discourse to the circumstances of the people.

As I should prescribe a visit to Rome as the most likely remedy for persons afflicted with tendencies to Romanism, so I should by all means advise them to keep clear of Poland. The Church of Rome, in Italy the sworn foe of all social progress, and every influence which has a tendency to elevate or enlighten a

people, in Poland is the representative of all that is good and noble. There, and perhaps only there, she is still a living force, a reality, and not a sham. In Poland she still supplies a want felt deeply by all classes of the people, and is ever at hand to perform the truest office of a Church, to comfort the afflicted and visit the fatherless and widow. By her wonderful capacity of sympathizing with human misery, she has gained a hold on the Polish nation which would have lost much of its force had the circumstances of the country been happier. Those whose knowledge of the Church of Rome is confined to countries where her influence is dominant, or where her power of sympathy is less called into action, are unacquainted with her truest force. I have never in any country witnessed more true devotion than is to be met with in the cathedrals and churches of Poland. When a Church has for its leaders men who prefer death or banishment to lending themselves to a lie, no wonder that it gains for itself the respect not only of the whole country, but of the whole of civilized Europe. When Rzewuski—the worthy successor of Felinski, who is now undergoing his punishment in the depths of Russia—refused the other day to sign an address to the Emperor, he acted simply as a man of honour must have acted, in declining to put his name to a document which he knows to be a tissue of lies. To look at Poland on the one side, and Italy on the other, it would indeed appear that the same tree can bring forth both figs and thistles.

Throughout the Austrian dominions, it is the custom to set a watch at the sepulchre during the hours which intervene between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Considering herself to be the representative of the holy Roman Empire, Austria holds it to be her privilege to perpetuate the memory of the guard kept by the Roman soldiers over the place where they had laid the body of Christ. So motionless stood the sentinels at the head and foot of the grave in the Resurrection Chapel in the cathedral and all the churches of Cracow, that in the dim lamplight I took them at first for lifeless statues, and their white tunics contributed to give them a ghost-like appearance.

Easter Eve is the great alms-giving day in Roman Catholic Christendom, and on that day, all over Poland, the noblest ladies in the land collect money-offerings in all the churches, remaining the entire day at their posts.

In the cathedral church, a venerable lady, the Countess Arthur Potoçka (pronounced Pototska) was devoting herself to this labour of love. By birth, a Braniçka—the noblest and wealthiest family in the Ukraine—she married into the house of Potoçki, perhaps the brightest name in the annals of Poland. During a long life, spent chiefly between Cracow and Krzesowice—the country seat of the Potoçki family—this noble lady has endeared herself to such an extent with all classes, and spent so much of her time and money on the poor and friendless, who in Poland are hopelessly numerous at this moment, that her death will be felt as a national misfortune. By her noble example, she has shown how much a woman may do with a fixed purpose of doing good; for even the wildest democrats, who charge the indifference and corruption of the aristocracy with the ruin of their country, mention the name of the Countess Arthur Potoçka with respect.

Scarcely had the guard been removed from the sepulchre, and the joyful tidings of the Resurrection been proclaimed to the expectant people, when news was brought into Cracow of an engagement going on between the insurgents and the Russians close to the frontier, in a north-westerly direction some ten miles from Cracow. Then all was hurrying to and fro, and a squadron of Austrian hussars, passing at a quick trot through the streets, and out of the northern gate towards the scene of action, added fuel to the flame of excitement, which soon became general.

As soon as I got wind of what was going on, I at once ordered the only vehicle to be had, a sort of wicker boat or clothes-basket on wheels, and, promising the driver a liberal 'trink-geld,' set off in the direction of the firing. As ill-luck would have it, it came on to pour with rain; and, as we left the high road and struck at something like a full gallop into the bye-roads, which soon became a foot deep in mud, our progress, from the furious splashing, was more like that of a boat, whirled through the water by the desperate efforts of the rowers, than of a vehicle on wheels passing over a road.

Tearing along helter-skelter through a sea of mud, we soon reached the first village out of Cracow. I had hardly time to mark the curiously thatched roofs of the cottages, the antique village church, built throughout of wood, the school and the house of the curé—how unlike our snug parsonage-houses!—before we were again in the open fields. In less than two hours we reached the frontier, and, for the first time in my life, I beheld the black and orange of Austria facing the invisible green, with a faint border of red, and white, the colours of

Russia. At the Austrian douane I was not permitted to pass, on the ground that it was not safe, the Russian officials opposite having themselves taken flight from a combined fear of the drunken fury of their own troops, and an onslaught of the insurgents, who had already several times seized the money chest at the various douanes along the frontier.

While I was angrily expostulating with the Austrian official, and disputing his right to block the passage to a traveller armed with the proper passport and visé, a Polish gentleman drove up, and inquired at the custom-house, where the fight was taking place. He informed us in German, that in the midst of an early dinner, which he was taking with friends in Cracow, he had learnt that a battle was taking place on his own estate, just across the Russian frontier. A good deal disturbed by this intelligence, he had hurried to the spot, and was naturally eager to learn the true state of the case. At this juncture we learned that the scene of action might be approached closely by skirting the frontier line, without crossing it; so the anxious proprietor proposed to me that we should proceed thither together. I at once consented gladly, so off we set once more. The rain had happily stopped, but the roads soon became worse than ever. I can only compare the country through which we were passing to a golf-links, well provided with difficult bunkers, an expression which, if incomprehensible to the English reader, will be readily explained by a Scotch friend. After a quarter of a mile of plain sailing, we suddenly descended into a yawning gulf, or sand-pit with broken edges, out of which we climbed with considerable peril to life and limb.

On reaching the second village from Cracow, my friend the proprietor proposed that we should call for a few moments at the manor-house, where he was in the habit of stopping whenever he passed that way. I will not stop here to describe a Polish country house, and will only remark that we found the whole family crowded together in one room, hanging anxiously on the words which fell from the lips of a young officer of Hungarian hussars, who had just returned from the scene of action. From him we learnt that the fight was already over, the Russians having retired after several unsuccessful attempts to storm the insurgent position.

Notwithstanding this news we pressed on, determined to investigate the truth for ourselves. As we neared the scene of action, it became evident that some unusual excitement was abroad among the peasantry. It being Sunday—and Easter Sunday, picturesquely called in Polish "Wielkanoc" or great night—men and women alike were dressed in their holiday attire, but the stirring news of the neighbouring engagement had driven all thoughts of holiday-making out of their heads. Standing in groups round the church door, or collected under the shelter of the village tree—in Poland, as in England, the resort of the gossips of the village—they were discussing the prospects of the insurrection, now brought so close to their own doors. As we passed each successive group, they greeted us with a formula which was quite unintelligible to me till explained by my companion.

It is the universal custom of the Roman Catholic peasants all over Poland—(once more I must remind the reader that when I speak of Poland I do not mean the so-called kingdom of Poland, but the country from the

Warthe to the Dnieper)—to greet all passers-by with the salutation, "Niech będzie pochwalone Jesus Christus" ("The name of Jesus Christ be praised"), the "Gelobt sey Jesus Christus" of the Catholic German peasant. To this salutation the person greeted replies, "Na vieki viekow" ("For ever and ever"). The traveller who will take the trouble to master this simple formula may pass on the strength of it for a Pole wherever he goes. It will prove of great value to him in this respect, as by applying it he can at once tell whether the peasant in question is Roman Catholic or no. In Western Galicia, if the peasant makes no reply, you may be sure that he is a Suabian colonist; in Eastern Galicia, that he is a Greek Uniate, whose form of salutation is "Slawa Bogu," ("Glory to God"); in the Ruthenian provinces and Lithuania, that the peasant is Uniate, or Orthodox; in Posen, that he is a Lutheran. In the kingdom of Poland, where nine-tenths of the peasants are Catholic, you meet with no other form of salutation.

In a village, just on the Austrian side of the frontier, and but a couple of English miles from the scene of action, we were ordered to pull up by an Austrian infantry patrol, and our carriage was searched for arms. To disregard a summons of this nature was as much as your life was worth, the Austrian patrols having the strictest orders to fire on persons neglecting to attend to them. Some time subsequently a lady of the name of Boguchwalogorska, passing through the same village in her carriage, was fired upon by the Austrians because her coachman did not instantly pull up, and a bullet passed through her ringlets.

At this point we encountered several four-in-hand

carriages, conveying fugitive families from the Russian frontier to Cracow; for at that time the Austrians had not yet closed the gates of Cracow against fugitives, which they have been inhuman enough to do since, and even gone the length of delivering up to the Russians for execution persons who had just escaped with their lives across the frontier.

It was already late in the afternoon when we reached Kobylany, the village nearest to the wood in which the engagement had taken place. Driving up to the manor-house, we found a strange scene of bustle and confusion. While the farmyard and offices were occupied by Austrian hussars and infantry, the house itself and garden were filled by an anxious crowd of Poles—the two keeping carefully apart, and eyeing each other with no friendly glances across the railings. The wounded had but just been removed from the drawing-room, which was littered with blood-stained straw, and the dead were lying in the nearest church.

Notwithstanding the general confusion, we were most hospitably received by the master of the house, who I ascertained was not the proprietor, but rented the property from the titular bishop of the diocese. Owing to some disagreement between the Russian and Austrian Governments, strange as it may appear, there is no Bishop of Cracow, that diocese extending into the kingdom of Poland, where the Russians contend that an Austrian bishop can have no jurisdiction. So he who should be styled Bishop of Cracow, is entitled Bishop of Joppa *in partibus infidelibus*.

This dignitary, being under the necessity of residing at Cracow, had let his domain of Kobylany to our host,

a gentleman who, notwithstanding the many calls upon his time and resources of all kinds, proceeded to set before us what, under the circumstances, I looked upon as most substantial fare, namely, beefsteaks and two or three bottles of Hungarian wine—a beverage universally drunk all over Poland. With appetites whetted by our long drive, we set to work in good earnest, and after supper discussed the exciting events of the day over our wine.

At nine P.M. we set off on our return to Cracow. It was a lovely night, but the rain had laid a considerable portion of the country under water, and as the Easter moon rose full and blood-red, she looked down upon such a waste of waters as I imagine she has rarely gazed upon since the Flood. As we splashed along through the great pools of slush, I could well understand the German saying that there are five elements in Poland, earth, air, fire, water—and slush. However, if one is apt to arrive with a good deal of mud on one's clothes, you meet with such a welcome at your journey's end that you soon forget all about it. On this Easter Sunday (April 5, 1863) I set foot, for the first time, in a Polish country house, and began to think that if I was received everywhere with equal hospitality, I should not have much roughing it to do. Many a time when I was dining sumptuously in houses in the most remote parts of Poland, popularly supposed to be tenanted by wolves and bears, I thought to myself how astonished my friends in England would have been if they could have seen me discussing iced creams and savoury dishes, where they had supposed me starving or living upon roots. That, from time to time, I was almost reduced

to this fare, is certainly true, but as a rule I lived better than most people do in England.

On this my first occasion of being entertained in a Polish country house, I won my way into the good graces of the company, by parting with my brandy-flask and boots to an insurgent who stood much in need of them. He, poor fellow! had done so much marching, that his boots were torn to shivers, and scarcely hung on his feet; so I had compassion on him, and insisted on his taking mine. My host, however, on hearing of the transaction, instantly produced a fresh pair of boots, and bade the insurgent, who was a native of Bohemia —a Czech, as they call the Bohemians in Poland—take his, and give me back mine.

It was midnight when we reached Cracow, but, notwithstanding, I threaded my way through the deserted streets, encountering here and there an Austrian patrol, to the telegraph-office, and sent off a telegram to London, containing a short summary of the affair. This telegram, which left Cracow at half-past twelve A.M. was printed in the *Daily News* six hours later, and read by the London public on Easter Monday.

The Polish loss was inconsiderable, but the Russians suffered severely, to the extent of something like 150 killed and wounded—a disparity easily accounted for by the difference of their respective positions; for the Poles were stationed on the steep side of a wooded ravine, with a watercourse in front of them, and being dispersed among the trees, had ample time to pour raking volleys into the dense ranks of the enemy in the open, remaining themselves concealed. On visiting the spot after the fight, we learnt from the peasants hanging about,

that the Russians had pressed all their wagons into the service of transporting the wounded, who were very numerous, to Skala and Olkusz, the nearest places of safety.

And here I may observe, that it is a great mistake to think of Poland as of an uninterruptedly flat country. In certain districts you find, it is true, hopelessly monotonous plains, reaching to the horizon, but in general the country is pleasantly undulating, and always well wooded. The river scenery in general is highly picturesque, and in Galicia you get bold mountainous tracts —the approaches to the chain of the Carpathians.

The fight on Easter Sunday took place in the midst of the rocky border-land—a complete network of precipitous wooded ravines — which forms the frontier between Galicia and the kingdom of Poland in the direction north-west from Cracow. In happier times, this beautiful country was to Cracow much what the Saxon Switzerland is to Dresden, the resort of all pleasure and health-seekers; but since it was given to Russia, the entrance to this Northern Hesperides has been cruelly barred by Cossacks and the not less terrible Objeszczycki.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GALICIA.

DOES the reader know where Galicia is? and, if so, what it is? If not, I will tell him in a few words.

Galicia is a long slip of territory on the northern slopes of the Carpathians, included between those mountains and the frontier of the Russian kingdom of Poland. Galicia, or as it would be simpler to write it, Halicia —a name derived from the former Duchy of Halisch— is that bit of ancient Poland which Russia tossed to Austria to purchase her consent to the partition of Poland. Austria, lately smarting from the loss of Silesia, was only too glad to be indemnified with a bit of Poland, even at the hands of Prussia and Russia.

If the reader will take the trouble to glance at the map, he will at once see that Galicia is cut off from the rest of the Austrian empire by the chain of the Carpathians—an almost impassable barrier in winter-time. It will at once occur to him, that an outlying province of the nature of Galicia, inhabited by a people animated by a hatred of Germans, which is born with them, must be an inevitable source of danger to any empire. It is, however, the misfortune of Austria mainly to consist of such provinces, and it becomes a necessity of her very existence to play off one nationality against another, and to set the uneducated portion of the popu-

lation of each against the educated. She has hardly any choice between falling to pieces and adopting the most unscrupulous measures to keep herself alive. The immoral traffic carried on in Galicia, between the Government *employés* and the peasants, resulted in the Galician massacres of 1846—the culminating point of Metternich's infernal policy.

Despairing of ever gaining over any portion of the intelligent population of the province of Galicia, which is to-day as purely Polish as it was at the date of the first partition, the Austrian Government felt that its only chance of maintaining its hold over the province lay in winning over the peasantry, and setting them against the Polish proprietors. By dint of keeping them in the grossest ignorance, by throwing every obstacle in the way of the establishment of Polish schools, the Government trusted to finding in the peasants more ready instruments for working out their end. Persons who understand what they are talking about when they call the partition of Poland a crime, mean that, independently of cutting off a nation from its natural development, that act drew in its train the terrible necessity, under which the three partitioning Governments are placed, of setting class against class, inasmuch as they are not, any one of them, equal to the task of oppressing all alike. In this respect the Prussian Government is incomparably the least guilty of the three, but there is little to choose between the Austrian and Russian. Indeed, Russian rule in Poland, harsh and cruel as it has been, has not yet been stained with a crime of so black a dye as the Galician massacres. So deliberately was the thing arranged, that in the course of less than

forty-eight hours, the peasants, chiefly urlobniki, soldiers on leave, from the German "Urlaub," egged on by the Austrian *employés*, rose and murdered in cold blood, or horribly tortured, every respectably-dressed person—male or female—found on some hundred and fifty estates in the districts of Bochnia and Tarnow. It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of victims, owing to the efforts of the Austrian Government to hush the matter up, but the total is put by the lowest estimates at a thousand. To form a fair judgment of the complicity of the Austrian Government in the bloody deeds of 1846, which have sunk deep into the memory of the Galicians, it will be more profitable to turn away from Metternich's lame apology, which was intended to satisfy the public opinion of Europe, and look to the next steps taken by his orders in Galicia. Instead of being hung, as they deserved, the ringleaders of the massacres were not only permitted to retain the plunder, carried off from the burning chateaux, but were positively rewarded with gifts of land in the Bukowina and elsewhere. These painful facts I learnt in the course of a journey on horseback through that part of Galicia, from the surviving relatives of proprietors who were massacred during those terrible forty-eight hours.

In the afternoon of April 18, I turned my back upon Cracow, bound eastwards towards Lemberg. Since it was not my object to arrive at the last-named place as quickly as possible, but rather to learn something of the country, I felt naturally disinclined to avail myself of the railway—the ordinary way of proceeding from Cracow to Lemberg. Yet I was assured that alone, and without a knowledge of the language, I should hardly

overcome the obvious difficulties in the way of accomplishing the journey in any other way through a semi-barbarous country. I was warned that I should certainly lose my way, probably be murdered and robbed, and infallibly come to all kinds of grief at the hands, not only of marauders, but of the authorities, who would certainly look upon me, if I made the tour at such a moment on horseback, as one bent on disturbing the public order. As I had taken the precaution to provide myself with a horse and saddle-bags before taking the advice of my friends, I was hardly likely to listen to what friends, under such circumstances, are pleased to call reason. Indeed, their reasoning, holding out the prospect of some adventure, only served to sharpen the edge of my desire to be off upon my errand.

So having mastered the question—"Któréndy droga do" ("Which is the road to ——?"), and the expected answers, "Na prawo—na levo—prosto" ("To the right—to the left—straight on"), as the case might be, and repeated them over and over again to a Polish friend, until my pronunciation of them was pronounced fairly intelligible, I launched forth alone, and on horseback, into the unknown country before me. Besides these words of Polish, I had stored up in my memory the formula for greeting the peasants, to which the reader was introduced in the last chapter.

The sun was just setting as I drew rein at Sledjiowice, my halting-place for the night. Before leaving Cracow I was furnished by Count Adam Potoçki, son of the Countess Arthur Potoçka (in Polish, proper names are declined as in Greek and Latin—masculine nominative termination "i" becoming "a" in the feminine),

with an open letter of introduction to the principal landed proprietors between Cracow and Lemberg. As Count Adam Potoçki is one of the most respected and wealthiest noblemen in Galicia, his kind letter of recommendation made me doubly sure of a warm reception in a country where to be a stranger is a recommendation of itself.

Accordingly, it was with the utmost confidence that I rode up to the door of the proprietor's house at Sledjiowice. In the absence of the master of the house, his brother came to the door to bid me welcome, before I had time to produce my letter, and ordered his servant to take my horse round to the stable. Then turning to me with the observation, "Of course you will pass the night here," led the way into the house. Thanking him for anticipating my wishes, I produced Count Potoçki's letter, and was at once installed in my chamber.

And here I will endeavour to give the reader some idea of the appearance of the ordinary run of Polish country houses.

In the first place, the house itself is generally a low, straggling, one-storied building, with whitewashed walls, wooden roof, and porch. The house usually stands in a small enclosure, more orchard than garden, boasting occasionally of well-arranged flower-beds, which more often are allowed to run to seed. Just outside the wooden railing which runs round this orchard-garden, lie the farm-buildings, usually pitched right in front of the main entrance. At the back of the house is generally a pond of some sort, to supply the family with fish in Lent and on fast-days.

Altogether there is a comfortless air about the whole place, viewed from the outside, but within you find well-furnished rooms, a blazing fire—for open wood-fires are common in Galicia—pleasant company, and most hearty cheer.

The style of country house, which I am here describing, may be taken as the original type of country residences in Poland, as opposed to the magnificent *chateaux* of the *grands seigneurs*. Originally these one-storied, straggling dwellings were, and still are, to a certain extent, tenanted by persons placed in them to manage their estates by magnates, some of whom owned formerly something like half a million acres—especially in Lithuania, Volhynia, and the Ukraine. But now the occupier of these half-residences, half-farmhouses, is oftener than not the absolute owner; and where he is only a tenant, there is rarely anything about him or his manner of living to distinguish him from the neighbouring landed gentry.

What cannot fail to strike the traveller, is the vast extent of the farm buildings, and the colossal scale on which the farming operations are conducted. It is not uncommon, in Poland, for a proprietor himself to farm as much as 3,000 acres, and owing to the rigour of the climate, it either is, or is supposed to be, necessary carefully to house, all through the winter, much that in a climate like ours may be left exposed to the outside air. The corn, for instance, is never stacked, but always stowed away in barns, of a magnitude quite unknown in England. Again, the sheep and cow-sheds are of the most Brobdignag proportions. Then, in addition to the farm buildings, you generally find brandy distilleries,

and occasionally sugar manufactories, which, with their tall chimneys belching out smoke, are unpleasantly suggestive of those dreary tracts in the midland counties, where perpetual night reigns.

But while we have been inspecting the farmyard and the out-buildings, the evening meal has been preparing, and is now ready. A long table, almost groaning under its weight of dishes, is laid for some twenty guests, and runs down the entire length of the room, presenting a most cheering appearance to the famished traveller; for I had taken an early dinner, and it was now near nine P.M. and a ride through the keen evening air had whetted the edge of my appetite most unmistakably.

As I had as yet only been introduced to three members of the family, and had encountered no other guests, I was wondering how all the seats at the table would be filled, when a door opened at the other end of the room, and a long string of fine looking young fellows, of ages varying from seventeen to twenty-five, entered, and lost no time in falling to on the viands before them.

Turning to my host, I could not resist asking what this invasion might mean, and received for answer the word "powstancy" ("insurgents"). Then, for the first time, I heard this magic word pronounced, of which Polish ladies say that it is the sweetest-sounding word in the Polish language. There was no conceivable sacrifice which these heroic women were not prepared to make for "naszy powstancy" ("our insurgents"); a name which they never pronounced without the most lively emotion.

Among the insurgent guests at table on the present occasion were several Frenchmen, who had recently arrived from Paris to take part in the insurrection

One and all they seemed pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, and certainly did ample justice to the fare before them. As they were to cross the frontier in a few days, and take to life in the woods, it was only fair that they should regale themselves heartily before starting on their desperate errand. In the course of my onward progress, I found ten or a dozen insurgents quartered in every country house I entered, and began to understand a little about the organization of the bands. I was glad to find, that where the proprietor came into immediate contact with the peasantry, and took a little extra trouble to gain their affections, he invariably succeeded in attaching them to himself, and could implicitly depend on his own household and farm servants. In this way, the proprietor could generally reckon on not being betrayed by his own people, though he was in perpetual danger, if strange peasants got wind of his proceedings. At the time of my visit, most of the country houses along the Galician frontier were converted into manufactories of arms and ammunition, and depositories of military stores of all kinds.

On my fourth day out from Cracow, I passed through Uscie, where Langiewicz and the greater part of his forces crossed into Galicia on the unlucky 19th of March. Uscie lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Donajeç and the Vistula. The Donajeç is one of those numerous streams which, rising in the spurs of the Carpathians, intersect Galicia at a right angle with the Vistula, forming the ribs of the country, the Vistula representing the backbone. The continuous nationality of Russian and Austrian Poland, better known under the name of Galicia, is utterly unbroken by the Vistula,

extending as Poland does quite up to the base of the Carpathians—adding another proof that mountain ranges, and not rivers, are the natural boundaries of nations. It were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished, that one day the people on either slope of the Carpathians should rise into great nations, and that Poland and Hungary should at last attain to that independence, to which their desperate bravery entitles them. The Donajeç, a broad, shallow stream in summer, leaving two-thirds of its sandy bed high and dry, in winter flows with a rushing body of water, threatening destruction to the villages which lie on its banks. Opposite Uscie, where the Donajeç flows into the Vistula, a river which presents similar phenomena on a larger scale, hangs Opatowice, on the brow of a steep sandy cliff, with its conspicuous Gothic church, looking as if at any moment it might lose its balance, and fall into the Vistula. The stream at this point is some eighty yards broad, and on the opposite bank the dark green and white colours told you at once that the place was at the mercy of Cossacks and "objeszczyki," as the frontier guards are called. Giving my horse to an Austrian soldier to hold, I asked if persons passed from one bank to the other, and proceeded to spy at the place through my telescope. There were Austrian soldiers, Jews, and peasants looking on while I was so engaged. Of the soldiers and Jews I asked a few questions in German, but with the peasants I did not exchange a word. After staying about ten minutes, I quietly rode off in the direction of Grebeszow, a small village, where I proposed partaking of the pastor's early dinner, to which I was assured of a welcome. Grebeszow lies some two miles

from the Austrian outposts along the Vistula, and cannot be said to be on the frontier. My surprise may, therefore, easily be imagined when quietly proceeding at a foot pace along the road-side, and just at the entrance of Grebeszow, I heard some one shouting after me, and, turning round, observed two Austrian hussars pursuing me at full gallop. In a few seconds they were at my side, and with drawn sword the under officer informed me that he proposed conducting me to the commanding officer at Uscie. In the course of our conversation he produced a pistol, which he assured me was always ready at a moment's notice to do its work. We soon, however, became excellent friends on my expressing my readiness to accompany him to the commanding officer; at the same time I suggested, I should have preferred getting some dinner with the pastor first. Upon which he assured me that he would give my horse as much corn and hay as he could eat, and have the best care taken of him. I thanked him, and hinted that though I had the utmost regard for my horse, I occasionally bestowed a thought on myself, but it was quite clear that Uscie, while it abounded in accommodation for horse, was utterly without provision for man. Among other interesting facts which my hussar communicated to me, was this, that his orders were to shout twice to every stranger seen in the neighbourhood on horseback, and if he did not pull up, to fire. He added that he had shouted three times already in my case, and that a private would certainly have had a shot at me, but that at his great personal inconvenience he had done me the honour of pursuing me himself. It had happened in this wise. While taking his mid-day meal, he had been informed by one of the peasants, who had observed

me looking through my telescope at Uscie, that an insurgent had been taking observations and making particular inquiries as to the depth of the water, &c.; upon which, leaving his dinner, and summoning a private, he had jumped on to another man's horse, and galloped straight after me. The said private looked so raw and miserable as he sat bolt upright in his saddle, that I would have given a good deal to have been able to make a sketch of him for *Punch*. We had by this time reached Uscie, and, as I rode in with a hussar on either side, the peasants made no doubt that an insurgent of some calibre had, thanks to their information, fallen into the hands of the authorities, especially as these very hussars had escorted Langiewicz to Tarnow. The whole thing amused me excessively, and I congratulated myself that I should now hear the particulars of Langiewicz's arrest. From my appearance, the commanding officer of the hussars, the "Herr Ober-Lieutenant," at once put me down for an insurgent, observing that my passport, which the authorities at Uscie assured him was perfectly *en règle*, was absolutely of no avail, and that his orders were to allow no stranger to pass. He was a good deal put out by my demanding to see this order in writing, and insisted that I ought to take his word for it, which I warmly disputed. The controversy ended by the officer offering to send me in a carriage to Tarnow, to get a "Legitimationskarte" from the "Kreisamtmann" there, with which I closed at once, stipulating first that I should get something to eat, for I was starving. With great politeness he showed me into his room, the best, or least bad, in the hovel, kept by a Jew, and offered me all he had, a cup of "black coffee,"

his brother officer coolly remarking, what a pity it was I had not come in time for dinner. The excellent Jew, however, at last provided me with brown bread and eggs, and while I was devouring my food, an officer of infantry came in. Being a Pole, I showed him Count Potoçki's letter of recommendation, and the hussar Ober-Lieutenant at once assented to his brother officer's opinion that my journey to Tarnow was quite unnecessary. I must do these gentlemen the justice to say that, except at the first moment, they behaved throughout to me with the utmost courtesy. When I was informed of the report the peasant had brought to the under officer of the hussars, I insisted on having him brought in, and interrogated, as it was utterly false that I had asked a single question with reference to the depth of the water, &c. I had merely asked if persons crossed from one bank to the other, in order to satisfy myself whether the Russian custom-house people were there, as they had been at Miechalowice, five miles from Cracow, where they had allowed me to ride further into the country, on condition of leaving my passport with them. The peasant came in quaking and trembling, and vowed he had not said a word, which, of course, was utterly false; upon which he got a threatening from the Polish officer, which made him cringe and kiss the officer's shins, not being able to get at his feet. The other officers, both Hungarians, speaking no Polish, only morally joined in the censure of the other. I sincerely hoped that this episode might do some little good in convincing the Austrians how absolutely impossible it is to rely in the very least on the word of the peasants. These officers at any rate assured me that it had taught them a lesson.

The Herr Ober-Lieutenant now covered me with attention, and, mounting me on his best horse, himself accompanied me the remaining ten miles of my journey, while a private followed leading my horse, which was somewhat knocked up. It was a sad disappointment to the peasantry to see us take the road to the frontier instead of to Tarnow, which to me was a great triumph.

On the road the Herr Ober-Lieutenant informed me that I was riding the very horse which he had ridden alongside the carriage, which conveyed Langiewicz and Fräulein Pustowojtow to Tarnow. He gave me all the particulars of those events. At about two o'clock on Thursday, March 19th, he was standing in front of the Jewish inn, when he observed a little boat in the middle of the stream, apparently with two Polish gentlemen in it. An insurgent, who had arrived on the 18th, came up and informed him that these two individuals were Langiewicz and Fräulein Pustowojtow. Upon which he allowed them to land and proceed to the custom-house, where Langiewicz produced his pass with the name of Waligorski; but this of course availed him not, and he and the young lady were arrested. At five o'clock they started, escorted by four hussars, in Count Zaluski's carriage, for Siedleszowice, where they passed the night, all three in the same room, the officer thinking it his duty not to let his captives out of his sight. He informed me that Fräulein Pustowojtow was dressed in a grey tunic braided with black, grey trousers, and long black boots, with a black Polish fur cap, and that she had done him the honour of smoking a cigar with him.

This very Count Zaluski, whose country house lies about ten English miles distant from the Russian fron-

tier, was the subject of an official correspondence, which took place between the Russian and Austrian Governments after the Hungarian campaign of 1849. In that year, it will be remembered, that the Russian troops passed through Galicia on their way to Hungary. It is perhaps less generally known, that the Emperor Nicholas accompanied them as far as Ducla, a chateau pitched on the northern slopes of the Carpathians. To reach Ducla, the Emperor had to take the road, which leads past Count Zaluski's residence. Inquiring the name of the proprietor, he was informed that the place belonged to Count Zaluski.

"Count Zaluski," the Emperor was heard to repeat to himself. Then, turning to his informant, he demanded if that was the same Count Zaluski who had taken a prominent part in the insurrection of 1831. On receiving an affirmative answer, the Emperor despatched a party of hussars, and had the unfortunate proprietor brought before him. Having read him a lecture, without more ado, he sent him off to Warsaw, where he was detained until the Austrian Government reclaimed him as an Austrian subject. Any comment on this proceeding would be superfluous.

Before I take the reader further with me on this Galician journey, it will be well if I give a brief sketch of the past and present condition of the Galician peasantry, which, at the time of my visit, was employed by the Austrian Government to perform police duty in every village. In England we hear something of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, and associate it more or less in our minds with the abolition of negro slavery in America, but still less is

known among us of the measures which in the years 1846–48 led to constituting the Galician peasants unconditional proprietors of the land they before cultivated as tenants. This, too, was a species of emancipation. There is no doubt that the initiative taken by the nobles in Galicia, paved the way for the analogous but more comprehensive measure, which now causes universal fermentation throughout the length and breadth of the Russian empire. In this respect the Polish insurrection could not have occurred at a more favourable moment, and much of the success it met with was owing to the weakness of Russia induced by this cause. To the English mind the step taken by the nobles in 1846–48, may appear incomprehensible and uncalled for, as the idea of a class of peasant proprietors is very foreign to our notions, accustomed as we are to the sight of a farmer and labouring class quite contented to make a livelihood out of land, which does not belong to them. But we must cut our coat according to our cloth, and bear in mind that the system, which suits us, will not necessarily suit every nation. The universal prevalence of peasant proprietorship on the continent of Western Europe rendered it absolutely necessary to extend the system to the dismembered portions of the ancient kingdom of Poland, as Western civilization advanced. Accordingly, in the year 1845, the Galician nobles assembled together, and took counsel as to the most expedient means of raising the condition of the peasant, for they were sagacious enough to foresee that, unless the peasants became more enlightened, it were hopeless to instil any sort of patriotism into them. Unlike the Scotch Highlanders, the Swiss and Tyrolese, whose mountains seem

to breathe an heroic nature into the inhabitants, and in a sense to stand to them in the place of education—natural depositories, as they are, of the history of the country,—the Polish peasant is an ignorant brute, whose cunning is his chief natural endowment. The "roboth" system which prevailed up to the year 1848 was briefly as follows:—The whole of the ancient kingdom of Poland with the exception of the Crown lands, and such as belonged to religious establishments, was portioned out into manors, just as England was, at the time "Domesday" book was composed. The waste lands of these manors, and such portions as the lord did not require for his own use, were occupied by his dependents. Much the same relation existed between the lord and his tenants or villains in Poland as with us in all that related to accompanying the lord to battle, and receiving from him protection in return; but a more stringent and onerous tenure of land prevailed in this country than in England. By the roboth or panszczyzna—literally "lord's service"—the peasant was compelled to work so many days a week on the lord's land in proportion to the amount of land he held of him. For four acres he had to work two days; for six acres, three days with his hands, or two days with a pair of horses; and besides, to supply the lord's household with poultry, vegetables, fruit, &c. In return for this the lord had to care for the peasant when sick, pay his expenses for going to law, rebuild or repair his cottage, if destroyed or damaged by any accident, and afford him general protection. In connexion with the roboth was the system of "*servituten*," or common rights of the lord and commune respectively. These referred principally to collecting fire-wood and cutting down

timber, and pasturing cattle on meadow lands. Up to the year 1846, the commune or collective body of peasants regarded these rights as to a certain extent privileges conceded by the lord, but in that year the Austrian Government, in exciting the peasantry to cut the throats of the landlords, told them, that all the land was theirs and belonged to them of right, so that so far from looking upon the "*servituten*" as a mark of the generosity of the lord, they took the Government at their word, and commenced agitating with a view of getting possession of the whole of the property of their former masters. Before the close of the year 1848 the nobles abolished the roboth system, and constituted the peasants unconditional proprietors of the lands they had before held on so onerous a tenure. After the revolution of 1848 had been put down at Vienna, the Austrian Government came forward and refused to ratify the spontaneous act of the nobles, and insisted on getting the credit itself. Accordingly, the Government circulated all through Galicia a proclamation to the effect that the nobles had no power to do what they had done, assuring the peasantry that they held the land of the nobles by a most crazy tenure, and so thoroughly corrupted them by spreading communistic ideas among them, that the act of the nobles was looked upon with suspicion rather than gratitude. The proclamation went on to say that the Government, in whose power alone it lay to abolish the roboth, being convinced by the zeal so lately shown by the peasantry (in the massacres of 1846) of their fitness to receive so great a boon, presented them unconditionally with the lands they might then be holding, insinuating that at no distant day, if their conduct continued exemplary, there would

be further spoil to divide among them. With these facts before one, it is not difficult to understand the hostile attitude assumed by the Galician peasantry towards the insurrection, which their lords do their utmost to foment. The service, which it is in their power to render to the Government, and which they do render most willingly, is immense.

If you understand by a government, a machine for developing the resources of the country in such a manner as shall advance the best interests of the people, there is nothing of the sort in Galicia, but in its place a gigantic system of police. Count Mentsdorff-Pouilly is the first policeman—and, I understand, a very smart one—and the peasant with his sheepskin coat is the last. The steps from the one to the other are through the Kreisamtmann, the Bezirksamtmann, and the Wojt, or chief of the commune. This individual is inspired by the Bezirksamtmann, who is inspired by the Kreisamtmann, who is inspired by Count Mensdorff-Pouilly, who is inspired by the spirit of Metternich, who, though dead, yet lives in the misery of Italians, Hungarians, Poles, and whatever other nationalities are being trampled down by his accursed system. The peasants of the villages of Galicia are formed into a regular police force, and have received orders to arrest all strangers and suspicious persons, and bring them up before the Wojt. I will take a case of every-day occurrence. A parish priest or landed proprietor having occasion to leave his own immediate neighbourhood, is caught straying—like a Cairene dog in a strange quarter of the city—and arrested by a peasant, or band of peasants, as the case may be at night always the latter. As a preliminary

step the unfortunate individual is conducted to the village gin-shop, and there compelled to stand a glass all round. In some cases, of rare exception, the drama does not extend beyond this first act, but in most the raising of the curtain for the second act exhibits the same actors as before in the house of the "Herr Wojt," who gravely demands to see the traveller's passport. The Wojt is invariably unable to read or write, but after turning the document over several times, and pretending to read it—as often as not holding it the wrong way upwards—he usually observes to the assembled company that this is a very bad passport, upon which the unfortunate victim is often carried some ten or fifteen miles out of his road to the Bezirksamtmann, who is most likely, at the moment, either dining or sleeping, or not at home, so that a whole day is constantly taken up in this vexatious manner. There is scarcely a respectable parish priest or proprietor along the Galician frontier, who has not been subjected more than once to this unpleasant treatment.

It matters not who the individual is, he must be had up before the Herr Wojt. Prince Lubomirski, one of the largest landed proprietors of Galicia, informed me he had himself been twice stopped by the peasantry in the villages immediately contiguous to his own. The insurgents having resorted to the ingenious method of adopting official costumes, to enable them to pass unmolested, and convey wagon-loads of arms across the frontier, the Wojts got scent of it, and determined not to be cheated in this manner. Accordingly, a few days after the peasants had taken this resolution in the village conclave, a couple of strange Bezirksamtmänner ap-

peared in a certain village, and were at once collared by the peasants, in spite of their violent protests, and only released after some hours when the mistake was found out. With the country swarming as it did with spies and peasant police, it would have been impossible to get any supplies across the frontier or organize any bands, but for a single circumstance—the attitude of the Hungarian troops. The memory of 1849, when their own liberty was cruelly trodden under foot by Austria and Russia combined, is still fresh in the mind of every Hungarian, and their hatred of their double oppressors is too deep to admit of their ever again becoming the tools of Austrian tyranny. By conveying stores and ammunition into the Polish camps, the Hungarian troops contributed very materially to keep the insurrection alive.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GALICIA (*continued*).

ONCE in a Polish country-house, everything is easy, except to get out again. Even when your host does let you go, he will probably insist on driving you himself to his neighbour's, who in his turn will pass you on to the next. To such an extent is this the received method of travelling in Poland, that I found out, before the end of a week, that I had gone to a very unnecessary expense in buying a horse. Yet though a horse of one's own was not an absolute necessity, I found it throughout a great luxury, and I generally insisted in as polite a manner as possible on riding at least half the day; for, to speak truly, it was no treat to be whirled along by four horses across infamous roads in a springless carriage. For a few hours a day this mode of progression was supportable; but a whole day of it would prostrate even a strong man, whose backbone were made of any other material than cast-iron.

Among the pleasantest memories which I have carried home with me from Poland, is that of my stay at the castle of Dzikow, the ancestral chateau of the Tarnowski family. My host, Count Tarnowski, had but lately succeeded to the property, and great had been the rejoicings on the estate when a son and heir was born

to him and his young wife, of the noble house of Zamojski.

At the time of my visit, Count Tarnowski had two brothers, high-spirited, pleasant fellows; the older of them twenty-five years old. Of these two, one was killed a fortnight later, having displayed desperate bravery in an encounter with the Russians; and I learn, by the latest accounts from Cracow, that the second has been condemned by the Austrians to twelve years of solitary imprisonment. Such is the value of life and liberty in Poland.

Approached in front by a road leading through the straggling Jewish town of Tarnobrzeg, the castle of Dzikow seems to stand on the same level as the town; but as soon as you enter the hall, and look out from the back windows, you find to your surprise that the ground falls suddenly away, and that the castle is unapproachable on that side. The view from the upper windows is magnificent, extending far across the Vistula into Russian Poland, and in the foreground stand out the towers and spires of Sandomirz gleaming in the sunlight.

Not to speak of the elegant little chapel, with its private family box, approached from the main corridor of the chateau—the treasures of the picture gallery and museum, where the jewelled baton of the great "Hetman" Tarnowski is preserved—of the oak floors and spiral staircases—I must make particular mention of the library, which is, I think, the most perfect of its kind I ever saw. For a private collection, it is very rich in MSS. and old books; but what struck me most was its general picturesque and comfortable appearance.

As long as I live I shall not forget the old stained-glass windows, through which the sunlight poured, lending a mellow glory to the richly-carved groined ceiling and curiously wrought woodwork of the bookcases. It seemed impossible to conceive of a place more inspiring and adapted for quiet study. I think it is the only library, where I ever felt inclined to take a book out of the shelf and sit down and read it on the spot.

Being in the immediate neighbourhood of Sandomirz, in Russian Poland, I determined to make the experiment of entering the country, in order to see how the authorities would treat an ordinary traveller. Accordingly, I presented myself with my passport at the Austrian *douane*, on the south bank of the Vistula, and requested the official to make the usual entry, and allow me to pass. I never saw an individual so utterly taken aback as he was, when I assured him that I was travelling for pleasure, and I could not help smiling at the entry he made, which was as follows:—"A British subject from London, travelling for pleasure from Galicia into Poland." The poor fellow exclaimed with emotion, laying down his pen, "Only an Englishman would do that!" I soon found there was uncommonly little pleasure to be got in Poland; but of that in its place. The Galician bank of the Vistula is a dead flat, without an elevation of any sort till you get to the outposts of the Carpathians; but on the Polish side, abrupt sandy cliffs give more the appearance of a line of sea than river coast. Sandomirz is perched on the summit of the cliffs, and its towers and spires may be seen for many miles by the traveller approaching across the level of the Galician plain, just as weary passengers descry the

church of some sea-port town from the deck of a steamer, long before they touch the shore. The cathedral, built of red bricks, and in a very peculiar style of architecture, half Gothic and—if such a style exists—half Polish, dates from the fourteenth century, while most of the other churches are of still more ancient date. The town hall, in the centre of the market-place, is a very picturesque crumbling edifice, and a battlemented lofty tower over the eastern gate of the town is a great ornament to the surrounding neighbourhood. I very soon found out, however, that I was the only individual in the place whose thoughts were turned towards such peaceful subjects; and, to say the truth, mine were otherwise engrossed. The tiresome passage of the Vistula, where it is necessary to coast round huge sand-banks and pursue a most irregular course, gave me time to gather some particulars of the place from a couple of Jews who crossed with me. At the moment of crossing it was blowing a hurricane, and it was with the utmost difficulty we got to the other side. As soon as the punt touched the shore, a frontier guard approached with a police-officer, who, taking our passports, conducted us up the steep cliff to the custom-house. The Jews were at once allowed to go about their business by the subordinate official, but the head man had to be fetched to deal with me. I never saw anything approaching to the air of offended dignity he put on when I invaded his private apartment. He put to me a variety of questions concerning the stay I intended making in the place, my further journey, &c., and when he had done, sent me to the town hall, in charge of a police officer, to have an interview with the burgomaster. At first he threatened

to send me to Major Czeslawski, commanding the Russian troops to the number of some 400 infantry and 50 cavalry. But he repented of this, recollecting, perhaps, that the major had in Mr. Finkenstein's case possessed no control over his men, and so I was sent to the town hall. There I found a most insulting individual, whom I put in a great rage by taking a seat when I observed he was rude enough not to offer me one. As he only spoke Polish and Russian, I had to fetch a Jew to interpret for us in German. The unfortunate interpreter was somewhat roughly handled by this imperious individual, who was after all not the burgomaster. I was here detained three-quarters of an hour, waiting for the arrival of this functionary, and so had ample time to take a mental inventory of the judgment hall, which is fitted up in the crazy old town hall. The police-officers and criminals remain without the bar, by the entrance, while the administrators of justice are seated at a table within. On this table a large brazen crucifix is blasphemously placed, with which a conspicuous cat-o'-four-tails forms a remarkable contrast. I was audacious enough to handle this instrument; and, asking what it might be, received the laconic answer "Justitia."

While waiting for the burgomaster the other officials more than once threatened me with "the Major," who was held out to me as a sort of bugbear. Luckily, however, the police-officer who had me in charge had received particular instructions not to take me to the major. Round the walls of the hall hung the portraits of Alexander I., Nicholas, and Alexander II., while Stanislaus Augustus, General Soltyk, and Malojoscho represented Polish interests. I had a card from Count

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Tarnowski, my host at Dzikow, for the doctor at Sandomirz, who, he told me, would give me information about the town. I now suggested that they should allow me to go and see him, offering to return when the burgomaster should have done his dinner, but this was refused me.

At last I was sent in charge of the same police-officer to the great man's private house, where I found a Russian officer, whom I of course took for the major. I observed that, in addition to his sword, he carried a pistol in his belt, confirming what I had been told, that the officers dared not trust themselves with their men without a loaded pistol.

After a short time the burgomaster appeared, in a military uniform, and, disappearing with my passport, left me alone with the officer, whose manners were not brutal, but only offensive, for I could see he was putting on an affected politeness. After a few minutes the burgomaster reappeared, saying I might go about my business. Upon this my Jewish interpreter took me to the doctor, who received me with excessive caution, but Count Tarnowski's card set the matter right; and as he suggested that the other doctor might be able to give me some information with respect to a fight which had taken place a few days before, some twenty miles from Sandomirz, we repaired to his house, the doctor saying in a loud voice that the Jew might hear him—"It will be all right, when we have performed a trifling operation." As we passed through the market-place the inhabitants stared to see a stranger in their town, and the second doctor received us with a horribly startled air. Closing the doors most cautiously, they took me into an inner

room, and gave me a few details respecting the insurgent troops, though very little was known for certain.

The Sunday previous to my visit was the Russian Easter-day, and by way of celebrating the occasion, all the officers in Sandomirz repaired to a confectioner's shop, which there answers to a café, and after drinking the brandy and liqueurs, proceeded to the bottles containing spirits of wine, which they compelled the son of the proprietor, a Swiss named Kruzer, to drink with them. The boy was a lad of about ten years of age, and M. Kruzer expostulated with the officers, among whom was Major Nepinim, the hero of Miechow. Upon this they took him and boxed his ears violently, and had him carried off to prison, where he was beaten again, and only released on signing a paper to say he had no complaint to make of his treatment. If the commanding officer behaves thus, what can you expect of the privates? This poor fellow asked me with painful eagerness if there was any hope from England or France, as did also the two doctors, who were in a half-tremor all the time they were speaking to me. On parting, I thought it prudent to conceal in the lining of my hat the particulars I had got from them, and on my return to the custom-house I thought myself lucky to be allowed to depart unsearched. I felt as if I was escaping from a place of torment, and crossing the Vistula seemed like passing the great gulf separating heaven from hell. At this juncture my hat blew off, and was being rapidly carried down the stream, with my notes in the lining, when one of the boatmen recovered it.

Returning the same evening to Dzikow, I related to

my friends the adventures of the day, and received their congratulations at having fared no worse at the hands of the Russians.

Next day I set off for Rzeszow, a good-sized provincial town, where a horse-fair was to be held in a few days, at which I contemplated getting rid of my present horse and buying another. For, sad to relate, I had been miserably deceived in my purchase; and, as usual, had to pay high for the want of experience. Possessing a most limited knowledge of horse-flesh, I had confided myself entirely to an English groom, who I trusted would have had too much consideration for a fellow-countryman in Poland to sell him a bad horse; for unmistakably bad my steed turned out, and in less than ten days was so good-for-nothing, that a Jew remarked, in my hearing, that he would not take it into his stables as a gift!

From Dzikow to Rzeszow, a distance of seventy English miles, the road passes through an expanse of almost uninterrupted forest. To me there was a great charm about the silence of the woods, broken only by the calls of the birds, and occasionally the bells of the cattle when we approached a village in a clearance. These bright oases — cheerful expanses of corn or meadow-land, contrasting in early spring with their tender green against the black shade of the pines— served like pictures which enliven the text. The peasants in their gay costumes, scattered about the fields, looked at a distance more like flowers—the natural growth of the soil—than human beings set there to till it. At evening, such intense peace seemed to reign in these quiet seclusions, that one could hardly imagine

that the hands of the peasant inhabitants had been dyed less than twenty years ago in the blood of the proprietors. At bottom, the Polish peasant is a good-natured fellow; but he has been so deliberately corrupted by the government, and debauched by the facilities which the Jews afford him of getting intoxicated, that he has little left of his original good-nature.

Besides the villages of the peasantry, there was nothing else worth noticing except the two or three Jewish towns through which our road lay. Anything more filthily dreary than these nests of Jews I can hardly conceive. To pass through them rapidly was almost enough to give you the plague. How any human beings could contrive to drag out their existence there, I could not conceive.

A Polish country-town may be compared to a bloated spider, of which the body will represent the Ringplatz or Rynek, and the legs the straggling streets leading up to it. When quite given up to the Jews, these towns are such as I have given the reader an idea of. Where they are partly inhabited by Poles, they are proportionably more cleanly and habitable.

At the end of the second day I reached Rzeszow, and found the place crammed to overflowing. I should most likely have had to pass the night in a stable, in the company of Jewish horse-dealers, but for the kindness of a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made only the day before. "I have a niece," said he, "married to a country gentleman near here, and to her you shall go for the night. My friend here will take you." So, jumping into the carriage indicated, we left the Babel of horse-dealers behind us, and were soon in the open

country—a pleasant undulating district, with hills to the southward leading up to the outskirts of the Carpathians.

Boguchwala—"praise God"—was the appropriate name of the charmingly situated country-house where I was to pass the night. On alighting, my conductor was questioned as to how I had come into his possession; and, having picked me up in the bustle of the fair, was only able to reply, that I had been entrusted to his charge by the uncle of the lady of the house. That I was an Englishman was all he knew; with my business he was quite unacquainted.

As there were insurgents in the house, and the country swarmed with spies, I did not wonder that the proprietor showed the slightest possible timidity at the idea of taking in a perfect stranger. However, the instant I produced Count Potoçki's letter, I was treated like one of the family, and received, if possible, a larger measure of hospitality than usual, because of the first momentary suspicion which my unexpected arrival excited.

I stayed three days at the house—two of which were occupied in journeys to and from Rzeszow, where I succeeded with difficulty in getting rid of my horse without actually giving him away, and without difficulty in investing in a fresh one. This time I had every reason to be satisfied with my purchase.

Finding myself at Rzeszow in a "Kreisstadt"—as the chief town of a province is called—I took the opportunity of waiting upon the Kreisamtmann, with a view of providing myself with a travelling document more generally understood in those parts than a Foreign-Office passport. For I may here observe, for the benefit of future travellers, that except in the great towns, such as

Lemberg and Cracow, the officials in Galicia, as a rule, are utterly unable to distinguish between a Foreign-Office passport and a bank-note, the signature "Russell" appended to the one having no more weight than that to be found at the bottom of the other. It is excessively irritating to the official mind to find in an English passport no personal description, which is the chief feature of a Continental one. Herr Abrahamsberg, the Kreisamtmann at Rzeszow, while he freely admitted the incapacity of his people to understand my travelling document, distinctly refused to provide me with the ordinary "carte" which is, as far as I am aware, always granted to the humblest individual on personal application. I had been advised that it would be prudent to say nothing about corresponding with an English newspaper, and therefore I held my tongue; but Herr Abrahamsberg put the question to me directly, so that I could not conceal the truth. I suppose this at once decided him, for the Austrian government is only second to the Russian in its hatred of the light. So long as Western Europe remains unacquainted with the details of the infamous policy which has been pursued in Galicia, the government has nothing to fear; but directly public opinion is brought to bear on the subject, then the danger commences. Herr Abrahamsberg, in the politest manner, recommended me to repair to Cracow or Lemberg, alike distant some 110 miles from Rzeszow, and held out sanguine hopes of my application being granted. He assured me that if I attempted to pursue my journey on horseback, I should run the risk of being arrested at every step; but as I felt very little inclined to have anything more to do with official personages, I resolved

to take my chance, particularly as I was hurrying to the frontier with the hope of finding Jezioranski's camp. Since Langiewicz's discomfiture, the proprietors of Galicia had concentrated their energies on the equipment of Jezioranski's detachment, of which great hopes were formed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### INSURGENTS.

NEXT day I left Rzeszow at sunset, making for Lezaysk, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, on the San, situate about two miles from the point where Jezioranski crossed the frontier. I was without a guide, and experienced considerable difficulty in reaching my halting-place for the night, which was ten miles distant from Rzeszow. The peasants regarded me with very curious eyes whenever I asked my way, and seemed uncertain what line of conduct to pursue. In one village through which I rode, I found a peasant engaged in painting the coffin of his child. On a groundwork of dark blue he had just finished "I.H.S." in white, and was engaged in designing a cross. This seemed such a contrast to all I had seen and heard of the coarse and savage nature of the peasant, that I regarded the scene with singular interest. The evening was exquisitely beautiful, and such an intensely peaceful air seemed to reign in the village that I could hardly realize that all thoughts were engrossed with warlike subjects. At about 11 o'clock I reached Stobvina, and set about the, by no means easy, task of finding my lodging for the night. On an eminence I espied a white building gleaming in the moonlight, which I took for the proprietor's house, and accordingly making for it across the fields, was a good deal taken

aback to find it was a church. I shall not easily forget the expression of two grinning faces of devils on either side the porch, who seemed to enjoy my discomfiture marvellously. I happily succeeded in waking up the *curé*, with whom I had a very singular interview in the moonlight. I was particularly struck with the gentleness of his manner, and have since learnt that he is a well-known character, and much beloved in his neighbourhood. After the battle of Hutta Kreszowka, in the first days of March, where Czechowski was engaged for two days with the Russians before he was driven across the frontier, some of the wounded were brought to the hospital in Rzeszow, where they all died. The sad fate of these poor fellows, who had bled almost to death before they reached the hospital, created an intense sensation in the place. Most of the dead were beardless boys, and they were carried to the grave on the shoulders of young girls. Dzikowski, the *curé* of Stobvina, was chosen to pronounce the funeral oration, and his eloquence drew tears from all who were present.

With little further difficulty I found my quarters for the night, and early in the morning continued my journey. The sun burnt with a fierce heat, and towards noon thunder-clouds drifted up from the west, and it was evident a tremendous storm was coming. My road lay through a huge pine-forest, in the clearances of which from time to time I came upon small villages, and happily, when the storm burst directly overhead, I found shelter under a porch. It was a fine sight to see the tall pines bending before the wind, and their tops lashed into a fury like the waves of the sea. Overhead was a pitchy blackness, and the howling and hissing of

the wind made most weird music. Towards evening the storm abated, and I proceeded on my way with a barefooted peasant for my guide. I was now following the identical route which Jezioranski had taken a few days before, and at a farm-house where I was entertained they told me that the general had put up there the day before he crossed the frontier. His troops approached their rendezvous in the woods near Lezaysk in small bodies, the general travelling in a wagon accompanied only by a middle-aged lady, passing for a farmer and his wife going to market.

Intense relief was felt throughout the land when the general and his troops got safely over the frontier, as, owing to the excessive vigilance of the Austrian authorities and the abundance of Russian spies, the Poles began to despair of the possibility of a successful passage. The Bezirksamtmann of Lezaysk, within two miles of the point where Jezioranski crossed, assured the Kreisamtmann in Rzeszow, that not even a bird could get over the frontier without his knowing it. On emerging from the pine-forest, which is nearly 20 miles in diameter, the traveller on nearing Lezaysk perceives a huge cloister on his left, and it was just at the back of this building that the detachment, led by a forester, passed to the point where they crossed the San. At all the regular ferries Austrian troops were stationed, and even where both banks of the river are Austrian no one was allowed to pass without the *visé* of the government official.

It was therefore necessary to construct a raft expressly for the passage of the insurgents. This operation necessarily occupied some hours, and in less than

half an hour after the detachment had got safely across, the Austrian troops, which had orders to obstruct the passage, arrived on the spot.

General Jezioranski's first brush with the Russians took place on May 1. The moment the news of the fight reached me I drove without loss of time to the spot, for the chance of finding the insurgent camp still close to the Galician frontier. On arriving at the house of Baron Brunicki, at Lublinieç, the nearest village to the scene of action, I was fortunate enough to find one of the commissioners appointed by the Central Government to provision the insurgent forces, on the point of starting for the camp, with stores of all kinds. I at once accepted the offer of a seat in his carriage, and at a little before sunset we set off, with an insurgent, who had received a contusion in the battle of the day before, for our guide. After crossing a huge marsh on a species of causeway, which does duty for a road, we approached the woods, and very soon completely lost our way. After driving about for a couple of hours, we found ourselves at the end exactly at the point where we had started, and ascertained from a forester that we had nearly reached the Russian camp in the course of our wanderings. We were once stopped by a patrol of drunken Austrian soldiers, but a fresh bottle of spirits proved an excellent passport, and so we got safely by them. We were determined, cost what it might, to reach the camp that night, as our cargo was very precious, and so, making a desperate effort, we drove once more into the heart of the forest. Happily, we had bright moonlight; and, if it had not been for the conviction that we should certainly have been hung had we fallen into the hands of the Russians,

there would have been nothing to mar the enjoyment of our drive. About ten o'clock we fell in with a wagon, which was returning from depositing a cargo of hay in the camp, and making the driver act as our guide, we soon approached our destination. From afar we could descry the camp-fires scattered in all directions among the trees, and as we drew near, and began to distinguish the picturesque groups of insurgents sitting round each, with their horses picketed beside them, it seemed so like a brigand spectacle scene out of an opera, that it was hard to believe there was a terrible earnestness and reality about it. Approaching one of these groups, we found some dozen motley-dressed, bandit-looking fellows seated round a cauldron, in which lead was melting for the stern work before them. Winnicki, the chief of the staff, a noble-looking fellow, wearing the Polish tunic, with cap and feathers, was standing in the midst, and in the act of stirring the molten lead with the point of his sword. At our request he brought us to the general, who received us very warmly, and expressed great satisfaction at the arrival of an Englishman in his camp.

After exploring the camp as far as was possible, I lay down to sleep in the general's tent, composed of pine-branches stretched on a kind of framework, while the ground was scattered with straw. Jezioranski, as well as Waligorski, the second in command, informed me that they confidently expected an attack in the morning, and this gave a very peculiar flavour to my night's rest. The scene was to me far too novel and interesting to admit of sleep, to say nothing of the cold, which towards morning was very considerable. Near the general's tent were

tethered several stallions, and during the night they kept up a constant neighing, enough to betray their position at once to the enemy, but luckily it was unimportant to conceal it. Another circumstance also contributed to my wakefulness. I was sleeping between Generals Jezioranski and Waligorski, and the latter—a grey-headed veteran—snored uninterruptedly through the night with such violence, that I am sure the Russians, who lay encamped in the same wood, must have heard him.

At earliest dawn the whole camp was afoot, and I proceeded to inspect the insurgents by daylight. Each man was armed with a first-rate Minié rifle and bayonet, and many had pistols in addition. They had, besides, a good-sized knapsack, for carrying a few necessaries, and several companies presented a very military appearance. On their caps and cartouch-boxes the Polish white eagle was conspicuous, and each true patriot felt intense pride in seeing their own supplanting the hated Russian eagle. It was impossible to regard the enthusiasm unmoved, especially if one reflected what would have been the condition of these young fellows in the ranks of the Russian army, where their bright hopes would have been at once converted into despair. Seeing that Jezioranski's detachment had only been ten days together, a wonderful amount of order reigned already. The organization of the various departments was very complete. Two experienced surgeons followed the detachment into the field, one of whom, Troczewski, made the campaign in 1831, and subsequently served for sixteen years in Algiers, after which he was attached to the French army through the Crimean and Italian wars.

Two military chaplains performed mass before battle, and raising the cross, led the troops when they went into action.

It was a very striking sight to witness the insurgents at mass. A rude altar of pine-branches had been constructed between the two crosses, marking the graves of the Russians and Poles, and round this the wild, bandit-like insurgents were collected. It seemed strange business for men, such as they looked, to be about, but their great earnestness showed that the scene was by no means to them a mere form. As the hair of the priest was agitated by the wind, and the sun shone full on the heads of the assembled throng, it seemed to me that, compared with the great vaulted sky above them, the fairest shrine that ever was raised would have been an insignificant worshipping place. At about ten o'clock, an hour after the mass was over, intelligence was brought into camp that the Russians were marching down upon us, and there was a general rush to arms.

The infantry was scattered in companies over the surface of the camp, and the cavalry was drawn up in the centre, as usual, with the sappers in reserve. Jezioranski and Waligorski posted themselves in the centre, and we had not long to wait before the front ranks of the insurgents raised the loud hurrah with which they invariably receive the attacks of the enemy. At the same time the first shot was fired, and the general, by whose side I was standing, said to me, "There they are; it has begun!" After a few minutes of intense excitement, it turned out to be a false alarm, one of the insurgents having fired on an Austrian patrol, which he took for Russians. In the course of the day a second shot was

fired, and again the alarm was given, but again it turned out false. When we lay down to sleep at night, it was in the most perfect expectation of being attacked at break of day. In the middle of the night Baron Brunicki came into the general's tent, and woke us up with the intelligence that the Russians intended attacking us from all sides. Accordingly, when morning came, we were fully prepared for the attack, which never took place. At seven o'clock I set out with a party of eleven horsemen, whose orders were to find the Russians. Fording a shallow moat, we penetrated into the woods on the other side, where the Russians were reported to be lying. It was an interesting ride, as at every turn we expected to fall in with the Cossacks. Two of the insurgent Cossacks rode in front and two behind, while the main body formed the centre. The foremost man was armed with a carabine revolver, with four barrels. When within about 500 yards of the Russian camp, the officer in command sent forward two of our party, who approached close to the Russian fore-posts and fired at the Russian vedettes, who at once galloped off and alarmed the whole camp. After this exploit we returned, at a sharp trot, to report proceedings to the general.

During the few days I passed in the camp all the water to be had was drawn from a neighbouring swamp, and consequently extremely unwholesome, but there was a good supply of spirits to counteract the bad effect. The black bread I relished extremely when there was nothing else to be had, but I must confess that I got so much of it there that I have avoided it ever since. The second day I dined with General Schmiechowski, and

we fared sumptuously, considering our position. Each man was armed with a spoon, and sitting round a huge tin pot, which simmered over the fire, gipsy fashion, we set to work in good earnest at the contents, which I am incompetent to enumerate. I have an impression that, *inter alia*, there was a mixture of oats, not to say hay, and that accommodation for man and horse was mingled together in curious fashion. Young Waligorski, a lad of seventeen, destined to be killed two days after, was the merriest of the party, and seemed a great favourite of the general. It is this close juxtaposition of life and death which makes a camp life so interesting, and yet so melancholy. You are sensible that you live because your death is always so close at hand, and most of all in a camp like that of Jezioranski, which at any moment might be surrounded by overwhelming masses of the enemy.

It may interest the reader if I give a few brief sketches of the most conspicuous characters whose acquaintance I made in the camp. In Jezioranski I found a little man of about forty, with keen piercing eyes, a pleasant smile, and engaging manner, but by no means of military appearance. You would pass him by quite unnoticed in the street, and be surprised to meet him in the camp, so unmilitary is the air he carries about with him; yet if you watch him in moments of difficulty, you see his lips contract, and an immense amount of character play about his mouth. Wearing an ordinary grey morning coat and waistcoat, there was nothing about his dress to mark him out as the general, but a broad band of red, white, and blue, which crossed his breast.

General Waligorski, as quartermaster-general of the

insurgent forces, had temporarily attached himself to Jezioranski's detachment. In his grey hairs, careworn face, and stooping figure, even less than in Jezioranski's case, could you read anything of the general in his appearance, but the head on his shoulders is worth more than the erect bearing and martial air of the Russian and Austrian commanders. Before the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by Russia, General Waligorski superintended the engineer and artillery department of the Polish military college in Piedmont, where some two hundred students were trained in all branches of military science, but the college had only existed some twelve months when it was broken up in consequence of the stipulation made by Russia, that on no other terms would she recognise the new-born Kingdom of Italy. Thus Poland suffered that Italy might be free.

Schmiechowski was a striking contrast to his two colleagues. Strong-built and wiry, with a weather-beaten face and short black moustache, he looked as if his whole life had been spent in the camp, and seemed exactly cut out to command a guerilla band. He is a good-natured, jovial fellow, and generally sleeps when neither fighting nor drinking. In battle he is always to be found where but one or two follow, and his cool daring is the astonishment of all.

Lelewel, who for six weeks supported a most unequal contest in the south of the province of Lublin, and whose instructions were to keep the pot boiling till Jezioranski had effected his entrance into the same province, had now made his way into camp with the small remainder of his forces. His appearance was very unmilitary, but about him was a very remarkable air of

quiet decision which was particularly striking. In the course of last summer, Lelewel was engaged some twenty times with the Russians, and displayed extraordinary talents as a partizan leader. After numerous hair-breadth escapes, he met his death on the battle-field, fighting gallantly against overwhelming numbers.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FIGHT AT KOBYLANKA.

I HAD left Jezioranski's camp barely twelve hours before a most severe fight took place, ending, it is true, in favour of the Poles, but costing them more than one-third of their forces. On the evening of the day of the fight a courier from the camp reached Jaroslaw, the nearest railway station, some forty miles distant, and at once telegraphed to Lemberg for surgeons and nurses. The fight, he said, was still raging when he left at one o'clock, and the number of killed and wounded up to that time was very large. That night we heard no more tidings, and anxiously awaited the courier who was expected in the morning. At five o'clock he brought the news that at the end of the day the Poles had remained masters of the field, but that the victory had been very dearly bought. At seven o'clock I started off again for the camp, a weary drive of forty miles over the most detestable of roads. At Oleszice, about ten miles from the woods of Kobylanka, where the battle took place, we found Winniçki, the chief of the staff, lying wounded. A ball had struck him in the head, but happily only carried away part of the scalp, without fracturing the skull. He described the battle as having been tremendously severe, and, from all accounts, the volleys fired at intervals of a few minutes by the

Russians were more like a flood of lead than a mere shower of bullets.

At Cieszanow, the town nearest to the battle-field, and whither most of the wounded were brought, we learnt that at that moment Jezioranski was again engaged with the Russians, who had renewed their yesterday's assault. This was very alarming intelligence, but it happily turned out to be false. At Lubliniec, the residence of Baron Brunicki, which had been converted into a sort of hotel for the past week, we found a knot of persons discussing the probability of a fresh attack, but quite ignorant of what was going on at the camp. Accordingly I got a horse and rode off to find out the true state of things, but at the forester's house at the entrance of the wood was abruptly pulled up by a guard of Austrian soldiers. The bar across the road was down, and a crowd was collected on this side listening for the first shot, which was momentarily expected. On application to the major, he regretted that he could not allow me to pass at that point, but hinted he had no objection to my making a *détour*, and so getting to the camp. This I did accordingly, and after some difficulty, owing to the necessity of diving into the woods to avoid subsequent patrols, reached my destination in safety. The baggage wagons were all packed up, and the horses put to, ready for instant departure, while the insurgent force, fearfully diminished in numbers, was drawn up on the edge of the frontier. The insurgent position on May 6th was the same as that occupied by them on May 1st, the day of the first assault. That position was in the shape of a bow, to which the Austrian territory acted as string, while on the Russian side it was

rendered difficult of approach by a bog and moat, varying in width and depth, never exceeding three feet of water. On the present occasion the Russians repeated their violation of the Austrian territory, and again planted their batteries in the same position as in the former battle. The insurgent infantry, numbering 416 effective men, was disposed in companies of forty at both horns and at the centre of the bow, while the reserve and the cavalry were drawn up in the heart of the position. About a quarter of an hour before the attack commenced, General Waligorski was pointing out to an Austrian officer the violation of the Austrian territory on May 1st, but while thus engaged, he was suddenly interrupted by the Russians opening a heavy fire on the Polish advanced guard, resting on the Austrian frontier. The advanced guard, numbering some forty men, were unable to hold their own, and fell back on the reserve, who were at once ordered to the front. The sappers, under Major Bobowski, opened a brisk fire on the enemy, and after an hour's fighting drove them back across the marsh. While the Russian attack on the right wing was thus repulsed, such overwhelming numbers threw themselves on to the centre that it was compelled to yield ground. To the number of about 800 men the Russians poured across the moat, at precisely the centre point in the bend of the bow, and temporarily occupied the Polish camp. On the left, where General Waligorski commanded, the Russians made a tremendous onslaught, on this side, too, pouring a flank fire, and from guns planted on Austrian territory. Thus the Polish position was assaulted from every side, and but for the extraordinary bravery of its defenders must have been effectually

carried. An officer who was present at the battle of Fredericksburg assured me that the fire on that day was never so heavy as that on this occasion. The fighting commenced at about ten, and the first part of the battle lasted for a couple of hours, when a pause of near an hour occurred, during which the Russians took refreshments, as was inferred from the *débris* of bread, bottles, spoons, &c., found lying about. At one o'clock the enemy renewed the attack with probably a great proportion of fresh troops, which had been brought up in the interval. A couple of guns loaded with canister shot, and posted in the Austrian woods, now opened a most galling fire on the insurgent right flank, and the cavalry was ordered up to charge them. Wylizynski, the "attaman," as the commander of the insurgent Cossacks was called, accordingly threw his sixty men into the ride which, forming the base of the camp, separates the Russian and Austrian territories, and made a splendid charge between the double fire of the insurgents from the Russian woods, and the Russians from the Austrian woods. The cavalry was not stopped by the marsh, but, in the face of the guns planted on the other side, rode boldly into it. The Russian gunners seeing this, at once took to flight, and had not the cavalry become hopelessly entangled in the marsh, the two guns might have been captured. Six of the insurgent Cossacks fell dead, and the attaman was wounded. A bullet happening to strike the trigger of his revolver, which was attached to his belt, discharged one barrel and inflicted a wound in his thigh. Meanwhile the infantry were sustaining a severe fire which came from all sides, and it seemed as if they must have been shot down to a man, for the general's only

hope in selecting the position had been that the Russians would have respected the Austrian territory. For another two hours all the ammunition which the fortress of Zamosc could furnish was poured against the devoted band of insurgents, diminished now to 300 men, for the killed and wounded already amounted to some fifty, and at least eighty had fled across the Austrian frontier before it was too late, for in the latter part of the day flight was impossible. Most splendid feats of valour were performed by this gallant band of 300. Where the fight was the hottest, a priest, Bulsiewicz, raising the cross aloft, put himself at the head of a desperate band, and threw himself on the dense masses of the enemy. In one of these charges young Waligorski, rushing madly forward, was laid low by a bullet which struck him on the jaw. Badly, but not mortally wounded, he was left lying on the ground, when some Russian soldiers despatched him with the bayonet, filling his mouth with earth to drown his cries. An insurgent, named Reinberger, coming up too late to save Waligorski, pursued his murderers, and firing at him who had shot his friend, brought him down and carried off his musket in triumph. In the middle of the fight, when the Russians seemed to be getting the mastery, the general sent his aide-de-camp De Rylsk to order the two companies on the extreme right to charge with the bayonet. De Rylsk himself headed the charge and drove the enemy right into the marsh, where a great slaughter took place. On the evening of the battle, in one place alone on Austrian soil, fifty-nine Russian bodies were counted, but during the night forty of them were carried off. When General

Waligorski received the news of the death of his son, he fell apparently senseless against a tree, and so remained for several minutes, utterly regardless of a shower of bullets. Count Nyary, a Hungarian of most conspicuous courage, temporarily assumed Waligorski's command, and, heading a charge, drove everything before him.[1] Towards the end of the day the Russians seemed to gather up their strength for one more desperate effort, and this time they drove the whole Polish force before them half a mile into Austrian territory, where a most severe fight ensued. The wounded, who had been transported into what was supposed to be a place of safety, were now exposed to a heavy fire, and it seemed probable they would fall into the hands of the enemy. The ground at this point was saturated with blood when I passed the day after the fight. While in the Polish camp, the Russians made a complete clearance of everything they could find, even carrying off a wagon which is said by some to have contained arms, by others to have been empty. The position of the Poles was indeed desperate, but notwithstanding that his own troops barely amounted to 300 men, while the Russians numbered at least 1,500, Jezioranski ordered a general advance. As soon as the enemy saw the Poles coming on with renewed vigour, they did not wait to cross bayonets, but fled indiscriminately, and the Poles pursuing them, regained possession of their camp, and at 2.30 P.M. remained masters of the field. It is quite inexplicable how the day ended thus favourably for the Poles, as not a man engaged in the battle doubted but

[1] He was subsequently killed on the same battle-field, where Lelewel met his death.

that it was all over with them. Owing to the density of the woods the Russians were prevented from discovering the numerical weakness of the force opposed to them, who, scattered over a great extent of ground, kept up a dropping fire during the whole day at every point where they were attacked. Unlike the Russians, they never once fired a volley, which in a wood is a great waste of ammunition, and a very ineffective mode of attack. The strength of the Poles under Jezioranski had been enormously exaggerated in the newspapers, and it seems the Russians were completely taken in. After the affair of May, Mednikow, the Russian commander, reported the Polish force and position to be tremendously strong, and, accordingly, in the interval between the 1st and the 6th, Sternberg was sent with a reinforcement of 1,000 men, and the Governor of Zamosc was ordered to furnish all the war material which he had at his disposition. That the Russians, to the number of 1,500, once fairly in possession of the Polish camp at the end of the day, allowed themselves to be driven back by a body of barely 300 men whose ammunition was quite exhausted, is a decisive proof of the sort of stuff the two combatants were made of. The rest of the day was spent in fearful anticipation of a renewal of the attack, and at nightfall the work of burying the dead was commenced. On the evening of the battle 111 dead Russians were counted, forty of whom only were carried off in the course of the night by parties sent for the purpose. These parties caused continual alarms to be given by the insurgent outposts, who espying Russians groping about with lanterns, imagined a night attack was intended, and accordingly

fired upon them whenever they came within shot. The difficulty of recovering their dead was further increased by the fact that the greatest number had fallen when entangled in the bogs, and being unapproachable were left to rot there. The whole number of Russians killed must have exceeded 200, and it reflects great credit on the skill of the Polish marksmen that most of the enemy were shot in the head. This point drew forth universal encomiums from the Austrian officers who visited the field after the battle. The number of Poles killed amounted to forty, as far as could be discovered, though, owing to the density of the woods, all the bodies had not been found. When I visited the spot next day I saw bodies still lying about in the thicket unburied. From the pocket of one dead Russian we took a packet containing opium. Gloves, boots, bottles, bread, caps, coats, drawers, wooden spoons, were strewn all about the wood, and the trees were cut to pieces by cannon-balls, canister shot, and bullets. Especially in the centre of the insurgent camp, near the general's quarters, where I had passed two nights, the trees were literally shivered to atoms. On the evening before the fight, the camp, being just on the Austrian frontier, was visited by most of the neighbouring landed proprietors who got wind of it, and by numerous Austrian officers, while some adventurous Jews had penetrated into the recesses of the woods with provisions of all kinds, and drove a very brisk trade, as they deserved. Altogether the camp presented a most animated appearance, and the camp dinners that day were so well furnished that the merriment ran somewhat too high. Happily, some 20,000 cartridges were in the course of the day smuggled

into camp in various ways, so that in the midst of the apparent carelessness there was serious business going on. A terrible morrow succeeded this day of sunshine, and but for the timely arrival of ammunition, Jezioranski's detachment would have been hopelessly annihilated. When I made my way into camp next day, the insurgent position was indeed critical. With a force of but 230 effective infantry and 100 cavalry (who could render very little service in the woods) Jezioranski was momentarily expecting a renewal of yesterday's attack. The infantry was dispersed by companies about the woods to hide their weakness from themselves and from the enemy, while the general did not attempt to conceal his despair of being able to hold his own in the event of an attack. In the course of the day some thirty fresh recruits dropped in, so that at nightfall the position was a little more hopeful. At sunset I accompanied General Waligorski on a reconnaissance in the direction whence the principal attacks had come yesterday, but we could see nothing of the enemy. It was a lovely evening, and a most balmy air reigned in the woods, while the cuckoo and the turtle doves seemed quite unconscious that their notes might at any moment be drowned by the din of battle. It was decided in a council of war, at which Jezioranski, Waligorski, Smiechowski, and Lelewel attended, to leave their present position at nightfall, and march in a westerly direction, in the hope of falling in with the detachment under Czerwinski, which was known to be in the neighbourhood. Besides the general expediency of giving the Russians the slip, the insurgent position was from hour to hour becoming more untenable, owing

to the pestilential air exhaled by the marshes in which the carcasses of men and horses were putrefying. At ten o'clock the general ordered fires to be lighted in all directions to deceive the enemy, and then gave the word to march. Three times between sunset and ten o'clock had the alarm been given that the enemy were approaching. I was by Jezioranski's side when, just at the moment of breaking up the camp, a tremendous report re-echoing through the woods caused him to give a great start, and I could see that he believed himself betrayed. Had the Russians got wind of his departure and attempted pursuit his case would have been quite desperate, as a regular order of march with irregular troops was not to be thought of, though much less confusion prevailed than might have been anticipated. It was a bright, starlight night, and when the moon rose and threw her light on part of the line of march, while the rest was plunged in deep shade, the scene so exactly resembled the effect which Rembrandt delights to reproduce that I seemed to be regarding one of his pictures. The general rode on in front with his staff, then followed a battalion of infantry, which was succeeded by some forty Lancers. Next came the second battalion of infantry, the Cossack cavalry, and some half-dozen baggage-wagons escorted by the sappers, who brought up the rear. At about midnight I quitted the line of march, and striking out of the woods, made across the fields for Lubliniec, where I had left my baggage. Just on the borders of the wood I approached a camp fire, about which I entertained very serious doubts as to whether it belonged to a Russian or Austrian patrol. Not caring to resolve these doubts by

waiting for the return of the tenants of the little hut which was empty, I made off in a southerly direction, steering exclusively by the Polar star. I had carefully studied the map of the country, and after a walk of an hour and a half, during which time I did not meet a human being, succeeded in reaching Baron Brunicki's house, where I passed the remainder of the night. Next morning I started to see the wounded, who, to the number of sixty, were distributed in the hospital and private houses in the little town of Cieszanow. As we passed the churchyard I observed busy preparations being made for the interment of several of those who had already died of their wounds. In one house a *chapelle ardente* was just being lighted in a room where the body of young Count Tiskiewicz was lying in state. I shall not easily forget the calm, beautiful expression of his face, on which not the faintest trace of his having passed through the death agony could be read. In a house hard by another young fellow, with whom I had conversed two days before, was painfully breathing his last. Having been shot through the lungs, he was unable to bear a horizontal position, and was propped up in an arm-chair, and, as they told me, was already in his death agony. The battle of May 6th came to such fearfully close quarters, that nearly the whole number of patients at Cieszanow were severely wounded, and many deaths ensued. Among the sufferers a great proportion were utterly friendless and without funds, and in a small place like Ciezanow the aid which the inhabitants were enabled to give was very little. There, much more than at Cracow, where the wealthiest citizens vied with each other in their attentions to the wounded,

might some of the sick fund collected in England have been advantageously expended. On my return to Cewkow, three miles from the Russian frontier, and about ten from Tarnogrod, I learnt that the reports we had heard on the road that the Russians had fallen upon Jezioranski, on his line of march, were unfounded, and that he was encamped less than an hour from the proprietor's house in which I was staying. The good people were making extraordinary preparations to supply the camp with provisions of all sorts, and every carriage and cart about the place was pressed into the service. Bread, meat, hay, oats, ammunition, recruits, were incessantly forwarded until nightfall, when the camp broke up, and Jezioranski continued his march towards Tarnogrod. There were, no doubt, considerable drawbacks in remaining close to the Austrian frontier, across which the fainthearted could at all times retreat, but, since it was from Galicia alone, whence ammunition was drawn, after a fight such as that of May 6th, in which each man fired away at least thirty cartridges, it was absolutely necessary to remain near the frontier till a fresh supply was obtained. All through the night insurgents kept dropping in on their way to join the camp, and next day, during a ride of twenty-five miles, in almost every village I came upon recruits hastening to the front. One of my acquaintances, whom I met on the road, advised me to look out for myself, as the Austrian authorities were on my track, informing me at the same time that a guard was waiting to arrest me at the ferry over the San. Knowing that the Austrians do not scruple to open suspicious letters, I naturally supposed they had found in mine unpalatable truths

with reference to their wicked policy in Galicia of sowing discord between proprietors and peasants, and accordingly at about half a mile distance from my destination, where I understood the authorities were on the look-out for me, I halted at a convent and despatched a messenger to know if I might safely continue my journey. Meanwhile I was most hospitably entertained by the sister superior and the chaplain. There is this great advantage of travelling in an unknown country, that you are everywhere received as a curiosity, and treated accordingly with interest, even where you fail to meet with hospitality, which is very rare in Poland. Just as we all wondered at those Japanese ambassadors at the Great Exhibition, and looked upon them as remarkable men, because they wore remarkable clothes, so in Poland an Englishman excites a somewhat analogous interest. The good Sisters of Charity took an extraordinary interest in my welfare, and at parting gave me a little image of the Virgin to hang about my neck, which they assured me would preserve me from all danger. On receiving word that I had nothing to fear from the authorities, I proceeded on my way, and on reaching my destination learnt that I had been quite unnecessarily alarmed. It appears that the Bezirksamtmann, at Radymno, whence I telegraphed the news of the battle to London, had been alarmed to such an extent by so unprecedented an event, that he despatched some of his *employés* to have a nearer view of the suspicious stranger.

I was informed by persons who came from the spot, that on the morning after Jezioranski's retreat, the Russians, supposing him to be still there, surrounded

the camp with a very strong force, and proceeded to throw shot and shell into the insurgent position. The firing was distinctly heard for an hour and a half, after which the enemy is supposed to have discovered that the bird had flown.

## CHAPTER X.

### LEMBERG.

On April 18th I set out from Cracow, and on May 11th reached Lemberg, distant as the crow flies some 210 miles, as the rail runs, some 240, twenty-three days out. I, who neither followed the line of the crow nor of the rail, but took a circuitous route along the Russian frontier, visiting whatever was to be seen on the road, may have increased the distance to 350 miles. Having been upwards of three weeks on the road, subsisting on the most meagre allowance of clean linen—only as much as could be crammed into saddle-bags—I was not sorry once more to reach civilization and clean shirts, for my baggage had preceded me to Lemberg. I know not what may be the experience of other travellers, but I always find myself at home wherever my portmanteau has gone on ahead to prepare the way before me. How one revels in one's washing, and change of clothes, after arriving weary and dust-begrimed, having worn the same garments for a month. As one sallies forth after one's bath, one feels as if one had never been clean before, and as if every one else in the world was dirty.

The traveller, as he descends the steep slopes which conduct him to the town, has Lemberg stretched out like a sheet before him. The impression conveyed by the first view of the place is very striking, and you can see at a glance that it must have had a history. It is not

one of those featureless masses of houses, such as are to be met with by the hundred in the northern parts of Germany, where the faces of the inhabitants seem to reflect the dulness of their towns. Lying in a deep basin, out of the centre of which conical hills crop up here and there, Lemberg is at any moment at the mercy of the Austrian cannon, which bristle on every height. For bombarding purposes the Austrians could not have made a happier selection when they fixed the seat of government at Lemberg, and the inhabitants are not likely soon to forget the bloody days of November, 1848. On the other hand, it is but fair to the Austrian Government to state that, when Cracow was made a free city by the treaty of Vienna, there was barely any other course open to them than to fix on Lemberg as the seat of the government of Galicia. The one feature, however, which is necessary to the prosperity of every city is not to be found at Lemberg, and the absence of any sort of river is a want which nothing can remedy. Cracow, on the silent-flowing Vistula, the river of Poland, which winds beneficently through the heart of the present Kingdom of Poland, will ever remain, to the Polish inhabitants of Galicia, the true capital of the province. In vain may the Austrians wantonly insult the national feeling by converting into a fortress the mound which the Poles raised to the memory of Kosciuszko, and by immuring within the citadel the cathedral which contains the tombs of Sobieski, Poniatowski, and other Polish heroes; in spite of all the German can do, Cracow will faithfully guard the memories committed to her, and remain Polish to the last.

Above all the other heights which look down on

Lemberg, the Wysoki Zamek towers high into the air. On this giddy elevation, a thousand years ago, old "Lew," or Leo, built him a castle, and gave his name to the town "Leopol," or "Lemberg," which grew up at the feet of his stronghold. The struggle which was carried on on the Rhine, and in Western Europe generally, between the robber barons and the burghers of the towns, was repeated at Lemberg, and the descendants of old Leo saw one by one their cherished monopolies torn from them, till their castle tumbled about their ears, and the family of Lew soon became extinct. Now a few crumbling walls mark the spot whence the proud barons looked down on the dwellings of the burghers, whom they regarded with mingled hatred and contempt, while the shady alleys which wind up the hill-side have become the haunts of nursemaids, children, and soldiers.

In spite of the disadvantage which Lemberg must ever labour under, compared with other capitals which can boast of a river, its peculiar position, that of one of the stepping-stones over which the commerce of the East had to pass on its way to Western Europe, caused a flourishing trade to spring up, and in the 15th and 16th centuries Lemberg could already boast of great wealth. The prosperity of the place could not fail to attract invaders, and the Tartars, Turks, and Swedes successively ravaged the town. Now little else than the names of the streets remain to mark the palmy days when the Venetians, Pisans, and Genoese had their consulates at Lemberg. At the present day the trade of the town is insignificant to the last degree, and a single iron manufactory is the only extensive industrial establishment.

The Austrian Government looks with jealous eyes on any scheme which has for its object the regeneration of Galicia; and when lately an enterprising Pole wished to employ native industry by establishing a large cloth manufactory, he was informed by the Government that he was at perfect liberty to do so, but that every piece of cloth must be sent in the first instance to Vienna to be stamped.

Where the heights round Lemberg are free of forts they are crowned by churches or convents, and the dome of the cathedral of St. George—the patron saint of the Ruthenians—rising out of the rich foliage of the garden of the Jesuits, is the first object which meets the eye of the traveller as he drives from the railway to his hotel. With its Latin, United Greek, and Armenian archbishops, its numerous religious seminaries, and hills, on which monasteries, convents, and churches seem to grow to seed, there is much at Lemberg to remind the traveller of the Eternal City, and if he could but transplant the vines, he might imagine himself wandering on the Aventine, Celian, or Esquiline.

Such is Lemberg, and a place well worthy of a visit; yet I much question if there are a hundred persons in England who have any distinct notion where Lemberg is, and I think most travellers would have shared my surprise to find there a society in all respects as polished as at Paris or London, with its dinner parties, clubs, races, salons, photographic albums, and other necessities of modern civilization.

Here again I must draw the attention of the reader to the subject of the Jews, who should always be taken for granted, if not specially mentioned, in speaking or

writing of anything Polish. The Poles are, indeed, in every sense of the word, a most unfortunate people; for they are not only expiating their vices, but that one great virtue of religious tolerance, for which they were conspicuous in the days when the rest of Europe was given up to the grossest bigotry. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Poland became an asylum, a sort of European America, to which all those fled for refuge who suffered from religious persecution in the surrounding countries; and, beyond all others, the Jews availed themselves of the security thus offered them. As they have done throughout Europe, to a greater or less extent, in Poland the Jews have almost completely monopolised the trade of the country, and, fastening like leeches on the people, but for whose generous hospitality they must have been driven out of Europe, continue to suck the life-blood out of them.

Notwithstanding that the whole commercial wealth of Poland is in their hands, the Jews have not yet succeeded in freeing themselves from those civil and political disabilities which it was thought necessary to impose upon them in every European kingdom where they were permitted to settle. When Galicia came under the Austrian yoke, the Jews had no reason to be content with the change, as, until recent modifications brought about by enlightened public opinion, their position throughout the Austrian Empire was degraded in the extreme. The natural consequence of this external oppression was the formation of protective societies among the Jews themselves, the continued existence of which renders the labours of the supporters of Hebrew emancipation extremely complicated. For the opponents

of the admission of Jews to the same rights as Christians affirm, with some justice, that in the case of the removal of all disabilities, the position of the Jews will be superior to that of the rest of the community, as they will not only enjoy the common rights of the whole body politic, but also the benefit of their own protective societies. As an instance of one of the disabilities under which they labour in Austria, I may mention that, though a Jew may become an advocate, he is not permitted by law to exercise the functions of a notary; the theory being, that while the public eye can be always brought to bear on an advocate, the profession of a notary is carried on too much in the dark to justify the employment of Jews. At the present moment a bill is before the Reichsrath, which has for its object to remove this disability.

While Lemberg is the capital of the Jews who profess the new confession—that is to say, those on whom the obligations of the ceremonial law press lightly—at Cracow, the orthodox, or professors of the old confession, have the upper hand. While the former frequent a temple which can boast of some architectural beauty, and introduce music into their services, the latter continue faithful to their synagogues, trusting solely to their nasal organs to make melody.

I think the late lamented Eastern traveller, Dr. Wolff, could never have passed through Poland in his search for the lost ten tribes of Israel. If he was acquainted with Poland, and yet thought it necessary to prosecute his search further, I can only say, that he must have been a most unreasonable man. If it is a fact that the Jews which swarm all over the country

lying between the Oder and the Dnieper descend from Judah and Benjamin, we ought to be devoutly thankful that the other ten tribes are lost. My experience of Polish Jews, and their manner of living, enables me to believe implicitly the apparently exaggerated accounts relating to the population of ancient Jerusalem.

As the rabbits in a rabbit-warren increase and multiply with astonishing rapidity, so is it with the Jews in Poland; and as it is impossible to say how many rabbits there may be at a particular time in a particular warren, so is it impossible to count the Jews, who swarm, rather than live, in the towns of Poland. They have all kinds of ingenious devices for cheating the officers whose duty it is to take the census; and their energies are divided between the pursuit of gain and efforts to elude the vigilance of the tax-gatherer.

As camels have been picturesquely called "the ships of the desert," so I may call the Jews the camels of Poland. For all the carrying trade of the country is in their hands, and the traveller continually meets long strings of them, patiently toiling along the dusty high roads, with their wagons heaped up with goods of all kinds.

Since the new constitution adopted throughout the Austrian dominions in 1860, each nationality of which the empire is composed has its separate Parliament or Landtag, which sits in the capital of the province, and the debates are conducted in the language of the country. From these Landtäge, deputies are again chosen to represent the Landtäge in the Reichsrath, or parliament of the whole empire, which sits at Vienna, and where only the German language is permitted.

The Galician Landtag, which assembles at Lemberg, consists of 150 members, 74 of whom are elected by the great towns, universities, chambers of commerce, &c., and 76 by the peasants and nobles. More than half the deputies elected by the peasants are selected from their own class, and invariably they can neither read nor write. At Lemberg they find themselves in an unwonted atmosphere, but are reported to have a considerable talent for making themselves at home; and M. Litwinowicz, the Uniate Bishop of Lemberg, saves them all trouble in the matter of giving their votes. So numerous are the peasant deputies in the Landtag at Lemberg, that they send eight of their number to the "Reichsrath" at Vienna. At Lemberg they would at any rate understand most of what was said if they chose to listen, but at Vienna they are utterly at sea. M. Litwinowicz is, however, again at hand, to aid them in their embarrassment, and at the end of a debate, when a division is called for, the peasants fix their eyes on their guiding star, and if M. Litwinowicz stands up, they stand up also; if he remains sitting, they too keep their seats, and so the matter becomes very simple. M. Litwinowicz is, of course, handsomely paid for his trouble by the Government, which gets the credit of establishing a system of universal representation in the Reichsrath, while it secures a number of certain votes.[1] These peasant deputies at Vienna are received by the minister with the utmost cordiality, and receive cards for his evening receptions, on which occasion they lay aside their white sheep-skin coats and get themselves rigged out for the evening by a court tailor. The result is, that on their return to their

[1] Since this was written M. Litwinowicz has been promoted to the Archbishopric.

villages they spread the most flowery reports of the benignity of the Government, with which the bearing of the proprietors forms such an unpleasant contrast.

By adopting every means in their power to widen the breach which already exists between the peasants and the proprietors, the Government looks one day to getting rid of the obnoxious nobles altogether.

In the neighbourhood of Lemberg are several villages entirely inhabited by German colonists.

Since the partition of Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Austria have vied with each other in their attempts to denationalize the country. Among other means resorted to by the last of these powers was that of importing German colonists into Galicia. Accordingly, towards the end of the 18th century the Emperor Joseph caused several thousands of his Protestant subjects to be deported from Suabia to form the nucleus of a German population which should disseminate German ideas and manners among the Polish peasants. In selecting Protestants for importation, the Austrian government was probably encouraged by the example of the Hauländer in the Grand Duchy of Posen to hope that the new colonists, differing both in race and religious belief from the native population, would hold quite aloof from their Polish neighbours, and in emergencies prove useful for political purposes. For in the last century the Galician peasantry had not yet been won over by the Austrian government. The Austrian or German Empire was in those days several degrees less "sick" than now, and Austrian statesmen were not as yet utterly unscrupulous in the means employed to keep the empire from falling to pieces.

The Suabian colonists imported into Galicia were divided into three signories, called respectively the western, central, and eastern, the superintendent of the whole residing at Lemberg. They belonged, in unequal proportions, to the two great branches of the Protestant faith, the Calvinists having a considerable majority. Some forty acres of land were presented to each colonist by the Government, Crown lands and estates of the nobility which had been confiscated having been devoted to the purpose. Notwithstanding the trouble and expense to which the Government was put to secure the success of this measure, it turned out a failure, and the condition of the German colonists in Galicia leaves much to be desired. They retain little which proclaims their German extraction but their dress, and the Polish language has, to a great extent, been adopted by them. This is one more proof that in general sow what you may on Polish soil a crop of Poles will come up.

In order to learn something of the language, I took a lodging in the Sixtuska Ulica—one of the pleasantest streets in Lemberg—near the "Ossolinkische Bibliothek," of which library, thanks to the kindness of the director, Count Dzieduszycki, I had the *entrée* at all times. I was also fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a young polyglott Pole, who volunteered to teach me Polish. To this arrangement there was but one drawback, that my teacher had but one hour in the day free, from 6 to 7 A.M. However, as I felt sure that I should not meet with so eligible an offer again in a hurry—for my instructor, a clerk in a general warehouse, spoke English, French, German, and Polish, indifferently well—I closed at once with the arrangement, and next morning, at six, I began to decline Polish nouns and verbs. I

must confess that it was at first more than I felt equal to, to bring myself up to the mark requisite for pronouncing words beginning with five consonants at that hour in the morning, but by degrees the strangeness wore off, and soon words, round which I could not get my tongue at the first start, came out as glibly as possible.

After my lesson I used to repair to the beautiful "Jesuiten-Garten," or garden of the Jesuits,

ἔνθ' εὐστομοῦσι μαλίστ' ἀήδονες.

Many an hour have I passed stretched out beneath the delicious shade of the trees, whose tender green foliage in spring and early summer is a joy to think of for ever.

I know of no more lovely resort in any town of Europe than this garden of the Jesuits at Lemberg. At the "Restauration"—ever present on every beautiful spot near Continental towns—you may breakfast, dine, or sup in the open air, and while away the hours pleasantly, listening to the Austrian band. If the power of music really be so great as it is thought to be, surely the sweet strains of Austrian bands should have made Austrian rule palatable to Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and whatever other nationalities it is the misfortune of Austria to oppress.

In addition to the German and Polish companies, which play alternate nights at the town theatre, in the course of last year a Ruthenian theatre was opened at Lemberg, under the patronage of Field-Marshal Count Mensdorff-Pouilly, the lieutenant-governor of Galicia. As Ruthenian is a language which is only spoken in the Austrian dominions, by the peasantry in the villages throughout Eastern Galicia, and is quite unknown in the

towns, the non-peasant portion of the audience returned to their homes without understanding a dozen words of the play. However, as it is to the peasant class that the Austrian Government trusts for its hold on the country, a few thousand florins spent for their amusement will probably prove money well invested.

The Ruthenians of Eastern Galicia—that is of Galicia east of the San, a tributary of the Vistula, which bisects the province of Galicia—are identically the same race as the Ruthenian population of Volhynia, Ukraine, and Podolia; and, on the strength of this, a Russian propaganda is carried on by the Greek Uniate priests of Eastern Galicia, many of whom are in Russian pay. Both hating the Poles with an implacable hatred, the Russians and Austrians, happily for the Poles, hate one another equally, and this Ruthenian or "Russien" population (to be carefully distinguished from Russian) forms the chief bone of contention.

Readers of "Across the Carpathians" will remember an amusing scene, where the two lady travellers are arrested in Hungary as Pansclavistic agents. Until the moment of their arrest the ladies had never heard of Pansclavism; but, with laudable presence of mind, sit down to write a chapter about it on the spot. The fact is that this "Pansclavism" is an ever present danger to Austria, inasmuch as it is the fixed idea of Russian diplomats, that it is the mission of Russia eventually to rescue all Sclaves from German rule.

Now, it entirely depends upon the way in which she sets to work, with what measure of success this policy of Russia will be crowned. If the Czar looks to making himself autocrat of all the Sclaves, as he now styles

himself "autocrat of all the Russians," this scheme of Russia's is not likely to gain much popularity among the Sclavonic peoples under Austrian rule. But if, on the other hand, liberal ideas shall have made so much progress in Russia herself, as to admit of the possibility of her tolerating liberty elsewhere, and she will be content simply to put herself at the head of a great Sclavonic confederation, then Austria must look out for herself.

It appears to me that the future of the Austrian Empire depends mainly upon the feelings of the Croatians and Dalmatians. That the Poles of Galicia, the Hungarians and Italians, are looking out for the first opportunity of throwing off the Austrian yoke, is known to all the world; but the line which the Croatians and Dalmatians would strike out in the event of a simultaneous rising in Galicia, Hungary, and Venetia, seems still problematical. As Jellachich with his Croats, rather than the Russians, saved Hungary to Austria in 1849, so these same Croats and Dalmats still hold the fate of Austria in their hands. From my experience of Sclaves and Germans, side by side, I cannot believe that there is any more real attachment between Austrians and Croats, than between Austrians and Poles.

Before I have quite done with Lemberg, I must say one word about the railway now in progress between that city and Czernovitz (pronounced Chernovitz; *Cz* in Sclavonic languages is pronounced like *ch* in English), which is to be continued eventually to Galatz for Constantinople. When this line is completed, Lemberg bids fair to recover once more its former important position as a central trading-place between Constantinople and

Northern Europe. By this route Constantinople will be brought within six days of London, *viâ* Berlin; and, if the Euphrates Valley line be ever accomplished, much of the passenger traffic for India will be carried through Galicia and the Danubian Principalities.

## CHAPTER XI.

### VOLHYNIA.

THE accounts which reached us in Lemberg of the state of things in the Ruthenian provinces were so uncertain and contradictory, that I determined at all risks to proceed thither, and learn the truth for myself.

For the benefit of the reader whose geography is not his strong point, I may observe that Volhynia is a huge tract of country, some 250 miles long by 200 broad, extending from the Galician frontier eastwards to within a short distance of the Dnieper—the natural boundary between Russia and Poland.

If Mr. Gladstone were to make a journey of a few weeks through those provinces, and were to give the world the benefit of his experience, as he did in the case of the Neapolitan prisons, I will venture to say that such a storm of indignation would be raised in Western Europe against Russian brutality, that the respective Governments in England and France would no longer be able to resist the pressure of public opinion.

Unfortunately, Russian Poland is not a pleasant lounging-place, where overworked statesmen can sun themselves through the winter, and devote their spare morning hours to the miseries of an oppressed people. It is one thing to write of the squalor and filth of the prison of St. Elmo in a cheerful room, with your win-

dows looking out on the Bay of Naples, and another to be subjected to the insolent effrontery of Russian officials, which only a bribe will change into cringing servility, deprived of every comfort, not even getting sheets to your bed. For in those parts of the country, in which the actual fighting was taking place, one did not dare to compromise the proprietor by applying for shelter.

To raise the thick veil which hangs over the iniquities of the Russian government in Poland, the traveller must be content to put up with every discomfort—nay more, what is far worse—to be taken for a spy wherever he goes; and not only by the Russians, but by the Poles too; and how painful this last sensation is to endure for one who sincerely sympathizes with the people, may easily be imagined. And yet you cannot be surprised at this state of things, when you reflect that the Government uses every means in its power to betray landed proprietors into compromising themselves, and that Russian spies swarm in every direction, speaking all languages indifferently well. I was myself particularly struck with the fact that, on the first occasion I met a Russian gentleman, as I took him to be at the time, at dinner at the house of a Polish landed proprietor, he did not speak a word of English, whereas the second day he spoke it very well. My host and I conversed freely in English the first day, while the Russian listened, apparently not understanding a word we said, addressing occasional remarks in French to both of us. The second day he was weak enough to begin speaking to me in English, and my surprise, as may well be imagined, was intense. I have not the least doubt the fellow was a spy, although I must do him the justice to say that his

manners were most gentlemanly, and that I should have everywhere taken him for an Englishman. It is exceedingly rare to meet a Russian in a Polish house, except in the case of the intermarriage of Russian and Polish families, of which very few instances exist.

At Brody, the frontier town between Galicia and Volhynia, I was strongly advised not to trust myself to the tender mercies of the Russians, but I was so bent on convincing myself of the truth of what I had heard, that I determined not to be deterred. Accordingly, on May 23d, I got the requisite *visé*, and, leaving Brody, proceeded towards the Russian frontier. Notwithstanding what I had before me, it was a relief to get out of the town, which is simply a nest of Jews. A late Emperor of Austria, having occasion to pass through Brody, remarked to those about him that he then understood for the first time why he was called King of Jerusalem. There is but one town in Poland where the Jews are more numerous, and that is Berdyczew, in the province of Volhynia. This town goes by the name of the "New Jerusalem;" for out of a population of some forty thousand, thirty-eight thousand are Jews. Next to Russian officials, these Jews are the most painful creatures to have to do with. I can only compare a helpless Englishman in the hands of these Jews to an over-ripe pear set upon by hungry wasps. For this reason I was sufficiently glad to get out of Brody, whence a sandy road through a lonely pine-forest leads to the Russian frontier at Radziwillow. Between the frontier barrier and the custom-house at the entrance of the town of Radziwillow intervenes a space of nearly an English mile, in accomplishing which the traveller has the plea-

sure of the company of a Cossack, to whom he is given in charge to be conveyed safely to the custom-house. As we approached the town, after crossing a bridge, the gates were opened to admit us, and it was not without a certain feeling of distrust that I saw them roll back on their hinges, and felt myself at the mercy of the Cossacks. A lot of dirty infantry soldiers were hanging about, wearing the universal mud-coloured great-coat, which, combined with the unblacked boots and bestial countenances of the men, makes such a disgusting impression on the spectator. I have seen swarms of these soldiers clambering up mud-banks, and have been almost unable to distinguish them from the mud at a hundred yards distance. Just as a wearied foot-traveller, throwing himself down on the ground to rest, discovers to his cost that he is reposing on an ant-heap, so, when you believed yourself quite secure, do you suddenly become aware that yonder bank is swarming with loathsome Russian soldiers. No doubt, in a military point of view, it is a great advantage to be so clad that your enemy cannot distinguish you at 200 yards, but for all that, the appearance of a regiment of Russian infantry is very disgusting. There is something thoroughly English in our red coats, which present a fair mark at 1,000 yards, and which cost so many valuable lives in the Crimea.

At the custom-house, as at Sandomirz, the head man had to be sent for to deal with me, and, as usual, this dignitary took his time in coming. My baggage was subjected to a most rigorous search; every letter I had was opened and read, and I was most severely questioned as to my object in visiting the country. I believe I owe it to an accident that I was allowed to pass at all; for

in one of my letters, which was written in Polish, it was stated, quite without my knowledge, that I was proposing to set up as a professor of the English language at Kiev. This seemed to satisfy the "pulkownik," or colonel, who superintended the proceedings, and after the lapse of an hour and a half I was allowed to depart with my passport scrawled over with Russian, of which I could not understand a word.

I may add that at Brody I had to get my passport translated into Russian before I was permitted to leave the place. From the custom-house I was escorted to the police-office, where, by dint of judicious distribution of coin among the numerous officials through whose hands my passport had to pass, I got my business transacted in time to leave the same night. Armed with a "podorozna," a large sheet of paper bearing the imperial arms and commanding all postmasters to supply me with horses, I repaired to the post, and just before sunset set forth on my journey.

Passing pleasant country villas, almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage, we soon got into the open country, and, leaving the grassy main road, struck into a side track, which soon entered a mysterious forest. My driver was a wild-looking fellow, and drove at a tremendous pace, and altogether I felt a very decided impression that this was something like travelling. It soon got quite dark, and fires became visible in different directions. The accounts we had received in Galicia of the insurrection in Volhynia were so uncertain that I was not the least aware of the whereabouts of the insurgents, and thought it quite possible that these very fires might mark the insurgent camp, but I ascertained that

such was not the case. At about 11 P.M. I reached the house of a landed proprietor, to whom I had an introduction, and there passed the night. This gentleman complained bitterly of the miserable state of the country. He had just received information from the steward of one of his estates near Kiev that, in consequence of the presence of some insurgents in the neighbourhood, the military and peasants, after brutally maltreating all the insurgents who fell into their hands, had proceeded to destroy a sugar manufactory belonging to him, and to ransack his dwelling-house. It seemed a great relief to this gentleman to find some one to pour out his griefs to, and he ended by expressing his decided opinion that the best solution of the Polish question would be to make Prince Alfred King of Poland! Early next morning I continued my journey, and accomplished 120 miles before nightfall. Between Brody and Kiev—a distance of some 270 miles—there are but three towns of any importance, Dubno, Rowno, and Zitomir. The population of the two first-named towns may amount to 15,000 between them, of which number near two-thirds are Jews; that of the latter, as far as I could make out, amounts to about 20,000, to which total the Jews again contribute about two-thirds. It became at once evident to me that the prospects of a successful insurrection in a country thus peopled must be very desperate, without aid from without. The Polish population in the towns —barely amounting to a third of the whole—and the landed gentry in the country are the only two classes which feed the revolutionary flame. The entire population of the three Ruthenian provinces, Volhynia, Podolia, and Ukraine, barely amounts to five millions. Of

this total, near four millions belong to the peasant class, upwards of half a million are Jews, while the Poles number between three and four hundred thousand. Notwithstanding all I had heard to the contrary, I regret to say, that owing to the ample time which the Government has had to work upon them, and the utter want of scruple in the means used, the peasants were universally hostile to the insurrection. With considerable difficulty I got possession of the original of an official proclamation, printed at Kiev with the permission of the censor of the press, which had been circulated amongst the peasants throughout the length and breadth of the land. I was informed that the Government, ashamed of their own production, had given express orders that every copy of this circular should be returned to Kiev by the popes, as the Greek priests are called, after reading it to the peasants. The document throughout is written in a very homely style, and admirably adapted to the capacity of the peasants. It opens thus:—

"I have long been wanting to have a talk with you, my good Ruthenian people, but I could not think of any plan by which you might all hear my words at once. At last I have hit on a means of conversing with you—guess what it is. Well, I have just had printed the ideas which God has suggested to me, and I will impart them to you, for you ought to become acquainted with them.

"And, now, where shall I begin? I know not, for I have so much weighing on my soul which I would gladly unburden to you. There is a proverb among you, that 'the mouth is full of the heart's grief;' and what is the grief which pains Czar and people alike?

Most of you, I suspect, will guess to what I refer, and I have only to name it for you to understand me. Of course I mean the rebellion of the Poles against our benefactor and father, the Czar. It is my duty to speak to you of this matter, because all nations, Russians, French, and German [it is worthy of observation that the English are not included in all nations], are full of it. The disease has declared itself, and I am anxious to point out the remedy.

"From time immemorial these Ruthenian provinces have belonged to the Russian empire [a century ago Catherine renounced all claim to them], but these restless Poles are always ready to join any power which, on any pretence, takes up arms against our orthodox Emperor, to rob him of his just inheritance. Particularly in the year 1812, they lent all the aid in their power to the Emperor Napoleon, who, without any pretext, invaded the Russian empire. After his fall, the Poles became so arrogant and so dangerous to their neighbours, that the Powers who overthrew Napoleon found it necessary to partition Poland among them, and it was then that Russia acquired the Kingdom of Poland — that hotbed of troublesome and rebellious Lechs" [for so the Ruthenians call the inhabitants of Poland proper].

Continuing in the same strain for several columns, the proclamation at last arrives at the events of the last two years. Referring to the magnanimity of the Emperor, displayed in the edict for the emancipation of the serfs, the document sets forth that the sole object of the present rebellion is to restore the roboth system, and to frustrate the liberal intentions of the Government. Aware of the

utter falsity of this assertion, the author of it thus notices the "Slota Hramota," or Golden Writing, by which the National Government made an unconditional present of their land to the peasants:—"Don't believe in the free gifts of land, which your enemies make you. You will get but a barren track, which you will have to irrigate with your tears, in return for which you will have to work so many days a week on your master's lands, that the festivals of the Church will be no holidays to you. Instead of praying to God and attending Him with your wives and families in His house of prayer, you will be forced to sweat through the day slaving for your masters, who look upon you as cattle. . . . And they talk of cheap brandy and instruction for your children, and make other enticing promises. Do not be taken in. Fly from their embraces and Judas kisses. I adjure you, by Christ, to have nothing to do with these people, to whom an oath is a joke and murder a virtue. Who but the devil, a Lech, or a poor Jew, would think of tempting any one with cheap brandy? The Czar will never allow brandy to become cheap, that his people may remain uncorrupted, and their heads clear to pray to God."

To be fully appreciated, this portion of the proclamation must be taken in connexion with the peremptory refusal of the Russian Government to permit the establishment of temperance societies, proposed by the Agricultural Society of Warsaw.

Referring to the outbreak of the late insurrection, the particulars of which are by this time pretty well known in Western Europe, the document gave the following original account:—"On the night of January 22-23—a night which will be for ever chronicled in hell—

throughout the Kingdom of Poland, the inhabitants rose, and murdered or suffocated the sleeping Russian soldiery. My God, what an amount of innocent orthodox blood was shed by professing Christians! Since then, a succession of scenes has been enacted, of which the world never saw the like. Even cannibals would revolt from the crimes which Poles have committed. Do you not know that they have hung up Russian soldiers by their own entrails, and performed hell-dances over the bodies of our generals whom they have killed? Helpless women, too, have been murdered in cold blood, and churches have been converted into manufactories of arms."

After resorting to every argument calculated to excite the passions of the peasantry, the author of the proclamation suddenly pulls himself up, and with a diabolical hypocrisy adds:—"God forbid that you should rise against your masters. Abide by the arrangements with reference to the purchase of your lands, which you have made with them, and quietly pursue your usual avocations." At the same time the peasantry are encouraged to arrest and bring before the authorities all suspected persons, which is equivalent to the whole Polish population. How admirably they fulfilled this duty, and how ingeniously, neglecting the letter of the injunction to abstain from violence, they followed the spirit of the proclamation in committing every sort of excess, the reader will gather from what follows.

While the rural population is neither Polish nor Russian—though since its forced conversion from the United Greek to the Orthodox Church, the peasantry is Russian in its leanings—the town population, and every

spark of intelligence in the country is purely Polish. To such an extent is this the case, that an educated Ruthenian peasant always adopts the Polish language except in the very rare instances, where he has got his education in Russia, in which case he drops Ruthenian and speaks Russian. The fact is, that Ruthenian can barely be styled a language, ever ready as it is to turn into Polish or Russian, as circumstances may determine.

Thinking themselves quite beyond the reach of public opinion in those remote parts, the Russians have allowed themselves to be restrained by no regard to decency, in their dealings with the Polish inhabitants.

## CHAPTER XII.

### RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

It is now my painful duty to give some account of the atrocities which were committed by the peasantry and Cossacks combined in the districts of Radomysl, Skwira, and Bialacerkiew, in the government of Kiev; of Zitomir, Berdyczew, and Zaslaw, in the government of Volhynia; and in the district of Winniça, in the government of Podolia. I must, however, premise my narrative by observing that it does not profess to be more than a most meagre account of the bloody scenes of the spring of 1863, of which the full details will probably never be known. All that I am able to give are a few particulars picked up by stealth, in the course of a hurried journey, from a few persons who dared to risk compromising themselves by speaking to a stranger.

At Solowiowka, in the government of Kiev, a small band of twenty-one insurgents appeared among the peasantry in the first days of May, and proceeded to read to them the "Slota Hramota," or Golden Writing, which the National Government caused to be circulated among the peasantry of the Ruthenian provinces. As this writing purported to make the peasants unconditional proprietors of the land, which they had formerly held on the onerous tenure of working so many days

a week on the lord's land, it was thought expedient, in order to strike the imagination of the peasantry, to have this writing printed in conspicuous golden letters. As the peasant is invariably unable to read, it was hoped that the splendour of the document would make up to him for his inability to understand it. In the few cases where the public reading was backed up by a display of sufficient force, the propagandists of the golden writing were well received; but in the majority of instances they found the peasantry decidedly hostile.

At Solowiowka the inhabitants required of the insurgents to show their peaceful intentions by laying down their arms before they proceeded to the reading. Anxious to conciliate the peasantry to the utmost of their power the insurgents consented to this demand, but scarcely were their arms out of their hands when the infuriated peasantry, to the number of several hundred, threw themselves on the small band, of twenty-one unarmed lads (they were most of them students), killed thirteen on the spot, and took the rest prisoners, torturing them in every possible way. Of the thirteen dead, nine were so hacked about that it was impossible to recognise them; some were literally cut to pieces with the hatchets with which the peasants had been supplied by the Government. The arms and wrists of the prisoners were bound so tight with cords that the blood spurted out at the finger-ends. Thus pinioned they were thrown on their backs into carts, and their heads strapped down tight, so that the jolting journey of some fifty miles into Kiev proved a terrible agony to all, and fatal to some. A young girl who was seen to give a glass of water to one of the most suffering of the prisoners, as they passed

through a village, was seized hold of, and bound in such a way that the ropes nearly cut her arms to the bone, and then conveyed with the rest to prison.

At Bialacerkiew many of the Polish inhabitants, whether they had taken any part in the movement or not, were treated with every sort of brutality, before death put an end to their sufferings. Some individuals were bored to death with gimlets, others had their cheeks spitted through and their tongues cut out.

At Korzawata, a village which belongs to Count Joseph Mlodecki, an unimportant skirmish took place between the military and the insurgents, in which the latter were defeated. As the house of the proprietor was known to contain much plunder, the Cossacks at once proceeded to ransack the premises, nd the peasants at the same time set to work to destroy the contiguous sugar manufactory belonging to the same proprietor. A woman with two children, who was unable to make her escape, was massacred in cold blood, and the work of destruction did not stop till the whole place was in ruins.

In the government of Volhynia and district of Berdyczew even worse excesses were committed. Among others, a M. Abramowicz, the son of a wealthy landed proprietor, was captured by the peasants, who after spitting him through the cheeks, knocked his teeth down his throat, and pulled his beard out. Already in a dying state from a severe wound, he was brought almost lifeless into Zitomir, where the governor, Prince Druckoy-Sokolinski, at first refused all access to him to his friends. M. Abramowicz's case is remarkable for an incident which I must not omit to mention, as showing

that even among Cossacks you find here and there a spark of humanity.

A certain Captain Molcanow, happening to ride by at the time, was moved to compassion at the sight of M. Abramowicz's sufferings, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, interfered, and rescued him from the clutches of the peasants. Another landed proprietor, of the name of Dorozynski, was tortured in the most frightful manner. Bound hand and foot, he was thrown upon the ground, and while two or three ruffians held him down, others completely perforated his breast with borers. While the masters were treated in this brutal manner, their whole households, without distinction of age or sex, were either massacred by the Cossacks or tortured by the peasantry. Besides the cases, in which I am able to give the names, innumerable others occurred, where, owing to the impossibility of taking any but the most meagre notes, I am unable to remember more than the general facts. It was impossible to compute with accuracy the number of cases where death ensued from the atrocities to which guilty and innocent alike were subjected, but the number was beyond a doubt very considerable. Some 1,500 persons, of whom a large proportion were quietly pursuing their avocations on their own estates, were left to languish in the disgusting prisons to which they had been consigned, without the pretence of a trial. Long melancholy trains were beginning to start for Siberia, and the work of depopulating the Ruthenian provinces of the Polish landed proprietors, so ably begun by Nicholas, was being admirably carried out by the "mild" Alexander.

In the villages of Leszczyn, Trojanow, Kodnia, and

Iwankow, scenes were enacted, a parallel for which can only be found in the bloodiest days of the French revolution. Not content with wreaking their vengeance on the living, bands of military and peasants forcibly entered the churches in the four above-named villages, and under the pretence of searching for arms broke open the resting-places of the dead. So inflamed were they with the lust of plunder, that they did not scruple to despoil the corpses of whatever rich apparel and jewelry had been interred with them. As soon as the tidings of this outrage reached M. Borowski, the Bishop of Zitomir, he at once addressed a remonstrance to General Annenkoff, the governor of the three provinces. A few days afterwards Annenkoff replied to the bishop, expressing his regret at what had happened, and enclosing him a copy of the reproof which he had forwarded to Prince Druckoy-Sokolinski. This latter, after the receipt of the reprimand of his chief, by way of showing how much regard he paid to it, published an order of the day, in which he thanked the peasants and military for their activity in putting down the insurrection, and conveyed his entire approval of the means to which they had resorted.

In the neighbourhood of Winniça, a district town in the northern division of Podolia, numbers of persons had their noses, ears, and lips cut off, and then, spitted through the cheeks, were driven to prison in herds at the point of goads and pitchforks before the infuriated peasantry. So fearful were the sufferings of all, that the survivors could only envy those, whom death had placed beyond the brutality of their tormentors. Plucking the eyes out of some, the peasants poured vitriol and spirits of wine

into the bleeding sockets, and then set fire to them: Others they took and scalped, and, folding the skin down over the eyes and nose, left their victims exposed to the broiling sun.

An eye-witness of the entrance of the train of prisoners into Zitomir, himself half a Russian, and educated at St. Petersburg, assured me that he should never forget, to his dying day, the frightful spectacle, adding, "On my word of honour, I don't believe that Christ himself suffered more than those miserable creatures." This gentleman had been up to that time full of Russian sympathies, and therefore his testimony is all the more worth.

Bound hand and foot, so tight that the ropes cut the flesh almost to the bone, with their faces horribly mutilated, and their bodies covered with gaping wounds, to the number of some two hundred, on foot or strapped to jolting carts, the unfortunate prisoners were conveyed thirty miles, exposed to the broiling sun, and continually pricked and goaded by the lances and pitchforks of the Cossacks and peasants, who escorted them. Arrived at Zitomir, they were cast into filthy dungeons, and all access to them forbidden by order of the governor. In the cases of those who were conveyed to the hospitals, it was days before their friends could obtain permission to supply them with a change of linen.

With these scenes enacting, almost before one's eyes, it seemed bitter mockery to find Lord Napier writing from St. Petersburg, and Lord Brougham speaking in his place in the House of Lords, to the effect "that from their acquaintance with the benevolent disposition of the Emperor Alexander, they were convinced he would

do his utmost to put a stop to the sad state of things," &c. But, even admitting the benevolent disposition of the Emperor, the establishment of that fact would not convey the smallest guarantee of the proximate suspension of bloodshedding in the kingdom of Poland and the eastern provinces. The Emperor was probably as ignorant as Lord Brougham himself of the horrid details of the massacres, to which the peasants were excited in his name.

In the course of my journey through the Ruthenian provinces, I was repeatedly arrested by the peasantry, and only escaped, whenever I did escape, by fast driving. In parties of four or six, sometimes with, sometimes without the accompaniment of a couple of soldiers, the peasants were encamped in huts on the roadside throughout the length and breadth of the Ruthenian provinces.

The Government had given them instructions to demand the passport of every traveller; and, in order to enable them to enforce compliance, had armed them with hatchets, ox-goads, and pitchforks, and in some cases with guns.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### KIEV.

In the three Ruthenian provinces there is but a single road which is passable at all seasons of the year. Once off the great highway which leads from Warsaw to Kiev—a distance of some 500 English miles—you are subject to notices of this sort: "Travellers are informed that the next stage is a very severe one, and that in spring and autumn the road is almost impassable. The soil consists of black mud, into which carriages sink over the wheels." There is such an air of *naïveté* in the wording of the notice, that you cannot help being amused, in the midst of your indignation, at a Government which is not ashamed to impose a very heavy highway rate, without spending a penny of it on the roads. The terrible monotony of the one great high road is almost more painful than the constant sticking in the mud to which you are liable in the country roads. Imagine the Long Walk at Windsor multiplied by 150, and you can form an idea of the sort of impression a journey from Warsaw to Kiev makes on the unfortunate traveller. That the idea of a diligence has only here and there as yet penetrated into Russia will give some notion of the state of civilization in that country. During its whole course from Warsaw to Kiev, the road does not make a single bend, only here and there, at intervals of 100 miles, taking a sharp turn

to right or left. One post station is exactly the counterpart of the other: the same yellow walls, with brown facings and rust-coloured roof, occur over and over again. Inside, exactly the same articles of furniture almost kill you with their fearful regularity; in the front room, two sofas, two tables, four chairs, a looking-glass, and two thermometers, one in the room, one outside the window; in each of the back rooms, one sofa, two chairs, one table, and a looking-glass. A little painting in a gold frame, representing the Saviour, in the front room, and the Virgin and child in the back, both placed very high up out of the reach of thieves, on a little ledge in a corner, remind the traveller that he is in a country where at any rate the spiritual welfare of the people is not neglected. I am persuaded that the only thing which kept me alive during my journey along this road was the constant expectation of falling among thieves. It was exciting enough, from time to time, to find oneself in the middle of a regiment of Cossacks on the march, which was my fate on four or five occasions. If there is comparatively little order and military discipline in the insurgent ranks, there is certainly none at all among the Cossacks. A more disorderly rabble I never witnessed in my life, and the hopelessness—on any but homœopathic principles—of putting down an insurrection with such troops became at once evident to me. It was an intense relief to arrive at Kiev, and I felt as one does at the end of a long voyage, when one has been very sea-sick, very much inclined to avoid the return-journey by settling in the place for life.

I had now traversed the whole breadth of the ancient Kingdom of Poland, having throughout enjoyed very

fair opportunities of studying the condition of all classes of society. I can only say, that I was perfectly astonished to find how utterly undivided is the soul of that carcass on which the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian eagles have been preying for a century. I found but one sentiment pervading the intelligent classes, and that a determination to die rather than part with a particle of their nationality. Very tempting messes of pottage have been, from time to time, set before them, but scarcely one Esau has been found to sell his birthright.

There should indeed be virtue in the holy places at Kiev, to reward the wreck of the traveller arriving from Western Europe, and doubtless there is, for nothing short of a miracle could keep an English body together during the ordeal of accomplishing 400 versts, the distance from the Austrian frontier, in a "perekladna." I had always believed until now, that Russians had backbones like other mortals; but I feel convinced that such is not the case, or the institution "perekladna" would have long ceased to exist, except as an instrument of torture. The fact is, that the two things "perekladna" and backbone—both excellent things in their way—cannot exist together; one or the other must give way, and sometimes both, for the simultaneous collapse of perekladna and backbone is quite within the bounds of possibility. Imagine a clothes basket strapped on to a plank attached to wheels without springs; add a few handfuls of straw, a brigand-like driver, and a pair of horses, and you have a perekladna. The tinkling of the bell attached to the end of the pole, not to the horses' necks, informs the victim waiting in the post station that the dreadful moment has arrived, and at

the same time the postmaster enters to lead him forth to execution. Philologists inform me that the word "perekladna" signifies "the changing of effects"—*i.e.* baggage—from one vehicle to another at every station. I should be curious to see a medical report as to the "effect of changing" produced on the unfortunate traveller. The velocity with which you fly through the air, while it increases the torture of the experience, redeems perekladna travelling from absolute painfulness. You have this consolation at any rate, that you are not dying a slow death.

"The Lavre," at Kiev, is to the Greek pilgrim what Rome and Jerusalem are to the rest of the Christian world. In all Russia there are but three "Lavre"—at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Kiev, of which the latter is the most ancient. In the Greek Church, Whitsuntide is a very high festival, and accordingly the roads leading to Kiev were crowded with pilgrims from the most remote parts of Russia. I was informed that, owing to the severity of the weather, which usually prevails at Easter, the greater number of peasants defer their pilgrimage till the more clement season of Whitsuntide. Kiev, like Jerusalem, to be seen to advantage, should be approached from the east. Situated on the brink of the high table-land which extends from the eastern slope of the Carpathians to the Dnieper, Kiev, with its hundred churches, whose domes and cupolas of burnished gold vie with each other in flashing back the rays of the sun, is seen from afar by the peasant from the Volga and the Don, as he toils the monotonous steppes, and appears to him as the haven where he would be, a city hanging in the air, not made with hands.

As you stand on the abrupt cliffs some 600 feet above the bed of the Dnieper, and gaze eastwards over the boundless plain which is stretched out like the ocean before you, it occurs at once to you, that it is with the eastern bank of the Dnieper that Russia proper begins, and that a natural feud must exist between the highlanders and the inhabitants of the plain. The huge bed of the Dnieper, an English mile in width, is choked up in the centre with numerous islands and sandbanks, and until a suspension bridge was thrown across the river in the last years of the Emperor Nicholas, communication between the two banks was a work of time and difficulty. About the same time the formidable citadel, which commands the whole of the adjacent country, was erected at an enormous cost, and is a position of such tremendous strength, that it would appear quite impregnable.

With the exception of Constantinople, Kiev enjoys the finest site of any city in Europe. If Rome is built on seven hills, Kiev is built on any number you like to count, and genuine steep hills too, which it takes your breath away to climb, and for which you have not to search in Murray, as at Rome. The city is said to be built on three flats—Podol, the Jewish or mercantile quarter, on a level with the Dnieper; the Kreszatik, or town proper; and the Petczersk, or highest point, crowned by the citadel. This division is true as far as it goes: but in the last twenty years the city has so spread itself, that several other quarters have grown up. I pity the new-world student who, haply some thousands of years hence, reading the history of the siege of Kiev, may have to get up the topography of the place.

In writing of the city of Kiev, I am using an incorrect term; for, properly speaking, no city exists. As at Moscow, the traveller in vain may search for anything answering to our notions of a city. He will find a succession of villas standing in their own grounds, and in the Kreszatik something like a high street, but no streets leading out of it. The roofs of the houses are painted a delicate light green, so that you hardly distinguish them at a distance from the trees among which they stand.

While the slopes of the hills on which Kiev is built are covered with this mingled verdure of houses and trees, their summits are crowned by churches, whose gold and silver domes and cupolas form so many dazzling images of the sun.

With its noble river and splendid situation, there is no trade to speak of in Kiev, which, with railway communication with Lemberg on the west, and Odessa on the south-east, would soon become the greatest centre of commerce in the western part of the Russian Empire.

On the condition that it should be built in the orthodox Greek form, the Emperor Nicholas gave permission for the erection of a single Roman Catholic church, which, with its light green domes and dazzling white walls, looks more like a mosque than a Christian place of worship. There is also a single Protestant church, frequented chiefly by the German inhabitants, of whom there are several thousands. I was much amused to observe a couple of white-coated peasant women, in making the round of the holy places at Kiev, approach the entrance of the Protestant church, with the intention of presenting the usual candle, which they are in the

habit of setting to burn before the images of their own saints.

Devout persons living near the Russian and Austrian frontiers can, by simply passing from the one to the other, enjoy the uncommon luxury of keeping the feast-days twice, and I myself unwittingly lived through two Ascension days in the course of a fortnight. The Greek Easter fell last year a week later than ours, *i.e.* on April 12th, while the Latin fell on April 5th; and whereas our Whitsunday fell on May 24th, the Greek Whitsunday was observed on May 31st, according to the new style of reckoning.

The cathedral of St. Sophia dates from the thirteenth century, and previously to the cession of the city and territory of Kiev to Russia, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the services were performed according to the United Greek rites. The "United Greek" are so called to distinguish them from the schismatic or Orthodox Greeks, because they united themselves to the Latin Church, accepting the concessions which the Pope made to them at the Council of Florence, which permitted the mass to be performed in the old Sclavonic language, the marriage of priests, and the administration of the sacrament in both kinds. While the Roman pontiff relaxed so much of the severity of the Latin *régime* in favour of the Greeks, the Greek bishops almost unanimously consented to accept the Latin dogma of the double procession of the Spirit (from the Father and the Son). The interior of the cathedral is scarcely less magnificent than the exterior. In the course of the last few years some very ancient and interesting frescoes have been discovered, which had lain hid for five or six

centuries under a thick coating of plaster, which has not yet been entirely removed. In an artistic point of view some of them possess great merit, and the colour, which is as fresh as that of the Pompeian frescoes, seems to have been laid on excessively thick. I am not bold enough to venture an opinion as to the probable nationality of the artists; but the style of certain portions reminded me of the designs on Etruscan tombs and vases. In one compartment two angular men, with wolves or bears' heads, are engaged in mortal combat, armed respectively with spear and bow and arrows, while, in another, similar angular individuals are taking exercise on wooden-looking horses without saddle or bridle. My attention was particularly attracted by a more modern fresco representing four virgins, in a descending scale from St. Sophia to St. Charity, the intervening two being St. Faith and St. Hope. St. Sophia is represented as a tall maiden, bearing a lighted taper in her hand, while St. Faith is a head shorter, but notwithstanding, is allowed a candle. St. Hope, again, a head shorter than St. Faith, is not trusted with any light, nor is her little sister Charity, who is three heads shorter than her elder sister Sophia. The glaring opposition to the well-known order in which St. Paul ranks these three virtues, appeared to me highly significant. During the performance of the service the cathedral was crowded with uncouth peasants, men and women, alike in greatcoats and top-boots, the latter only distinguished from the former by a white, red, or black cloth, bound like a turban round their heads. Owing to the throng of worshippers great difficulty was experienced in performing the devotions decently and in order; for the

Greek rite requires constant prostrations of the whole body, till the temples are pressed to the ground. This is no easy task in a dense crowd, and great skill is required in keeping step. The most disastrous consequences may result from the awkwardness of a single individual, who may throw a whole file out of rank. By my side was a mother and her son, a boy of perhaps ten years, who occupied a good deal of my attention. The poor boy was not at all up in his work, and required very frequent prompting, which was freely administered by his mother, in the shape of constant forward pushes, till she seemed to have worked her unfortunate offspring up to such a pitch that in a short time he quite surpassed the most ardent worshippers. Each peasant, whether man or woman, presented a little loaf to be blessed by the priest, who taking it made a triangular incision with a sort of silver spear-head, surrounded by an outer triangle, the three angles of which were indicated by three stars. The peasant then received his loaf back, and was assured by the priest that if he fell ill he had but to eat a mouthful of the consecrated bread and the malady would leave him at once.

The semi-circular dome of the apse at the east end of the cathedral is occupied by a colossal mosaic representation of the Virgin, which dates from the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The Poles in Kiev are unable to give you any information about the antiquities of the place or the ceremonies of the Russian Church, and the only guide-books to be had were in Russian, and therefore to me unintelligible. This was highly annoying in a city, abounding in curiosities of all kinds.

I witnessed an interesting but sad spectacle one

morning, in the shape of a convoy of insurgent prisoners, which was brought into the town from Radomysl. A crowd of people was flocking from all sides in the direction in which the prisoners were expected, as I took up my position to watch the proceedings. We had not long to wait before a cloud of dust announced the approach of the procession, and presently we descried the foremost soldiers, who to the number of 200 formed the escort. Bound together with ropes round their arms and waists, the insurgents walked by twos and threes between a double line of soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. What surprised me most was the remarkably cheerful bearing of the prisoners, and, had it not been for the ropes, you would have supposed they were returning from some pleasant expedition. Some were even smoking, and I must do the Russian officers and soldiers the justice to say, that in my presence they did nothing which could in any way aggravate the position of their prisoners. My attention was particularly drawn to one of the insurgents, named Olszanski,[1] who walked by with a particularly jaunty air, smoking a cigarette. His former position as riding-master afforded him great facility for forming the band of cavalry at the head of which he left Kiev on the night of May 8th. Regardless of his wife and six young children, who were entirely dependent on him, he threw up his employment, and readily accepted the command offered to him. The day after his departure his seventh child was born, and his poor wife was in a pitiable condition.

Before I have done with Kiev, I must not omit to

[1] He was executed in January last.

mention the catacombs, which contain the bodies of several hundred saints. From the Lavre, which is enclosed within the citadel, you descend some 500 feet, down a covered, inclined passage, to the church, which contains the entrance to the catacombs. On either side of this passage, you are beset by the blind, the halt, and the lame—by monstrosities of every description—human beings without legs, arms, noses, ears—in fact, with only just as much of their bodies left as is absolutely necessary for carrying on the vital functions. Having run the gauntlet between these horrid ranks for some 200 yards, you find yourself landed in the above-mentioned church, where you purchase a candle of the priest to light you on your way through the labyrinth of the catacombs. Pilgrims are classified by the value of the candle they purchase. These are to be had at prices varying from 1*d.* to 1*s.* and it is quite worth your while to purchase a shilling's-worth of estimation. A motley crowd of pilgrims from the most remote corners of the Russian empire throng every part of the sacred precincts of the Lavre, and the entrance to the catacombs in particular. You enter by a narrow portal, and find yourself in a passage cut in the rock, just six feet high, and wide enough to admit of two persons passing, though not walking abreast. You follow this passage, now ascending, now descending, always winding, for some hundred yards, before you arrive at the actual resting-places of the saints. From mysterious iron gratings on either side the passage, strains of music fall on the ear, but the eye fails to detect whence they proceed, save that sometimes a lighted taper half discloses the priest chanting the

mass in some subterranean chapel. The faithful, as they pass the coffin of each saint, whose body lies therein embalmed and covered with a cloth, impress a kiss on the breast or forehead, and pass on to the next. It is reported that these catacombs extend to an immense distance, passing under the Dnieper; but the inhabitants take so little interest in the subject, and the priests are so ignorant, that I could get no information of any kind. The universal answer to the question concerning either the date of the foundation of the Lavre, or excavation of the catacombs, was, "God only knows how old they are." The ignorance of the "papas," or popes, is only equalled by their immorality.

It is impossible to deny that to all appearance Kiev is a perfectly Russian city; but for all that, since the establishment of the University after the revolution of 1831, the number of Polish inhabitants has been steadily on the increase, till now the students of Kiev have become the most troublesome body with which the Government has to deal in the Ruthenian provinces. In closing the Polish University of Wilna and the high school of Krzemeniec, in Volhynia, and establishing out of their ruins the Russian University of Kiev, the Government reckoned on aiming a heavy blow at the Poles, but the result has quite disappointed their expectations. The University of Kiev is only Russian in name; at least four-fifths of the students are Poles, and Russian is scarcely heard out of the lecture-room.

It did not escape the eagle eye of Nicholas, that Kiev is naturally the corner-stone of the Russian Empire in the south-west, and it will probably never be known

how many millions of roubles were expended by him on the citadel, the bridge across the Dnieper, and the military road which, cut in the escarped side of the sandstone rock, and mounting by zig-zags to a height of some six hundred feet, connects the citadel with the bridge. "When," says Herzen, "the cabinet of St. Petersburg defined by the establishment of the state of siege the boundaries of Poland, the Emperor gave orders to Prince Wasiltchikoff, the governor of Kiev, to suspend the laws, and to resort to any means of preserving order he pleased, only to stop short of establishing the state of siege, for fear the world should find out that Kiev was still Polish."

By far the most interesting of the three Ruthenian provinces is the Ukraine, the home of the Cossack. In the palmy days of the ancient Kingdom of Poland entire liberty was conceded to the Cossacks of the Ukraine, on condition of their acting as a barrier between the interior provinces of the kingdom and the Tartar hordes on the one side, and the encroaching arms of Turkey on the other. A sort of military republic existed among them, and their chief was styled "the Attaman," analogous to the Polish "Hetman." The revolt of the Cossacks under the celebrated Bogdan Chmielnicki, who, instead of defending the kingdom against the Tartars, led a great horde of them combined with his own people into the heart of the country, laying waste everything in his line of march, showed the Poles what a terrible foe the Cossack could prove himself, if he were not made their friend. From time immemorial this people has been renowned for its love of liberty and impatience of any sort of restraint.

The province of the Ukraine is bisected by the river Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, the navigation of which is interrupted by a succession of cataracts (porogi) in its course between Kiev and the Black Sea. From this word "porogi" the Cossacks of that part of the Ukraine which lies to the east of the Dnieper are called "Zaporoski"—*i. e.* the dwellers beyond the cataracts. This section of the race are Cossacks of the Cossacks, and possess in an exaggerated degree all the characteristics of that wild people.

The word Cossack is derived, I believe, from the word "Kosz," or encampment, of many of which traces are still reported to be found in the Ukraine.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PODOLIA, AND KAMIENIEÇ PODOLSKI.

DURING its ninety years' occupation of the country, the Russian Government has not yet thought it necessary to construct a road from Kiev to Kamienieç Podolski, the capital of Podolia. It is true that a portion of the fields has been left uncultivated, and that, after a week's drought, or during a frost, this strip of ground is practicable for carriages; but in spring and autumn, during the rains, it is impossible to reckon on reaching your destination in any given number of days. While Volhynia is a flat table-land, overgrown by forests of immense extent, Podolia presents a much more pleasing appearance. With its soft swelling hills and luxuriant meadow lands, its feathering woods and waving cornfields, there is much that reminds the English traveller of the pleasant scenery of Kent and Surrey. The villages, with their thatched cottages, are not so unlike ours in England, wide as is the difference in the appearance and character of the inhabitants; but what the traveller misses most is that harmonious mixture of the better and poorer sort of dwellings to which we are accustomed at home. In the straggling expanse of thatched cottages which make up a Polish village, you search in vain for the neat farmhouse and pleasant

flower-garden; for the parsonage and village school; in short, for any intermediate steps leading up from the peasant to the proprietor. In a Polish village you see a thing which could belong to a proprietor; applied to an English village such an expression would be an absurdity. The village which two years ago belonged to the proprietor, now belongs to itself; and it would not be easy to say which is the greater evil. From tyrannical the peasant has changed to a democratical form of government, and is naturally intoxicated by the sudden change. Whereas, till the emancipation edict, he was absolutely dependent on the will of his master, in the natural course of reaction, the peasant now refuses to have any dealings with him, and is encouraged in this course by the agents of the Government. The outbreak of the insurrection in the Ruthenian provinces found the peasant in this state of mind, and by spreading a lying proclamation through all the villages, it was not difficult for the Government to persuade the peasantry that the object of the insurgents was to reduce them again to that state of serfage from which they had just emerged.

On the seventh day from Kiev I reached Kamieniec Podolski, distant some three hundred miles. With the exception of here and there a Russian officer, a few "popes," with flowing locks and beard, and half a dozen landed proprietors, I met no sort of travellers, and the postmasters (who are mostly Jews) complained bitterly of the badness of the times. Paying a fixed yearly sum to the Government for the right to keep the post, they were, at the time of my visit, in a very bad way, as, owing to the threatening attitude of the peasants, no one stirred abroad except on the most urgent business.

Though deserted by other travellers, the roads were still thronged with the long trains of Jewish and peasant wagons, in which the imports from the frontier are carried into the interior of Russia, for commercial travellers had nothing to fear from the insurgents. Almost every peasant, however poor, possesses at least one pair of horses, and if he has no agricultural employment for them, lets them out to the Jews, in whose hands is the whole carrying trade of the country.

Happening to pass through Proskirow, a little town in Podolia, on a Sunday evening, I found a Russian band playing on the green outside the town. Curious to hear what Russian music was like, I strolled from the post-house to the spot, and found the audience to consist of half a dozen officers, a few civil *employés*, and a select number of Jews. In the background, I did not fail to make a note of a couple of field-pieces, in front of which a sentinel was pacing up and down. I must do it the justice to say that the band played very fairly. In the intervals between the pieces, an independent cluster of soldiers entertained the company with the most strange performance, reminding me of the Arab music you hear of an evening in the cafés round the Isbekeyah at Cairo. While two of their number clashed cymbals, the rest set up a wild chorus, producing the strangest effect. It appeared to me that, without scratching him, the Tartar appeared here sufficiently through the skin of the Russian.

With the single exception of Proskirow, where two roads meet, I did not anywhere in Podolia find anything like a strong Russian force till I reached Kamieniec Podolski, and even there I should not have estimated the garrison at

more than 2,000 men. I was curious to know whether I should again fall in with the swarms of Cossacks which infested the high road to Kiev, and was now satisfied that they had taken the road leading to the Kingdom of Poland. These Cossacks I learnt to be Cossacks of the Don. I may observe that there are three lines of Cossacks which are summoned in their turn to the front —the Cossacks of the Dnieper, of the Don, and of the Volga.

The name Kamieniec means "rocky," and the position of the town most amply justifies the epithet. Built on an isolated rock, surrounded on every side by precipitous ravines, which form a huge natural moat, Kamieniec is yet commanded by the hills which lie about it. The little river Smotryç, which flows into the Dniester opposite the fortress of Kotzim, some fifteen miles distant, has scooped itself a deep bed out of the sandstone rock, and completely encircles the town in its serpentine embrace. Only on the western side a lofty causeway, built up on the narrow isthmus, not ten yards wide, where the Smotryç all but returns upon itself, connects the island-town with the picturesque ruins of the once impregnable Turkish fortress. Of all the towns I have ever seen, the position of Kamieniec Podolski is the most remarkable. Luxemburg and Jerusalem occurred to me as resembling it most nearly, with this difference, that while Kamieniec is completely surrounded by ravines, Luxemburg is approachable from the south and east, and Jerusalem from the north. If the great fosse which surrounds Kamieniec had been made by the hand of man, its width could not have been more uniform, nor its escarped sides more neatly finished off. When you have

topped the hills which from every side look down on Kamienieç, you fail to observe that a great gulf is fixed between you and the town till you approach the very brink. In these days of Armstrong guns, the place might be knocked to pieces in a few hours, but two centuries ago Kamienieç was the strongest bulwark of Christian Europe against the invasion of the Turks. The service which the Knights of St. John rendered, first at Rhodes, and then at Malta, in opposing the tide of Turkish conquest by sea, that the Polish defenders of Kamienieç rendered, in driving back their land attack, and Europe has made them an equally ungrateful return. When, in the year 1670, the Sultan Mahomet IV. approached Kamienieç with the 300,000 Osmanlis, which, under their general, Cuprugli, had reduced Candia, and triumphed, first over the Venetians, and then over the Hungarians, the fate of Europe seemed to hang in the balance. Sobieski had but 6,000 men to oppose to this tremendous force, and the empire trembled when Kamienieç fell into the hands of the invader. In vain did Sobieski gain his brilliant victory at Kotzim, on the Bessarabian bank of the Dniester. Thirteen years after the fall of Kamienieç, Kara Mustapha was beneath the walls of Vienna, and Poland then laid Europe under the obligation which has never been forgiven her.

While steadfastly pursuing the same end, *i.e.* getting rid of the obnoxious Polish proprietors, Braunschweig, the governor of Podolia, fell short of earning the infamous reputation of Prince Druckoy-Sokolinski. In order to be able to report their loyalty to the Emperor, the governor insisted on the inhabitants of Kamienieç Podolski furnishing a banquet for the garrison on Easter

Sunday. Accordingly, long rows of tables were ranged in the market-place, and at the appointed time the soldiers took their seats. For fear of a too boisterous ebullition of loyalty on the part of the inhabitants, it was, however, thought expedient to keep one half of the troops under arms while the other half feasted. Having some suspicion that the idea of carrying off the garrison by poison might have entered into the plans of the committee of management, the governor took the matter out of their hands, and had all the meats cooked in the kitchen of the archbishop, who is a creature of his own. When the banquet was at its height, the governor appeared with his staff, and proceeded to drink "Long Life to the Emperor." This toast is officially reported to have been received with tremendous enthusiasm by the military and assembled inhabitants. The truth is, that not a single Pole was present, and the police, thickly sprinkled among the crowd of Jews, tore the caps off the heads of a few, which set the others off cheering in self-defence.

I took the opportunity, afforded by my visit to Kamieniec, of getting a glimpse at the Dniester, which is less than fifteen miles distant. As usual, I was stopped on the road by the peasant-guard, and not allowed to proceed till I had produced my passport. At a few miles distance from Kamieniec, the town and fortress of Kotzim, straggling over the summit of the hills on the Bessarabian side of the river, came into view an hour before the river itself, which did not disclose itself till we reached the brink of the precipitous sandy cliffs, which at this point overhang the stream. Descending by a zigzag path, I approached the edge of the river and took my mid-day meal on a raft moored to the bank

A most strange scene met my eyes, reminding me only of Herodotean descriptions of the banks of the Nile.

The banks swarmed with life, and clothing seemed to be decidedly at a discount. The sun burnt with a fierce heat, and drove the whole population—men, women, and children—into the water. Even my coachman caught the contagion, and, driving straight into the river, proceeded to undress himself, and plunging in, left me to my own reflections. The ferry at Zwanieç (for so the village is called on the north bank of the Dniester, opposite Kotzim) presents at all times a busy scene, as the road from Kamieniec to Jassy crosses the river at this point. It was here that one division of the Russians passed the Dniester in the spring of 1854, and traversing the narrow slip of Bessarabia, furnished Europe with a *casus belli* by crossing the Pruth at Gorea, only thirty miles distant from Kotzim. A great bridge of boats lay moored to the Podolian bank of the stream, apparently only to be used in transportation of an army, as at other times the passage is effected in a horse-ferry. Near this the horses of a squadron of Cossacks were drawn up along the edge of the river, philosophically regarding their riders, while they disported themselves in the water.

If any one will take the trouble to look at a map of Europe, and fix his eyes on that point, beyond the Eastern Carpathians, to which the Austrian, Russian, and Moldavian frontiers converge, the military importance of Kotzim—perhaps the most vulnerable point in the whole Russian Empire—will at once become evident. In the event of a war breaking out between Austria and Russia, the first object of the Austrian commander

would be to get possession of Kotzim, which would at once give him the command of the line of the Dniester. The navigation of this river has hitherto been entirely neglected; but owing to the exertions of Prince Sapieha, who passed three months in London for the purpose, a company has at length been formed for introducing steamboats. It will be interesting to learn the result of this experiment. If successful, it would seem that a bright future is in store for Galicia, which has hitherto in vain sought a market for its abundant produce.

Notwithstanding the excessive vigilance with which the frontier is guarded, in spite of all the efforts of the Russian authorities to prevent the entrance of all printed matter which has not first been subjected to official scrutiny, the inhabitants of Kamieniec Podolski receive the *Czas*, the journal of all others most devoted to the national cause, with considerable regularity. It is managed in this wise. It frequently occurs, in the case of villages along the frontier, that part of the land attached to them lies in the Austrian and part in the Russian territory. In this case, if the proprietor is on good terms with the peasants, much can be done. It is, of course, impossible to keep an eye on the peasant each time he passes from one field to the other, so that the Government sees it to be the wisest course to endeavour to win the peasantry in general over to their side, leaving particular cases to take care of themselves. But the Government is, after all, too abstract a thing to weigh in the scale against the substantial benefits which the proprietor is able to confer when he sets to work in earnest to make the peasant his friend. Had this been more often the case, had the proprietor only laid by in

time for a rainy day, Government proclamations would have fallen flat on the peasantry. But the Pole, whether landed proprietor or otherwise, though a fine fellow, has his faults, and his disregard for the welfare of the peasants is said to have been one of them. It is always difficult to get at the truth where one side flatly contradicts the other, and where your own experience goes for next to nothing, as of course in the presence of a stranger the bearing of the proprietor would be courteous. However, the best proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I cannot believe that had the proprietors as a body done what Western civilization shows us to be their duty by the peasantry, the Government would have found in them so ready an instrument to their hand. What inclines me to this opinion is that whenever the proprietor takes the trouble to bid in person against the Government for the goodwill of his peasants he invariably succeeds. That he cannot do it by proxy has been abundantly shown by the invariably hostile attitude of the peasantry on estates managed by bailiffs, in the case of absentee landlords. To return from this digression to the peasants along the frontier, and the services which it is in their power to render to the proprietor—it is by their means that contraband goods are smuggled into Russia, and especially seditious pamphlets, and every description of obnoxious printed matter.

An amusing incident occurred a short time since, where a peasant showed great ingenuity in escaping detection. He was observed to pass and repass the frontier more than once in the same day by a petty Government official who happened to be on the spot. Asking who the peasant might be, the official received

for answer that he was well known to the authorities, and had a job in the next field, which rendered his passing to and fro necessary. This explanation did not satisfy the official mind, and accordingly the peasant was seized and ordered to strip. Nothing suspicious, however, was found about him, and it only remained to search his boots, which the official ordered him to pull off. Without a moment's hesitation the peasant complied, beginning with the left boot. Finding it to contain nothing whatever, the *employé* told the peasant that that would do, and he might go about his business. In the right boot were fourteen copies of the *Czas*.

It not unfrequently happens that the peasants on either side of the frontier are very differently disposed towards the Poles. Not long since an insurgent of considerable calibre, after successfully escaping the Russian peasants, fell into the hands of those on the Austrian side. As it was of importance to get the prisoner released at once, night as it was, the nearest proprietor, mounting his horse, and taking with him a smartly dressed groom, rode to the spot. There he found the peasant guard sitting round their watch-fire, and they absolutely refused to allow him even a sight of the captive, whom they had shut up in a hut. However, while the guard was occupied with his master, the groom made the best use of his time. By skilful manœuvring he succeeded in getting into the hut unobserved, and effected a change of clothes with the prisoner, who quietly rode off with the proprietor, while the groom remained in durance. At daylight the peasants proceeded to reconnoitre their prisoner, and were completely dumbfounded to find the wrong man. The groom was perfectly well known to

them, having himself only lately emerged from his peasant existence. "What! Michael, it isn't you? It wasn't you we shut up." Michael, however, persistently stuck to his identity.

The peasants were by this time in a great fright, firmly believing the devil to have a hand in the matter. As is their wont in such cases they proceeded piously to cross themselves, which had the desired effect of composing them a little. Then sitting down they placed Michael in the midst, and began to interrogate him. From him they learnt that as he was passing that way the previous evening, they had violently set upon him, and finally locked him up. More puzzled than ever, and distrusting the evidence of their last night's senses, they again proceeded to cross themselves. They were only certain of one thing, that Michael was there in the flesh among them, and how he got there, unless they had locked him up, they could not for the life of them tell. Only too glad to be rid of him, the peasants allowed the prisoner to take himself off, who related the story with great glee to his master.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE VOLHYNIAN EXPEDITION.

Soon after my return to Lemberg from Kamieniec Podolski, it was announced to me that the Volhynian expedition, under General Wysocki, would be ready to start in a few days. Accordingly, I set forth once more in the direction of Brody, near which town the passage of the insurgents across the frontier was to be effected.

The difficulties which had been overcome in getting up the expedition were almost inconceivable, for, short of shutting up the whole of the proprietors in prison, the Austrian Government had resorted to every means in their power to stop the preparations. There was no sacrifice which the Poles of Eastern Galicia had not made in order to render nugatory the vigilance of the authorities. High and low, rich and poor, men and women alike had been straining their utmost efforts, and it was owing to that alone, that the whole thing did not break down. It is no exaggeration to say that many persons were brought to the brink of ruin, while almost every landed proprietor had so seriously compromised himself with the Government, that in case of need, a handle had been provided against him. For the previous two months, some two thousand insurgents had been secreted on the estates of the proprietors of Eastern Galicia, while cases of arms had lain buried in their

woods, and their residences been turned into manufactories of every sort of gear for man and horse. There was scarcely a house where the strictest revisions had not taken place, where the smallest ground of suspicion existed, whether in town or country. Sleeping here to-night and there to-morrow—hunted like escaped convicts from place to place—the insurgents had led a most nomadic existence during these two months. Persecuted in every way by the Austrian authorities while forming in Galicia, and fired upon by the Austrian outposts while in the act of crossing the frontier, the Polish detachments were, as a rule, set upon by an overwhelming mass of Russians in less than twenty-four hours from the time they set foot on Russian territory. Is it not a proof of the extraordinary determination of the Poles, that in the face of these well-known facts they still continued the desperate struggle for the liberty which they prize beyond everything else in the world? It is, in fact, only in the camp that they are truly free, and to enjoy this intoxicating draught of freedom they are content to endure the frightful hardships, to which their mode of warfare exposes them. Each camp is to them a miniature Poland, where no Russian or German is mixed with the pure Polish element, where the Polish white eagle once more floats on the breeze. In these woodland republics one was constantly reminded of scenes from *As You Like It;* nor were Rosalinds in male attire wanting to complete the picture. "Under the shade of melancholy boughs" the Pole can dream out his delicious dream, and, Jaques-like, moralise over the worldly heartlessness of the Western powers; or, like the banished Duke, become enamoured of his exile; and for venison,

go and kill him Russians. Until you put it to the test, this *As You Like It* aspect of the insurrection is very attractive; but one good drenching, and the absence of food, soon determines a practical Englishman that he does not like it.

After two days' pursuit, I came upon the first traces of the insurgents, in the heart of a forest, some ten miles from the Volhynian frontier. The insurgents had decamped; but the trodden appearance of the ground and the *débris* strewed about gave unmistakable signs of recent occupation. I was at first surprised to find a case containing bread and sugar, and a cask of spirits left behind; but I am now inclined to believe that at this spot a sort of permanent restaurant had been established in the woods for the benefit of all comers. The insurgents themselves were not far off, as we discovered by their replying to our signal-whistle. Striking into a side path leading out of the main track, we soon caught sight of human heads and shoulders projecting out of the long grass and underwood, in which they were crouching. For the Austrians, not content with making revisions in the proprietors' houses and on their estates, extended their search for arms and insurgents into the inmost recesses of the forests, scouring the country far and wide, and finding a willing guide in every peasant, who was handsomely rewarded for his services. If any one could have written an account of the adventures of a rifle on its way to the Russian frontier, his narrative would have been a most exciting one. Purchased at double the cost price, because of the risk incurred by the contractors in selling to the agents of a revolutionary government, the arms destined for the insurgents had so perilous a

journey before them, that it was estimated that not more than one in five got safely across the frontier, so that every rifle brought into action had been paid for with ten times its value, and if it fell into the hands of a craven insurgent, was perhaps thrown away in the woods, while the owner made the best of his way to a place of safety or back into Galicia. I regret to say that this was only too often the case. The insurgents whom we found thus concealed in the wood belonged almost exclusively to the very lowest orders, and, though many of them were fine strong fellows, presented a most sorry exterior, highly suggestive of the soldiers with whom Falstaff would not be seen marching through Coventry. The only sort of uniform observable among them was, that most of them had a hole in their trousers in about the same place; but it was often these very fellows who, setting all pipe-clay at defiance, drove four or five times their own number of Russians before them. A student of law, who was himself serving in the ranks, asked me if I was not struck with the *sans-culottic* appearance of his comrades, remarking at the same time that he perfectly well understood the hopelessness of driving the Russians out of the country with the means at their disposal; but that the only chance of aid from without lying in raising the standard of revolt, he for one would willingly sacrifice himself for the good of his country—a remark which he was at that moment carrying out to the letter; for what situation could be more painful for a young man of refined taste and good education than to lie hidden in the woods, with nothing to eat, drenched through several times a week, in the company of those with whom he could have nothing in common? The officers almost

without exception were really very fine fellows, and amply demonstrated that the breed of heroes was by no means extinct. The captain of this very band, a certain Tczszrewski, struck me as possessing one of the noblest natures I ever met with, and at the end of twenty-four hours it was astonishing to witness how his spirit began to pervade his men. He spoke English very well, and seemed to take a painful interest in talking with an Englishman, for it reminded him of his happy married life, which would return no more, for he had just lost his English wife.

Among this band, consisting of near 200 unarmed men, a few horse-pistols were distributed in order to frighten the peasants, and at sunset the order was given to march. A rendezvous some ten miles off had been appointed, where these 200 were to unite themselves with some 250 more under Horodyski, who was to have the command of the whole. As the band emerged from the woods, and fearlessly continued their march in the open country, it was curious to watch the gaping astonishment of the peasants, who in clusters regarded the unwonted sight of other than Austrian troops marching through their villages. In the moonlight the appearance of the detachment considerably improved, and I regretted having received my first impression in the garish light of day. What the poet says of Melrose would apply equally to an insurgent band; to be seen aright it should undoubtedly be visited by the pale moonlight. There was but a single bayonet in the whole company, but the moonbeams fell on that, and on the few swords which the officers carried. The horse-pistols remained, to my disappointment, absolutely unaffected by the

moonlight; but I have omitted to mention that some dozen bran new tin pots for cooking purposes had been distributed among the men, and as one carried the lid and the other the pot, it is no exaggeration to say that you would have imagined that a silver-shielded phalanx was defiling before you, so brightly did the tin flash back the rays of the moon. Towards midnight we entered a mysterious forest, and so thick were the trees and so dense the foliage, that the light of the moon failed to pierce the shade, and a pitchy darkness reigned around. On emerging from the wood a halt was called, and, encamping on the sloping side of a valley, the men proceeded to refresh themselves. And now the tin pots proved more valuable than any sort of arms, for, descending to the little stream which flowed through the valley, the pot-bearers filled them with water and distributed them among the various messes. In less than an hour's time the camp was broken up, and the order of march continued. We had to pass through a little village which lay embosomed in a wooded valley. Though the night was far advanced, sounds of revelry fell on our astonished ears—revelry to which our arrival put an abrupt termination. A village girl was to be married next morning, and, according to the usual custom, a dance was taking place on the eve of the wedding. The music soon ceased, and the company suddenly went asunder when the alarming news was brought in that an armed band of 200 men had made its appearance in the village. The poor people had, however, nothing to fear, and the bolder of them remained clustered in front of the house to witness the strange intruders. Anxious to get a sight of the bride, I approached a knot

of some thirty peasants and Jews who stood in front of the window of the village inn. One and all the company retired before the approach of the desperate insurgent I was taken for, leaving an uninterrupted view into the dancing chamber. The window being open, I put my head in, and unintentionally caused considerable alarm among the women present, who beat a precipitate retreat towards the back of the house. We had scarcely left the village, when a couple of peasants were arrested in the act of setting out for Podkamien, the nearest station occupied by Austrian troops, in order to give information to the authorities. It is to the credit of the Poles that they contented themselves with threatening to hang these two volunteer spies, and merely took them along with them under arrest, letting them go before they reached the frontier. At 2 A.M. we reached the trysting-place, but Horodyski had not arrived, as we learnt from a body of some forty cavalry who were there assembled. Now the work of disinterring the arms commenced, and the consternation of the leaders may be easily imagined when but twenty-eight rifles out of 200 could be found. Some sixty scythes were extemporised, and altogether barely 100 men furnished with any sort of arm. At last eighty more rifles were discovered in a neighbouring thicket, and thus the despair into which the first intelligence had plunged us all was changed into sudden hope that after all something might be done. Before 3 A.M. Horodyski appeared upon the scene with his whole band, fully armed and equipped, and general confidence reigned. The cavalry, some fifty strong, were well mounted, and commanded by Count Rozwadowski, apparently a mere lad, with a pleasant

boyish face, innocent of beard or moustache. Young as he looked, I was told that he was twenty-five, and already much distinguished for his bravery. The scythemen, to the number of 100, commanded by a determined-looking fellow, presented an imposing appearance, and one could understand the Russians not caring to come to close quarters with them. The main body, consisting of some 250 infantry, of which number 200 were armed with excellent rifles, occupied the centre of the line of march, and induced a very wholesome feeling of respect into the minds of the peasantry who occupied the surrounding heights. After a weary march of four hours under a broiling sun, during which not a few stragglers fell out exhausted by fatigue, we at last reached the point in the woods, not 1,000 yards from the Russian frontier, where the detachment was to lie encamped till nightfall, when the passage was to take place.

Never was shade more welcome to weary mortals than to us, as we reached our destination panting and dust-begrimed. An officer who had served in all quarters of the globe assured me that he had never felt anything like the fierce heat of the midsummer sun in Poland. No sooner was the shelter of the wood gained than, almost before their respective positions could be assigned them, the troops threw themselves on the ground and were asleep in a few minutes. The encampment occupied a very narrow space, and the ground was literally carpeted with human bodies in all sorts of strange attitudes. If you had come suddenly on this strange scene you would have taken these sleeping forms for corpses, so stiffened were their limbs and rigid their features. So excessive had been the fatigue which they had undergone, and so

terrible their privations, that the want of food and rest combined had stamped a look of death on their faces, an only too true presage of the fate which was to overtake many of them in less than twenty-four hours; yet when they woke up, and set to work at preparing their dinners, there was such a cheerful air about it all, that it seemed like a huge picnic in the woods, the ladies only being wanting. At about 2 P.M. while boots and clothing were being served out to those of the men who required them, several musket-shots caused the whole camp suddenly to spring to arms. The trumpet sounded, and the chief, Horodyski, mounted his horse, while the various companies were drawn up in battle array by their various commanders. The next few minutes were exciting enough, and it was not until the return of a party sent out to make a reconnaissance that we learnt that the alarm had been caused by an Austrian patrol firing on the insurgent outposts. As soon as Horodyski got this information he ordered the distribution of the clothing to be proceeded with, and once more calm reigned in the camp. The ragged recipients of new boots and clean shirts seemed to relish intensely the transformation which the change of dress wrought in them. It appeared to them a sheer waste of good stuff to tuck their shirts into their trousers, and one and all wore them outside. They may, too, have looked on the matter in this light; that whereas the condition of their trousers left a good deal to be desired, they had every reason to be proud of their shirts. With their clean white shirts, buckled round the waist with a black belt, the band suddenly assumed a strictly military appearance, and would have contrasted most

favourably with the Russian troops opposed to them. The position in the woods where Horodyski lay encamped was marked by a wooden hut, by the side of which stood an unsuspicious-looking straw stack. As soon as the top dressing of straw was removed, it became evident that the apparent stack of straw was really a great mass of sacks containing every sort of provision, ammunition, clothing, &c. The hut itself had been left empty, in order to avoid suspicion, and the ruse had succeeded admirably.

The day was now rapidly wearing away, when the wife of a Ruthenian minister appeared on the scene with her daughter and domestics, bearing a few luxuries for the favoured few of the insurgents who should come within the reach of her generosity. The good woman dispensed her dainties with a truly motherly air, while the daughter modestly followed in the steps of her mother. The evening was intensely calm and beautiful, but the heat was unnaturally oppressive even after the sun went down.

The first company had received the order to march at nightfall, and, just as they were in the act of starting, a great rushing wind, bringing with it a horrid darkness, fell upon the woods, lashing the trees into a perfect fury —a terrible omen of the coming disaster. As soon as the wind had spent half its rage, the rain poured down in torrents and the thunder burst overhead, while the lightning partly disclosed the scene of confusion which reigned. Except when the thunder drowned every other sound, the voices of the captains shouting for orders, the cries of the baggage drivers, and neighings of the horses filled the air with the wildest confusion. When partial order was restored, it was discovered that

the guide on whom they most depended had got drunk in the interval, and no other was to be found. In this terrible predicament, wet through to the skin, while the storm was still raging, the expedition set forth for the frontier, and utterly disappeared in the darkness, leaving us alone in the wood, crouching for shelter in the before-mentioned hut. Not knowing it to be tenanted by human beings, some peasants began tossing upon us some sacks of corn and biscuit, which the insurgents had been obliged to leave behind. We soon, however, made our presence known, to the considerable alarm of the peasants, who are invariably given up to the grossest superstition.

Shortly before the departure of the detachment an Austrian infantry patrol, consisting of eight men, strayed into camp, and was immediately arrested by the insurgents, who seemed amazingly to enjoy turning the tables on the Austrians. When brought before him, the chief spoke to them with the utmost politeness, and had them escorted out of the camp in the opposite direction. It was quite certain that these men would give information to the hussars at Podkamien, who would certainly arrive at daylight. As we were in the company of important persons, whose arrest would have been a death-blow to the insurrection, it was clear that it would never do to keep the shelter of the hut till morning, so shortly after midnight we commenced the strangest march I ever experienced. There was not a vestige of a path, and we had to convoy a couple of wagons and several horses, breaking down the young trees which impeded our progress. The horses plunged violently, and you would have thought, from the crashing of the

branches, that a rhinoceros was ploughing his way through the forest. The almost incessant sheet lightning served to disclose immediately surrounding objects, which were the next instant plunged into deep shade. The peasants who drove the wagons confessed themselves quite at fault, and the interest of our position was suddenly heightened by a couple of rifle reports at no great distance. Calling a halt, our leader sent out persons on either side to look for a path. After a search of ten minutes, a voice on the right shouted the welcome intelligence that a track had been discovered, and no time was lost in striking into it. After following this path for some distance, the increasing light, or rather the diminishing darkness, let us know we were approaching the open country, and at 2 A.M. we emerged, to our considerable satisfaction, out of the wood. At this moment a mounted insurgent overtook us, with the intelligence that the rear-guard of the cavalry had been fired upon and dispersed by a very strong Austrian patrol. Colour was given to the truth of this report by a riderless horse trotting past us, which was followed by several fugitive cavaliers. Pursuing our way we soon came to a village, where, on entering the proprietor's house, we found several more of the insurgent cavalry regaling themselves with tea, bread and butter, and sausages. After resting here for an hour we started on our way to Brody, where we hoped to get tidings of the main insurgent detachment under the immediate command of General Wysoçki. After a damp, comfortless drive of three hours we at length reached the barrier at the entrance of the free trading town of Brody, little dreaming of the terrible fate

which was at that moment overtaking the detachment from which we had just parted.

I must now give a brief sketch of the proposed plan of the campaign. The invading insurgent force was to make its way into Volhynia at three separate points. The centre, 900 strong, under General Wysoçki, was to march close past Brody, direct on the Russian frontier town of Radziwillow; while the left wing, under Miniewski, 500 strong, was to enter the enemy's country ten miles to the north; and the right, under Horodyski, also 500 strong, the same distance to the south of the point where the centre entered. All three detachments were to make a simultaneous attack on Radziwillow at 3 A.M. on Wednesday, July 1st. This plan, if carried out, in all probability must have proved successful, but —thanks to the Austrian authorities, who at the last moment seized all Miniewski's arms and Wysocki's baggage, causing him to make a *détour* of twenty miles, in order to avoid a collision with the Austrian troops — Horodyski alone arrived at the appointed time. Without waiting to ascertain whether the other detachments had reached the place, Horodyski commenced the attack, and it appears drove the Russians before him into the Ring-platz, or market-place. A few straggling streets, consisting of one, or at the most two-storied detached houses standing in their own garden-plots, leading up to the four corners of the Ring-platz—the Ring-platz itself, a square piece of waste unpaved ground, not unlike the quondam site of Vauxhall Gardens, surrounded by whitewashed tenements, with a black bordered arcade running along the basement—a few dozen Poles in the suburbs, and a

swarm of filthy, long-haired, greasy-coated Jews in the market-place—such is the appearance of the town of Radziwillow. In the Ring-platz the Russians made a stand—indeed, it is uncertain whether they had not feigned a retreat in order to draw the Poles on, for a tremendous fire was opened on them from all sides, causing fearful havoc among the insurgent ranks. The battle seems to have lasted several hours, now the Poles and now the Russians getting the best of it, but at the end the Poles were driven back, and at 7 A.M. the Russians remained masters of the town. My information is principally derived from a Jew, who witnessed the whole affair from a window of a house in the market-place. As he refused the money I offered him for his information, I am inclined to think the fellow may be believed; but among a hundred contradictory accounts it is difficult to arrive at the truth. Proceeding to the spot was quite out of the question, for the Russians would not even allow the return of Russian merchants from Galicia. My Jew informed me that the following morning he counted sixty-eight naked bodies of the Poles who had fallen in battle or been murdered afterwards, laid out in the churchyard; that eighty-five insurgents had been taken prisoners, and that during the whole of the day the peasants were bringing in fresh captives, at one time as many as sixteen together. Of the Poles who were killed, perhaps half fell in the battle, the rest were dragged out of private houses to which the wounded had been conveyed, and massacred in the streets. Among the killed were two Jews. One was shot by accident, the other deliberately. It seems that the Russian soldiers demanded of every person

arrested in the streets, "Are you a Pole?" If the answer was in the affirmative, the victim was shot at once; if in the negative, the negative had to be proved on the spot. The Jews, when arrested, were required at once to produce the "cices," or badge with ten strings, emblematic of the ten commandments, which is universally worn next to the skin. By a strange accident, one poor fellow happened to have left his badge at home, and was shot on the spot. Two other Jews were wounded; and when the Russian general announced publicly that he could not answer for the safety of the inhabitants, several thousand Jews left the place. The road from Radziwillow (pronounced Radzivealoff) to Brody was literally blackened by the swarm of fugitives.

I am informed that Maszclowski, the *maître de police*, succeeded in saving the lives of some ten wounded Poles, who were conveyed to the hospitals. Before too much credit is given to the Russians for this act of clemency, it must be borne in mind that this man is a Pole, though not looked upon favourably by his countrymen. The authorities were reported to have allowed the Polish inhabitants to provide the prisoners with food and clothes, for the soldiers stripped the living on this occasion as well as the dead. Horodyski was among the number of the slain.

I have thus far followed the fortunes of the detachment under Horodyski. I now turn to the centre, under Wysoçki.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### WYSOÇKI'S ATTACK ON RADZIWILLOW.

On Tuesday, June 30th, Wysoçki lay in the woods near a small town called Berlin, some ten miles distant from Brody. In spite of the vast extent of forest by which Berlin is surrounded, the Austrian authorities found out his whereabouts, and about noon a squadron of hussars was despatched to the spot to command the insurgent general to deliver up his arms. It is difficult to learn the exact truth as to the effect produced in the camp by the arrival of the hussars. The first account given me was that they were at once surrounded by the insurgent cavalry and made prisoners. Then I was informed that a dozen of them deserted to the insurgent ranks and passed the Volhynian frontier. From what I have learnt subsequently from the best sources, I find both these reports to have been untrue. The fact seems to be that the arrival of the hussars threw the half-formed camp into the utmost confusion, and placed the general in the most awkward dilemma; for it seemed he would be driven to take one of the two steps which he had the strictest orders to avoid. There appeared to be nothing for it but to lay down his arms, or to use them against Austrian soldiers, either of which courses was equally fatal. Placed in this difficult position, Wysoçki gave orders to break up the camp and march, and it does not

exactly appear what line of conduct the hussars pursued. That they were not well disposed to the insurgents, as is generally the case with Hungarians, would appear to be proved by their seizing Wysoçki's baggage wagons, in which the insurgents sustained an irreparable loss. Had the general marched straight to the frontier, he would have had one of two plans to adopt, either he must have crossed at once, and run the risk of being attacked by the enemy the same evening, which would probably have prevented him from keeping his appointment to be at Radziwillow by 3 A.M. next morning, or he must have encamped on the Galician side of the frontier, and so exposed himself to further annoyance on the part of the Austrian military authorities. To avoid this alternative, Wysoçki adopted the course of marching in the form of an ellipse, always keeping on the Austrian side of the frontier. The arrival of the hussars at Berlin had caused the camp to be broken up at the moment the insurgents were preparing their mid-day meal, which they were compelled to leave untasted, and start on a fifteen hours' march, during which they got nothing to eat. Starting at about 2 P.M. they advanced through the oppressive afternoon heat, which continued after the sun went down, till the thunderstorm, alluded to above, cooled the air, but at the same time drenched the unfortunate insurgents to the skin. Wet through, starving, and foot-sore, the detachment marched through the night, with a view of crossing the frontier at break of day, at a point not more than an English mile distant from Radziwillow. Whether they missed the way in the darkness, or whether they were delayed by the impassable condition of the roads, it does not appear. All that is certain is that Wysoçki,

instead of arriving before Radziwillow at 3 A.M. did not cross the frontier till 5 A.M., and then—which is utterly inexplicable—ordered a halt of two hours to refresh his men. Whether subsequent revelations cleared the general of the crime of failing even to attempt to keep his appointment, I know not, but at first sight he appeared deserving of most unmeasured censure. It is true that when his men reached the inn at Klekotow, where they passed the frontier at 5 A.M., they had eaten nothing for twenty-two hours, having performed a march of twenty-six miles without a halt, the last eight hours during a thunderstorm and heavy rain, which turned the whole country into a bog. It is also true that two-thirds of his force consisted of apprentices—lads of sixteen and seventeen—who had never had a gun in their hands before, and probably never walked twenty miles in their lives, so that it may be it was physically impossible to continue the march. But, notwithstanding the truth of all this, there was the appointment before Radziwillow to keep, and the fate of Horodyski's detachment depending thereupon. While Wysoçki's force of 850 men were regaling themselves with coffee, brandy, cigars, bread and butter, &c., Horodyski was engaged in a very unequal contest with the enemy in the streets and market-place of Radziwillow, not more than an English mile distant. It would seem extraordinary that Wysoçki got no information of the fight which was taking place, rumours of which had already reached Brody, though Wysoçki's force instead of Horodyski's was reported to have been engaged, and to be already in undisputed possession of Radziwillow. The atmosphere was very heavy, and a pine-forest intervened between Wysoçki and the town of Radzi-

willow, so that the sound of the musketry was quite drowned. By a strange accident the four pieces of cannon which the Russians had in the place were overturned into the water while crossing a narrow bridge leading out of the town. This loss was so far of use to the enemy, that the discharge of cannon must have been heard by Wysoçki. In addition to this, it has since been ascertained that Horodyski attacked the town from the east, which would place the attack at two miles distance from Klekotow, where Wysoçki was resting his men. Wysoçki naturally supposed, from receiving no intelligence, and hearing nothing of a fight, that Horodyski had met with some unforeseen accident, and saw the hopelessness of attacking alone with troops in the condition in which his were at the moment. Had he pressed on at 5 A.M. with as many of his men as had the strength to follow him, he would in all probability have turned the balance, which was at that moment trembling, in favour of the Poles. The general did not take that step, because he was not aware of what we knew subsequently, but he might, at any rate, have sent forward a reconnaissance to investigate the truth, and this he does not appear to have done. One thing is quite certain, that he was not too leniently judged.

I had parted from Horodyski's force in the woods, near Podkamien, at 10 P.M. and overtook Wysoçki's rearguard at 8 A.M. In this space of ten hours I accomplished about fifteen miles, with considerable difficulty, owing to the pitchy blackness of the first part of the night in the woods, and the torrents of rain, which rendered the roads almost impassable. Trusting to the report which I had heard in Brody, that Radziwillow

was already in the hands of the insurgents, I pressed on to the barrier at Klekotow, thinking it would be an interesting way of passing the morning to witness the proclamation of the national government in the market place of the town. I was quite alone, and on foot, and the Austrian authorities did not say a word to me as I passed through the barrier towards Radziwillow. The sight of the white and red pennons of the Polish Lancers who brought up the rear of the insurgent force, which was just disappearing in the woods on the right of the deep sandy road leading from Brody to Radziwillow, stimulated my curiosity to the utmost, and I soon overtook them. Singularly enough, the two rear-rank men turned out to be old acquaintances, and they replied in the affirmative to my question—"were they not about to make an entry into Radziwillow?" Thinking it was all right, I pressed on past the whole force, which was defiling through the woods, here and there recognising an acquaintance, but not getting the remotest inkling of what was coming. After walking about a mile through the woods, in which I left four-fifths of the insurgent force concealed behind me, I emerged into the open fields, and saw the town of Radziwillow, about half a mile distant, stretched out before me. Advancing about 100 yards through the standing corn, I was surprised to see the fourth company of the insurgent infantry dispersed in skirmishing order some 400 paces ahead of me. Then for the first time I began to understand my position. I must confess it had appeared to me curious that the insurgents should have left the main road and turned into the woods, if they had been simply about to make a triumphal entry into Radziwillow, but I had not cared to

stop to inquire. At this moment an aide-de-camp rode up to me through the standing corn, and was about to reconnoitre me, when I told him my business, and he rode away. In a few minutes afterwards the first shot fell, and I looked at my watch, which marked 8.30 A.M.

A pine-forest, about three miles in diameter, intervenes between Brody and Radziwillow, extending within half a mile of either town. In the centre of this forest the Austrian and Russian barriers face each other at a station called Klekotow, marked only by a straggling Jewish inn on either side the frontier, and the respective custom-houses. A wide sandy road, into which your carriage wheels sink up to their axles, connects Brody with Radziwillow. Six weeks before I had driven along this road, and entered Radziwillow with my pass *en règle*, but I was now hoping to make a very different entry.

While the main attack was directed against the suburbs on the right of this road, a small band was despatched along it, with directions to force the gates at the entrance of the town. Arrived at the head of the bridge which crosses the marshy lake in front of the town, the insurgents, in spite of a heavy fire from a company of Russian infantry concealed under the bridge, succeeded in wrenching the gates off the hinges. This part of the fight did not take place under my own observation, but I can believe the account to be true, as I remember being struck with the very weak appearance of those very gates, which merely consisted of wooden rail-work. The brave fellow who led this charge belonged to the fourth infantry company, and much distinguished himself in the Italian war. He lay wounded in Brody, with a ball in his leg, and it was from him I learnt that as he

crossed the bridge he saw the four guns sticking in the muddy bottom of the lake. Another insurgent, who took part in the same charge, declared that, owing to the intense fatigue of passing over the deep sand, they arrived at the bridge so exhausted that they had only just strength to cross it; and, finding themselves entirely unsupported, retired at once.

To return to my isolated position in the cornfield. I suddenly became aware of a horseman on my left, riding slowly towards me from the direction of Radziwillow. As I was equidistant—200 yards—from him and a company of insurgents which had marched up in the interval, I was not the least alarmed, taking the fellow for an insurgent vedette till, as he rode slowly towards me, I became convinced that he was a Cossack. He no doubt expected me to shoot him, and I certainly expected him to shoot me, only the awkward part of it was that he had a gun and I had not, a disadvantage which the high corn, in which I was partly concealed, hid from him. Under the circumstances I beat an orderly retreat towards the insurgent infantry, one of whom got behind a bush and had a shot at the Cossack, unfortunately missing him. A few minutes after I was startled by the discharge of two barrels of a revolver within fifteen yards of me; and, looking round, saw my Cossack, who had been taken prisoner, lying on the ground, with two wounds in his head. To my utter astonishment, the Cossack, who rolled over apparently dead, after a few minutes got up and staggered away, and I saw him a prisoner in the rear an hour afterwards. On inquiring subsequently of the Poles why they had shot at the poor fellow, after he was a prisoner in their hands, I learnt that my Cossack, who

throughout was in a state of intoxication, had the instant previously taken a cool shot at an insurgent priest!

A very brisk fire was all this time kept up between the Russian and insurgent sharpshooters, and as the main body of the insurgents began to emerge from the woods, and take up their respective positions, the engagement became general, and the bullets began to fly about pretty thickly. I had, however, just read in a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that the balls which you hear whizz past you are not *méchants*, as the writer expressed it, and this set me a good deal at my ease, as I felt if one did hit me it would be without notice. The whole of the insurgent force had now deployed from the wood, and for the space of a quarter of an hour was exposed to the fire of the enemy in the open fields.

The nature of the ground could hardly have been more favourable for the insurgents. I mentioned that the pine-forest extends within half a mile of the town, so that the insurgents could seize the opportunity most favourable for advancing or retiring when it suited them into the shelter of the wood. Between the wood and the town lies a small village, which the insurgent sharpshooters passed unmolested, not supposing it to be occupied by the enemy; but when the main body of the infantry came up, the two companies of Russians who were concealed in the cottages suddenly poured a deadly fire on the advancing insurgents, and caused them to stagger for a moment. A retreat was at once sounded, and the sharpshooters called back, while the cavalry, which was now exposed to a heavy fire, was ordered to retire into the woods. Not knowing exactly what line to adopt I beat a retreat with the cavalry, and was much

relieved in getting something to divert my attention by helping to carry a wounded man to the rear. I felt the want of a horse amazingly, and did not scruple to mount the first riderless one I came across. During my absence from the front I am informed that two charges took place, one with the bayonet and one with the scythe, by which the Russians were dislodged from the cottages, which in the meanwhile had taken fire. The whole insurgent force had by this time retired into the wood, and the front line took up a position behind some wooden railings, by which this part of the wood was fenced in. Here the fire was very warm, and I was not sorry when the general turned his horse, and rode towards the second line, which was formed in a ride in the woods, where the cavalry was also drawn up. A horse was killed very close to me, but I don't think a single cavalry soldier was hit. After giving some further orders the general returned to the front, and just as we arrived at the line of railing, I saw an officer discharge a barrel of his revolver at an insurgent who disobeyed orders, while two others beat him with the flat of their swords. Immediately after, Garszinski, who had led the charge of scythemen, had his horse disabled by a ball, and drawing his revolver, killed it himself on the spot. By our side, a very gentlemanly French officer was complaining bitterly that he could not make his men understand a word he said, vowing that they were wasting good powder, as not a Russian was to be seen in the direction of their fire. I may here observe that though I rode by the side of the general during a considerable part of the engagement, I only saw three or four Russians during the four hours the battle lasted, and

I am confident that more than half the insurgents never saw a Russian at all. There is no denying, however, that the bullets flew about like hail, making a most peculiar noise when they stuck in a tree close by you. Whether the Russians were concealed in the standing corn or behind the cottages from which they had been driven in the beginning of the engagement I don't know, but at any rate they were not visible from the wood. The general was more than once entreated to order an advance with the bayonet along the whole line, but this he declined to do because of the exhaustion of his men. He also refused to direct his men to cease firing, in order to draw the enemy out of their shelter. Had he consented to this, and had the Russians fallen into the trap, they must have suffered most severely, for the line of the woods was very irregular, forming a series of redans and curtains, from which the insurgents might have poured a flank fire on the advancing enemy. Soon after the commencement of the battle a steady rain set in, wetting us all to the skin, and causing a great many rifles to miss fire. I counted as many as four or five in a minute.

At about 11 A.M. his aides-de-camp being all dispersed on other errands, Wysoçki requested me to ride back to the Austrian frontier with a message to the Commissioner of the National Government. A ride of a mile and a half alone through an unknown wood infested with Cossacks and Objeszczyki was not a pleasant prospect, but I could not think of refusing, so I started off at once on my errand. As I rode through the ranks of the insurgents scattered among the trees, making for the Austrian territory in their rear, a general impression

prevailed that I was running away. It was not, however, till I got well clear of the insurgents, and found myself quite alone in a ride in the woods, uncertain at what point the said ride would bring me out, that I felt the full awkwardness of my position. The wood was so thick that I could not see many yards on either side of the ride, and the boughs, completely arched overhead, reaching down so low that I could scarcely sit upright on horseback. As I brushed up against the dripping foliage at every step—my road at this point lay through a hazel copse—such a shower rained down upon me that I was soon drenched through to the skin. After some fifteen minutes of suspense I emerged from the woods, and saw before me a miscellaneous crowd of foot and horsemen; the latter I took at first for Cossacks, and only breathed freely when I recognised the Polish colours. On riding up to them I was at once required to tell my errand, and produce my message in writing to confirm my statement. This I was not in a position to do, as in the heat of the moment it had never occurred to me to ask Wysoçki to commit his message to paper. But for the happy intervention of the Commissioner, with whom I was acquainted, I might have been strung up to the nearest tree, as I could see that I was taken for a spy. The Commissioner, taking me aside, delivered to me a large-sized courier's bag—as I thought full of cartridges, for it was very heavy—and requested me to be sure and deliver it to Wysoçki. Hanging the bag round my neck, he at once disappeared, leaving me to my own reflections. There was nothing for it but to dive once more into the woods and ride to the front. So, accompanied by a single in-

surgent, I once more struck into the ride, and happily succeeded in getting safe back to Wysoçki, who thanked me warmly for the service I had done him. The bag on being opened was found to contain a large sum of money in silver, intended for the pay of such insurgents, as required it.

On my return I found that the greater part of the staff had been either killed or wounded, and the general was in despair. His only hope now lay in Horodyski, whom he expected on his right; but Horodyski was already eight hours dead, having fallen in the market-place of Radziwillow. Instead of Poles, it soon became painfully evident that he had Russians on his right, in the direction in which Horodyski was expected. This discovery seemed to cause Wysoçki completely to lose heart, and I saw the tears come into his eyes. Seeing the hopelessness of continuing the attack, at about 1 P.M. he gave orders to cease firing, and the Russians seemed only too glad of the arrangement, as they did not advance a single step.

In this affair, which lasted four hours, during which a very warm fire was kept up on both sides, the Poles lost thirty-five men killed, and upwards of forty wounded.

Among the insurgents were about half a dozen women dressed in men's clothes, and scarcely distinguishable from men. During the fight, I observed one of them binding up the wounds of a poor fellow, who was evidently dying.

In the night succeeding to Wysoçki's unsuccessful attack on Radziwillow, to the surprise of every one, his detachment broke up and dispersed across the frontier into Galicia.

With the disasters which had overtaken the detach-

ments under Wysoçki and Horodyski before me, it was a relief to learn that Miniewski had not crossed the frontier at all. Nearly 200 of his men, or rather boys, were a few days later brought captive into Brody by about 50 Austrian soldiers. I asked the lieutenant in command of the escort if the insurgents had offered any resistance, to which he replied in the negative, adding, that had they done so he should have annihilated half of them (Ich hätte die Hälfte vernichtet). This officer seemed to think he had covered himself with glory by capturing 200 half-armed raw apprentices. In reality he had done a very humane thing in saving these poor boys from getting their throats cut, but he did not look at the matter at all in that light. Among them were scarcely ten who spoke any other language than Polish, proving them to be derived from the lowest classes, and proving also, that by keeping away from school altogether, the prohibition to use Polish in the schools, which has only been rescinded since Austria became a constitutional State, had not in any way affected their nationality.

In the evening of July 2 (the day after Wysoçki's unsuccessful attack) news was brought into Brody that a tremendous fight was taking place in the town of Radziwillow, and a dense flock of flying Jews, with carts laden with wives, children, and furniture, piled high into the air, seemed to give colour to the report. Riding rapidly past this motley crowd, I learnt on reaching the barrier that a few insurgents had been seen in the neighbourhood of the town, and that General Kreuzer, expecting a fresh attack, had informed the inhabitants that he could not answer for their safety. As a couple of Jews had been killed, and the same

number wounded, in the fight of the day before, a general panic spread through the Jewish population, and such as could find means of transport, to the number of several thousand, fled for refuge into Brody.

The Russian side of the barrier, where a mingled crowd of insurgents, who were afraid to go to the front, and Jewish loungers from Brody, had disported themselves the day before, was now re-occupied by Cossacks. Finding the Austrian *employé*, whose duty it is to visit the outposts along the frontier, about to start on his rounds, I asked and obtained leave to accompany him. Striking into the ride in the woods, which separates the two frontiers, we soon left behind us the gaping crowd at the barrier. On the left a great column of smoke rose out of the woods, probably marking the site of some burning village. Though keeping to the neutral strip of ground between the two territories, the well-known disregard of nice distinctions which characterizes the Cossacks—three of whom had just ridden down the same ride—made our excursion sufficiently interesting. My companion, who wore the Austrian official coat and cap, turned out to be a Pole, and informed me that he had two brothers among the insurgents. Asking me if I had a revolver with me, on my replying that I had not, he coolly remarked that it was a pity. Not much reassured by this observation, I began to doubt whether the Austrian uniform would afford me the protection I had at first supposed. It was not long before we came upon the first Cossack station—a hut with compartments for man and horse. It was unoccupied, but my companion informed me that the straw bed bore traces of having been lately disturbed A little further

on we came across the tattered coat and drawers of a Russian infantry soldier, who had probably been killed by an insurgent patrol. My companion pointed out to me the spot, not far off, where he had come across the bivouac of the fourth company of Wysoçki's infantry, during his night rounds. Finding himself cut off from the rest of the detachment, and ignorant that Wysoçki had crossed the frontier, the captain of the fourth company, taking up a position just on the Austrian side of the ride separating the two territories, sent his adjutant on a night reconnaissance, with directions to find out Wysoçki's whereabouts. Having occasion to ride past the Jewish inn on the Austrian side of the Radziwillow barrier, his horse, whose former master had been in the habit of turning in regularly to refresh himself, made a spring at the gateway, literally on to the top of the Hungarian patrol, who were sleeping on the ground. Springing at once to their arms, and relieved to find the Russians were not upon them, the Austrian soldiers of course arrested the insurgent, who was equally astonished at his predicament. "The horse I am now riding is the same my men captured from the insurgent last night," added my informant; "but I shall send it him back." In vain the fourth company awaited the return of their adjutant, and, receiving no tidings, went asunder at dawn.

Continuing our ride, we reached a settlement of Objeszczyki, or frontier guards, who never escape hanging when they fall into the hands of the insurgents. To a man they had decamped, and the most glorious confusion reigned in their dwellings. The unmilked cows, breaking loose from their stalls, were availing them-

selves of their freedom to make a general investigation of the premises. One of them had its head stuck fast in a great barrel of meal, reminding one strangely of the appearance presented by gentlemen who thrust their faces into hats for devotional purposes. One faithful dog, whose mate had been shot by the insurgents the day before, kept guard over the deserted dwellings, and pursued us with furious barking. Night was now fast coming on, and the outlines of the bushes seemed all suddenly to assume the form of crouching Cossacks. On the whole I was quite contented to get back to the Radziwillow barrier, whence I threaded my way back to Brody through a continual stream of fugitive Jews.

Before leaving Brody I visited the hospital, and found among the wounded a young lady of nineteen. She had received a wound in the calf of the leg, from which the doctors had successfully extracted the ball the day before our visit. I was informed that the young lady's name was Stanislawa Przyleçka, and that she had left a situation near Warsaw, and joined the insurgents in the hope of avenging herself on the Russians for sending her father to Siberia. Those who were near her in the battle affirm that she shot three Cossacks with her own hand before she received her wound. The story of her escape from the field of battle is romantic in the extreme. Having lain hid for some hours in the tall reeds by the side of a pond, she at last took courage to look about her, and at no great distance perceived the head of a man with a long beard projecting out of the water. Feeling convinced that, like herself, the owner of this head was hiding from the Russians, she managed to attract his attention, and learnt from him that he was

an Italian called Antonello, and a survivor of Horodyski's rash enterprise. The Italian, of course, at once offered his assistance to the young lady, who, notwithstanding her wound, accomplished on foot the distance—about two English miles—to the Austrian frontier. In Antonello, the Italian, I recognised at once an old friend, Sienkiewitz, who, though a Pole, after fifteen years' service in the Italian army, had become so thoroughly Italian that he spoke his adopted better than his native tongue, and preferring to fall into the hands of the Russians as an Italian, rather than as a Pole, had assumed a fictitious name.

In the next room to this young lady was an individual who presented the strangest contrast to her—nothing more nor less than a law stationer, who had been in business first in Sunderland and afterwards in London. Though he spoke English like a native, he informed me that he was by birth a Pole, and had become a naturalised British subject.

Leaving his bedside, my attention was next directed to a Russian soldier, who was treated with the same attention as the Poles. The poor fellow's head was a mass of wounds, and his cap, which hung by his bedside, was riddled with bullets. In addition, he had received a bayonet wound in his side, but to my astonishment the doctor pronounced him to be progressing favourably. He had already recovered sufficient presence of mind to ask for brandy!

The general complaint among the wounded was, that they had received their wounds without seeing the enemy.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### BY THE ROAD TO WARSAW.

FROM Brody I returned once more to Lemberg, *en route* for Krŷniça, a little watering-place on the Galician slopes of the Carpathians.

Far removed from the scene of war and turmoil, the tranquillity of the place was most soothing after the exciting scenes through which I had lately passed. The heroes of the revolution were to be met with on all sides. Like the island-valley of Avilion, Kryniça lies:

> "Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns;"

and not a few Arthurs had resorted thither to heal them of their grievous wounds. The immediately surrounding hills, which hold Kryniça in their embrace, are of that soft undulating nature which always seem to breathe perfect repose, while in the distance the sharp granite peaks of the Tatra, full of wild unrest, seemed perpetually to threaten to disturb the peace which reigned there. Every other person you met with had some stirring tale to tell, and the hours passed swiftly as you listened to nrrratives of wild adventure and hair-breadth escapes. A professional story-teller might have gathered there materials which would have rendered drawing on his own imagination superfluous for a long time to come.

The universal mourning—the black dress only relieved by a broad white border, painfully suggestive of a funeral pall, and which sat with a mournful strangeness on forms so full of life—gave so sad an air to the place that, but for the ringing laughter which would out at times, you could have believed you were walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It was very painful to have to reply twenty times a day to the same question, "Have we anything to hope from England?" in the same words, "Absolutely nothing." One of my fair interrogators once lost so far control over herself as to exclaim, with bitterness, "Then why do they go on talking? For God's sake, let England tell us plainly she will do nothing for us, and then we shall at any rate waste no energy in hoping!"

After a few weeks of repose, spent in making excursions in the Carpathians, in one of which we scaled the rocky peak of the Lomnitzer Spitze (8,000 feet), the monarch of the Carpathians, I returned to Cracow. On this occasion I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of two English gentlemen, like myself bound for Warsaw.

The destruction of eight bridges, which had rendered the railway impracticable for some weeks, afforded us a very plausible excuse for following the old post-road, which, passing through Miechow, Kielce, and Radom, bisects the southern half of the kingdom of Poland. Our object being to see the country, rather than to arrive at Warsaw, we much preferred our open britska to a covered railway-carriage. Accordingly, on August 30th, setting forth from Cracow betimes in the morning, we made for the Russian frontier at Michalowice, about five

English miles distant. As we mounted from the valley of the Vistula to the high table-land which characterises the south-western portion of the Kingdom of Poland, the view spread out before us was one of those which fastens itself upon the memory, whether one makes an effort to retain it or not. In the foreground the grand old city, which, far more than Warsaw, has preserved its Polish aspect—in the background the grander mountains, rising line above line till they culminate in the granite wall of the Tatra, made up a picture the like of which you would hardly find elsewhere. However, it was not long before we were scared out of admiring the beauties of nature by our arrival at the Russian *douane*, where our whole attention was required in superintending the examination of our luggage. The officials were clearly at their wits' end to know what to make of the arrival of three Englishmen declaring their intention of traversing the Kingdom of Poland in an open carriage. They could make nothing of our passports, which they perused carefully without lighting on a single word which had any meaning for them. At last one of them espied the word "baron," the second title of a late foreign secretary, and, catching at it in despair, begged to know which of us was "the baron." Having settled this point among ourselves, we were treated from that moment with the utmost deference, but even the influence of the baron did not carry enough weight to induce the officials to permit of our retaining a scrap of the printed matter which we had about us. From the newspaper in which our boots were wrapped up, to "Murray's Handbook" and the "Kleiner Pole"—a selection of choice Polish phrases, to enliven the mono-

tony of the long journey before us, every atom of printed matter was ruthlessly torn from us. For fear of its seditious influence, a prayer-book was taken from one of our party, and thus deprived of all mental food, we were about to start, when an old fellow, who had grown grey in the Russian service, appeared on the scene, and, premising that he had been educated in England, professed to be willing to do anything for us. It shocked him beyond measure that the prayer-book had been taken from us; and, observing that he knew the English to be a highly religious and pious people, pressed us to take it back. Far be it from me to accuse this old gentleman of being a humbug, but there was that in his manner, when he took four cigars out of a case which was offered to him, which laid him open to the suspicion of it. As we were entering a country which was at that moment the scene of an insurrection, we were prepared for a rigorous search, but not for the stupidity displayed in seizing a guide-book and grammar as contraband goods.

Some fifteen miles from the Galician frontier lies Miechow, the sacking of which was described in a former chapter. After passing along a melancholy length of ruined dwellings, of which only bits of the outside walls remained to tell the tale, reminding us strangely of Pompeii, we emerged into what had been the market-place, and which even then was filled with a motley crowd of peasants, in their bright holiday dress, contrasting strangely with the charnelled ruins which surrounded them. We found the Russians encamped in tents in the churchyards, and perceived that our arrival had created considerable excitement among them. After

a short time an officer stepped out, and much to our surprise addressed us in English. Having satisfied himself that we were respectable and unsuspicious persons, he proceeded to tell us how he had been taken prisoner during the Crimean war, and carried to Lewes, where he had passed two years. He assured us that he had received such kindness in England, that he would not object to returning there as a prisoner. His present service he described to us as painful in the extreme, and assured us that since January he had not passed a single quiet night. He had not been present at the burning of Miechow, which was ordered by Major Nepinim, who enjoys in Poland a very unenviable reputation.

Between Miechow and Kielce—a distance of fifty English miles—we did not see a single Russian soldier, and at a village half-way a peasant produced a paper bearing the seal of the National Government, the exact purport of which we were not in a position to decipher, but in default we ordered beer, and drank success to the insurrection. It was night before we reached Kielce, but not dark, for the brightest moon I ever saw turned night into day. Just at the entrance of the town we found a strong force assembled, on the point of starting in pursuit of the insurgent detachment which, under Chmielinski, had set the Russians at defiance for several weeks. The men were drawn up along the high road awaiting the arrival of General Czengery, who was to pass them in review before they set out on their expedition. There was barely room for our carriage to pass, and as we almost grazed the Cossack horses with our carriage-wheels, we had a fine opportunity of studying the

features of the men by moonlight. To describe them as hang-dogs would give a very inadequate idea of the original, for it would fail to express the propensities for murder and rapine which you may read in every line of their countenances. The whole force consisted of six companies of dirty, brown-coated infantry, mostly with no vestige of shirts, and contrasting unfavourably with even the most ragged of the insurgent bands; a sotnia, or hundred Cossacks, and a squadron of well-mounted dragoons. In addition to these, two heavy field-guns, each drawn by six horses, accompanied the detachment, but from their unwieldy nature they appeared eminently unsuitable for the sort of warfare for which they were destined. We had scarcely traversed the whole line when we were nearly ridden down, carriage and all, by a cloud of Cossacks, who whirled past us, covering General Czengery whose escort they formed, in a cloud of dust. The moonlight lent such a weird appearance to this vision, that we could hardly believe ourselves spectators of a scene, in which the actors were creatures of flesh and blood. It seemed rather that a regiment of fiends had broken loose from hell, and were performing their evolutions in the upper air.

The great forest of Swięty Krzyz, or "Sainte Croix," that mysterious region referred to so often in the telegrams at the commencement of the insurrection, extends to within a few miles of the town of Kielce. Here Czachowski retired with the remnant which he saved from the wreck of the army which Langiewicz failed to keep together, and held his own for four months against the enemy, inflicting on them more blows than any other leader. .

Before leaving Kielce we had, of course, to obtain the *visé* of the governor. On repairing to the town-hall we soon got our business settled, but not without an amusing incident, which is worthy of notice, as showing the amount of intelligence and information to be met with among Russian officials. After deliberately regarding the document for several minutes, the head man, with an air of intense importance and self-satisfaction, handed my passport to his subordinate, with directions to enter my name as Carl Russell, reading "Carl" for "Earl." Between Kielce and Radom our road lay through the iron district of the Kingdom of Poland. At its commencement the insurrection found a willing support among the skilled operatives, of whom the population of the district is chiefly comprised. However, among the dwellings of the operatives not a few peasants' cottages were scattered, and these naturally did not escape when the Russians set fire to the rest of the buildings. The result was that the Russians got into bad odour with the neighbouring peasantry, who sided openly with the insurgents. And here I must not omit to mention a circumstance which I consider to be of the utmost significance as to the bearing of the peasants in general in the Kingdom of Poland. Whereas, in Volhynia and Podolia I found a peasant-guard at the entrance of the villages, rendering invaluable aid to the Government in arresting insurgents, in the Kingdom of Poland I did not find a single case where the peasants had consented to perform this police service.

There was little to choose between General Uschakoff at Radom and Czengery at Kielce. M. Pontkowski, the

civil governor, was quite powerless in his endeavours to mitigate the severity of the military *régime*, and was himself often subjected to the insults of the soldiery. Not long before our visit, Uschakoff publicly ordered his soldiers to have no respect of persons, adding, they might do what they liked with the whole population, "from the Civil Governor down to the Jews." On the occasion of a drawn battle, which took place at Kowala, ten miles from Radom, a terrible panic prevailed in the town, as the general threatened to give it up to plunder if the result should be unfavourable to the Russians in battle. For the first time during the insurrection some of the Polish wounded were brought into hospital at Radom, for, with this single exception, they had all been massacred on the field. It seems, however, that considerations of humanity had very little to do with this apparent clemency, for the Russians had at last become alive to the fact that it was better policy to preserve the wounded Poles alive, and on their recovery force them into their own service. On the present occasion, among the wounded were two Poles who had been officers in the Russian service. Before admitting that this circumstance gives the Russians the right to shoot them when they fall into their hands, it should be remembered that these Poles did not voluntarily enter the service of the Czar, but were forced into it against their will. This consideration seems to me to remove their case widely from that of ordinary desertion. However, nothing can palliate the barbarity displayed on the present occasion, by compelling one of these officers to submit to having his hand amputated in the morning, and then shooting him in the afternoon. The Polish wounded were at

first conveyed to the civil hospital, where they were tended by their own doctors, and nursed by Polish ladies. This, of course, was not allowed to continue as soon as it became known to Uschakoff, who gave orders to have all those of whose recovery there was any prospect, removed to the military hospital. The poor fellows were in despair at the prospect of the change, shrinking from the contamination of the bestial soldiers with whom they would be shut up night and day. The evening of our arrival at Radom, the order was carried out, only six of the most grievously wounded being left in the civil hospital, the officer brutally remarking, "They may rot here."

At Zawady, a village some ten miles from Radom, a proprietor gave refuge to an insurgent who had got separated from his detachment during the fight at Wyr.

A few days after a Russian patrol arrived and discovered the fugitive, who was at that moment taking tea with the rest of the family. The corporal at once laid hold of him, and ordered his men to put him to death. While on the ground bleeding from his wounds, the poor fellow's mouth was stuffed full of sand, and he was thus choked.

Not far from the village of Zawady, we were introduced to a lady, who could hardly speak to us through her tears. It was painful in the extreme to see her, and we wondered what could be the cause, till she produced two photographs of her sons, and told us that they were both killed. That very night some insurgents in the neighbourhood had stopped the diligence, and seized Uschakoff's correspondence with General Berg. Somewhat exaggerating the advantage thereby gained, the

lady demanded of us feverishly, "if we were glad." It was very striking to remark how she forgot her private grief in hoping for the general good. "My own happiness is gone," she added, "but God grant that our country may become free."

It was night before we reached Warsaw, and I shall not easily forget the strange impression that the first view of the city made upon me, as our carriage rolled painfully over its ill-paved streets. A storm was brewing behind us, while in front the moon rose blood-red over the city. The approaching thunder, and a few big drops of rain made us hasten to reach the shelter of our hotel before the storm should burst. There was a great deal more to be felt than seen of the town. The inhabitants with their lanterns, without which no man, woman, or child dare stir out after dark, had quite the appearance of fire-flies, flitting about in the shade of the great blocks of buildings which loomed in the darkness. We were lucky enough to gain our hotel undrenched, but it was not long before the rain came down, which continued during the night, without cooling the air in the least. In the morning the town wore a very prosaic aspect, compared with the impression of the preceding night.

Somewhat to my surprise, the streets presented a very animated appearance, and trade seemed fairly brisk. Only the presence of an unusual number of soldiers and policemen scattered among the passengers, who thronged the streets, seemed to indicate an exceptional state of things.

After Cracow, Warsaw is very disappointing. Boasting an unusual number of princely dwellings and spacious

public buildings, there is yet nothing characteristic about Warsaw. So far the Russians have succeeded in denationalizing the capital of Poland, that neither the buildings nor the inhabitants wear a Polish air, yet patriotism burns there all the fiercer, because it burns inwardly.

To see Warsaw to advantage, you should cross the rickety old wooden bridge, which keeps up a precarious communication between the city and suburb of Praga. Since Suwarrow caused its streets to flow with blood, Praga has not so much as attempted to raise its head, and presents now a melancholy appearance lent to it by a few straggling streets, mostly consisting of Jewish inns and a great deal of waste ground, reminding you of that dreary district which the Great Eastern Railway traverses before reaching the Shoreditch station. It is worth going to Praga to get the view of Warsaw, but for no other conceivable reason, except your business takes you to the St. Petersburg railway station, which stands away by itself. There is a considerable descent from the left bank of the Vistula, or city side, to the right or suburb side, so that Warsaw itself stands on the brow of the cliff, which certainly does not attain a dizzy height, but yet is sufficiently high to raise the city well above the unhealthy exhalations of the river. At the head of the bridge, the simple construction of which—a layer of loose planks laid across boats—contrasts remarkably with the great engineering works for the new railway bridge which is raising itself out of the water by its side, stands the picturesque old castle, which, commenced by the Dukes of Mazovia, became the palace of the Polish kings, when Sigismund III., the first of the house of Vasa, transferred the royal

residence from Cracow to Warsaw. When Poland ceased to enjoy an independent existence the former palace of the kings became the lodging of the Russian lieutenants, who have failed one after the other—and will fail to the end of the chapter—to satisfy the Poles with the corrupt system of government which they import from Russia. For one bright moment, destined to be atoned by a deeper blackness, the palace blazed with its ancient splendour, when Warsaw received within her walls Napoleon, who was then the desire of all Polish hearts. Seduced and heartlessly abandoned by the uncle, Poland is yet always ready to return to her old French love, and lives on the hope of one day welcoming the nephew as her saviour. As the more generous spirits among Englishmen forgot for a moment their national prejudices, and rejoiced in an Italy saved, first by French bayonets, and then (must I add?) in spite of French influence, so I am convinced that a large party would be found among us to rejoice in the same good work in behalf of Poland.

During our stay at Warsaw, several executions took place, generally on the glacis, in front of the citadel. One of these painful scenes was characterised by a strange circumstance—the presence of the mother and sisters of the victim in front of the scaffold. Some time before 9 A.M., the hour appointed for the execution, the ground was occupied by a large body of troops, and the surrounding elevations crowned by wild-looking Cossacks, suggestive of vultures ready to make a swoop on their prey. At the moment the drop fell, one of the poor girls went into hysterics, which communicated themselves to the women around her. It is possible that

the example of the Virgin Mary, and the other women who followed our Saviour to the cross, may have prompted these poor creatures to attend to see the last of him whom they regarded, doubtless, as a martyr. A Russian soldier, who was among the bystanders, brutally remarked that he wished there were fifty hanging instead of only one.

A few days after our arrival, the inhabitants of Warsaw received orders to celebrate the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor, and the Grand Duke Constantine held a reception at the palace. All the morning equipages rolled about the streets, containing a few civil dignitaries and officers in uniforms of every conceivable description, among which the Georgian and Circassian was pre-eminently conspicuous. The Russians understand only too well Hannibal's policy of keeping his African troops in Spain, and his Spanish in Africa, and maintain their empire by sending Poles to shoot Circassians in the Caucasus, and Circassians to shoot Poles in Poland. There is no denying it, that the Circassians are splendid-looking fellows, and their plumage is so gay that, if they are to be shot, it seems a pity not to have them stuffed afterwards. In the afternoon, the court adjourned to Lazienki, the beautiful summer palace erected by Stanislaus Augustus. The park of Lazienki is the Bois de Boulogne of Warsaw, and the resort of the fashionable world, but, now the nation is in mourning, quite deserted by the Poles. At the time of our visit you only met gaily-dressed Russian ladies, whose costume contrasted strangely with the universal black worn by the Poles. A brilliant assembly was gathered in front of the palace to take leave of the

Grand Duke, who was to leave Warsaw next morning. He and the Grand Duchess were both on horseback, but rode apart, followed by their separate suites. The Grand Duchess was all smiles, and looked very captivating in her straw-coloured riding habit and hat trimmed with red velvet. To look at her you would have thought there was no such thing as suffering or pain in the world, much less so close to her own doors. While the park of Lazienki was entirely given up to the Russians, the beautiful Jardin de Saxe, in the centre of Warsaw, was thronged by a sable-suited crowd of Poles.

Saturday being the one day in the week on which their friends were permitted to furnish the prisoners with a few luxuries to eke out the insufficient supply of food provided by the prison authorities, the gates of the citadel were on that day besieged by an anxious crowd. I, too, repaired to the citadel at the appointed time, and, I suppose, was the only individual who had no business there. Though there were not half-a-dozen men amongst them, the defenceless crowd of women was kept back by a line of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and no one was allowed to approach within fifty yards of the gates. In the crowd were women of all ranks, from the elegantly-dressed lady of fashion down to the poor Jewess and the peasant's wife, forgetful now of all differences in their common misfortune. None came empty-handed, and you might see delicate ladies dragging about heavy baskets, filled with all kinds of provisions, making it a duty to deliver them with their own hands to the soldiery appointed to receive them. Let us look into this basket. It contains a leg of mutton, two or three

pounds of bacon, a couple of small cheeses, several loaves of bread, and three bottles of beer. How much of all this will reach the prisoner? If he gets a bottle of beer, a loaf of bread and a cheese, he will be in luck, for the basket has to pass through many hands, and none will let it pass without laying an embargo on the contents. Don't suppose he will get even his one loaf of bread as it came from the baker. It must be first cut up to see that a letter has not been baked up in it, and the cheese will be submitted to the same investigation. Not even an apple or an orange would reach the prisoner whole, for fear they should contain treasonable correspondence. It was a melancholy sight to see the poor women stretching out their arms in supplication, and to hear them clamouring for tidings of husband, father, and brother. Look at this poor mother, clasping her babe convulsively to her breast, and sobbing her heart out because she can get no answer from yonder soldier. What does he know of or care for her husband? perhaps he is dead, or, still worse, sent to a living death in Siberia. In either case she is free to get another father for her child, for Siberians have no wives.

A few of the more favoured have got leave to send a few lines of writing with the baskets of provisions, and sitting on the grass or on the railings which line the roadside, are spending the last minutes in scrawling tender messages in pencil, using their baskets as writing desks.

"Make way, there," shouts a coachman, whom by his low-crowned beaver, shaped like an inverted cone, and his close-fitting garb, like a ladies' riding-habit cut short, you recognise to be a Russian domestic servant, and the

crowd of women—all in black—flies asunder, and the sentinels present arms, while the carriage of a general officer rolls over the drawbridge into the citadel. And now another equipage drives up with a very different freight—a pale delicate lady in deep mourning. She, too, would drive over the drawbridge, but the officer on duty rudely orders her coachman to back his horses, before hearing what the lady has to say. She holds a permission in her hand to visit her husband in the citadel. It isn't time yet, she may return in two hours, replies the officer. "Panie laskawy" (kind sir) begins the lady in a supplicating tone, but the officer turns away before she can finish her sentence. And now a couple of dust-begrimed Cossacks ride up, probably returning from a reconnaissance in the country. Their wild uncouth mien, combined with the long lance, and musket slung carelessly over the shoulder, give them far more the air of children of the desert than of troops forming part of a regular army. Threading their way through the black crowd, they pass into the citadel, and are soon lost in the maze of fortifications. Scarcely have they disappeared, when a couple of brown-coated soldiers issue from the citadel, carrying on a pole between them, supported on their shoulders, like the spies returning with the grapes from the promised land, a huge caldron of yellow soup, emitting a not remarkably savoury odour. Then a "pope," with long flowing locks and black robes, approaches, and elbowing his way through the crowd, passes between the sentries over the drawbridge into the citadel. They do not stop him, for after the bayonet, he is the most effectual means of getting rid of the obnoxious Polish element. Returning

townwards from the citadel, I met a line of mourning women all on the same errand, some on foot and some in carriages, all with the same look of blank despair. Week after week they turn their steps in faith to the citadel, but only those who had money to pay for the information, knew the fate of those who were dearer to them than life itself. For all that poor girl, who has saved something from her week's wages to buy a loaf of bread for her lover, knows to the contrary, he may be dead, and has found a nameless burial in the common ditch, which has already received so many victims who have died in the citadel, or, perhaps, his solitary confinement has driven him mad, or he may be half way to Siberia.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### LITHUANIA.

After staying ten days at Warsaw, I set off for Wilna, in company of my fellow-travellers from Cracow. On our arrival at the St. Petersburg railway-station, in the suburb of Praga, we found ourselves among a crowd of policemen, soldiers, officials, and spies, all there in the hope of catching a stray emissary or two of the National Government. Looked upon with universal suspicion, and not permitted to take our places in the train till our passports had been examined three times and twice countersigned, we at last found ourselves fairly on our way to Wilna, determined to beard Murawiew in his den. With the exception of about a dozen ordinary passengers, there were only soldiers in the train, which we learnt had been lately fired upon by the insurgents between Grodno and Wilna. A pilot engine was sent ahead to feel the way; and so we proceeded on our journey, to which the possibility of danger lent just sufficient excitement to keep off the *ennui* from which only persons of the best regulated minds are free during a long railway journey. From Warsaw to Lapy, the frontier station between Lithuania and the Kingdom of Poland, the line was guarded by parties of cavalry and infantry stationed at intervals of about half a mile. All the cottages of the gate-porters along the line were

occupied by military, and in many instances surrounded by a ditch, mound, and palisade, illustrating exactly the *fossa*, *agger*, and *vallum* of the Romans. Where the cottages were left unprotected, the windows were planked up, for fear of the insurgents coming in the night and shooting in at the guard. A large proportion of these tenements, to which a temporary stable for the Cossack horses was added, had been burned to the ground by the insurgents, and a solitary chimney remained to tell the tale. At each station a whole company of infantry, consisting of some 150 men—for since the Crimean war the companies have been reduced by more than half their strength—was permanently established in the waiting-rooms, and it was calculated that a force of at least 20,000 men was occupied in guarding the line between St. Petersburg and Warsaw. From Warsaw to the Lithuanian frontier the line traverses a thickly wooded country, not passing within sight of a town, or even a considerable village. In the immediate vicinity of the rail the forest had been cleared away, and the yet smoking roots showed us that the work was of very recent accomplishment. It was strange to watch the wild-looking Cossack vedettes, their figures cutting clear against the sky, as they looked down from the high railway banks on the train, as it moved slowly past them; for, from fear of an accident, the speed never exceeded that of a goods train on an English railway. From Bialystock to Grodno the country is much less wooded, and the line consequently less carefully guarded. However, as between Warsaw and Lapy, all the stations were occupied by a company of infantry, the Simonowski regiment of the Imperial Guard being employed on this

service, as we neared Grodno, their present head-quarters. I was much struck with the fine appearance of this regiment, which contrasted in a very remarkable degree with the troops of the line. Between Warsaw and Grodno we had seen but a single work in the construction of which any engineering skill had been displayed, the iron bridge over the Bug, which forms the frontier between Luthania and the Kingdom of Poland. At Grodno a similar bridge has been thrown across the Niemen, the banks of which afford some fine scenery. The castle of Grodno, memorable as the meeting-place of the last Polish Diet, overhangs the bed of the Niemen, which flows 200 feet below. Here Stanislaus Augustus played out his unworthy part, and, tool as he was of Catherine, signed his abdication, which immediately preceded the final partition of Poland.

At the time of our visit a most painful state of things reigned there. Every individual who was even suspected of a leaning towards the insurrection was at once thrown into prison, and, as a Jew put it well in explaining the Russian *régime*, every Pole who even showed himself in the street had at least one foot in a dungeon. I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of an English lady who was residing in Grodno, and the details I learnt from her quite confirmed the general opinion formed of the Russian atrocities in Lithuania. A few weeks previously she and her husband were on a visit at a country house, a few miles from Grodno, when a party of soldiers arrived and surrounded the premises. The officer, entering the house with some of his men, at once ordered the proprietor to be arrested, on suspicion of supplying the insurgents with provisions. The

husband of the lady from whom these particulars are derived happened to be in the room at the same time. The officer, approaching him, rudely demanded who he was, and, scarcely waiting for an answer, ordered his men to take him too. The lady assured me that neither she nor her husband had any connexion whatsoever with the insurrection, and therefore the arrest of the latter was quite unprovoked. As it is the rule rather than the exception that the ladies in Luthania are quite ignorant of the fate of their husbands and brothers, the case of this lady was not marked out from the others; but it seemed strange to hear an Englishwoman pouring out in our language the tale of grief I had so often listened to in Polish.

Among the most cruel acts perpetrated by the Russians in Lithuania, was the utter destruction of Szezuki and Jawoiowka, villages of the *petite noblesse*. It seems that such of the male population of these villages as were capable of bearing arms joined the insurrection to a man, only leaving the old men, women, and children at home. This fact coming to the knowledge of the authorities, troops were sent to the spot with orders to destroy all trace of human habitations, and to plough up the former site of the villages. This order was literally executed, and, just before our arrival, a melancholy train of old men, women, and children passed through Grodno on their way to Siberia, to expiate the crime of their kindred. The fact is that the Russian Government is determined to get rid of the *petite noblesse* at any price, as it naturally regards this catholic peasant population, scattered broadcast among the faithful orthodox—*i.e.* the Uniates converted to the schisma at the point of the

bayonet—as a source of great danger. To illustrate the well-known animosity of the authorities against this class, I will mention an incident which occurred lately at Grodno. A peasant from a village some few miles distant came into the town and denounced a neighbouring village as having furnished the insurgents with provisions. Skwarzow, governor of Grodno, after rewarding the informer with the usual three roubles, proceeded to investigate into the circumstance. It was proved, on inquiry, that the village in question was not one of those of the *petite noblesse*—a fact which proves that it is not this class alone among the peasants which supports the insurrection; so the governor contented himself with inflicting a fine of twenty-five roubles per cottage, remarking at the same time to a Polish proprietor, that had the village belonged to the *petite noblesse*, he would have burnt it to the ground.

Another incident, throwing light on Russian rule in Poland, is worth mentioning here. A landed proprietor, perfectly innocent of taking part in the insurrection, was arrested in a little town near Grodno, and thrown into a filthy prison, with eight soldiers to guard him. Among these was a Cossack, whom he overheard relating to his comrades the following horrid details. By order of a Greek named Kasangli, then a captain of Cossacks, now military chief of the district of Wolkowysk, four innocent individuals — two peasants, a tailor, and a shoemaker—on suspicion of sympathizing with the insurgents, were dragged from village to village, tied with ropes to Cossack saddle-bows, to serve, as Kasangli expressed it, as a warning to the rest. After some days, the Cossacks seem to have got tired of dragging their

burthens along with them, and, taking advantage of the depths of a wood, murdered all four, and buried them on the spot. The wife of one of the murdered men, determined at all risks to find out what had become of her husband, applied to a neighbouring proprietor to interest himself in her behalf. This gentleman at once took up the poor woman's cause, and, after a fruitless search, the truth oozed out in the manner related above. I may add that the gentleman who instituted the inquiry has since been arrested on a frivolous pretext, and has been condemned to hard labour in the mines in Siberia.

The town of Grodno is inhabited by a very mixed race, though the landed proprietors of the district are without exception Polish. To give an idea of the nationalities to be met with, and of the perplexities arising therefrom, I may mention an incident which happened to us. After having paid our bill to the Polish landlord, we were stepping into a drotske, driven by a Russian coachman, when a French waiter presented us for payment a fresh bill written in German characters (which he could not read) by the German landlady, while a Jewish commissionaire was also waiting to be paid for his services. As we were already behind time for the train, it will be admitted our position was a trying one, and if we did lose our temper it was excusable.

Before leaving Grodno we made the acquaintance of a large landed proprietor, who, as a personal friend of Murawiew, enjoys immunity from the tyranny of the Russian authorities. However, this gentleman did not attempt to conceal from me that the state of the country was deplorable in the extreme. All but the wealthiest proprietors are on the verge of bankruptcy; for during

the last eighteen months they had been farming at a loss, owing to the high rate of wages and low prices, and last autumn the Government had positively forbidden the peasants to work at all for the proprietors. The result was, that while half the crops were rotting on the ground, the other half was, in this exceptional case, being got in by soldiers, spared for the day from the garrison of Grodno. If such was the case on the estate of a favourite of Murawiew, it would not be difficult to infer the state of things where his indignation had been incurred. I understood that upwards of five hundred estates in Lithuania had been left without any sort of supervision, and public auctions held on the premises, at which the farm-stock was disposed of to Jews and peasants. Cows and sheep were to be had at the prices which Mrs. Markham informs us they used to fetch in the times of the Saxons.

Though not actually placed under arrest, we were notwithstanding kept close prisoners to the town of Grodno. On some frivolous pretext our passports were withheld from us for nearly forty-eight hours, in spite of our repeated applications to the governor, the military chief of the town, and the *maître de police*. As Grodno is as dull as most country towns, we were anxious to vary the monotony of the day by a stroll into the country, but every exit was barred by a guard of the Simonowski regiment, who refused to let us pass. On applying to the military chief of the town for a pass, we were informed that it was not in his power to grant us one. Though this officer and the governor both took upon themselves the responsibility of seeing that our passports were returned to us at once, they either

intentionally lied, or their united efforts failed to get them out of the clutches of the numerous subordinate officials, who obstinately withheld their signatures to the last moment in the hope of a bribe. In getting out of Grodno we felt, therefore, more or less like birds escaping from a cage, although our destination was Wilna. It happened to be the Emperor's name-day, or St. Alexander's day, and as much rejoicing as was compatible with damp quarters in a clearance in a Lithuanian forest on a bleak autumn night was being kept up by the troops at the stations along the line. At Grodno a public dinner was given to the soldiery at the expense of the inhabitants, who had to choose between a journey to Siberia and compliance with the governor's orders. In the afternoon the officers celebrated the day by a dinner at the principal hotel, and the revelry was running high when we left. By way of doing honour to their superior officers, the subalterns, now well warmed with wine, lifted them one after the other from their seats, and proceeded to toss them in their arms in default of a blanket. This operation, which must have seriously interfered with the digestion of all, nearly proved fatal to one veteran with a long grey beard and spectacles. When deposited on the ground it was long before he came to himself, and I seriously thought at one time he would have been taken off by a fit of apoplexy. We were informed that the governor was to give a ball in the evening. Not content with enforcing the attendance of the Polish gentlemen resident in Grodno, leaving it optional with the ladies to stay away, which they unanimously resolved to do, General Skwarzow in their case charged

fifteen roubles a ticket, while the Russian officers were admitted free. I would not have it inferred from this that the Polish ladies at Grodno were unmolested, for, besides a large number who were imprisoned on suspicion of loving their country, those who still enjoyed their liberty were annoyed and insulted in every possible way. A lady of my acquaintance, who walked out in a black dress without the blue ribbons which Murawiew insisted on their wearing, after meeting with repeated insults in the streets, was fined twenty-five roubles (4*l.*)!

It was a raw inhospitable night that we had chosen for our journey, but a night quite in harmony with the bleak waste district through which the railway passes between Grodno and Wilna. There seemed to be little to choose in point of comfort between the insurgents in the woods and the Russian soldiers in their flimsy tents, pervious to every wind. In this respect, however, the latter had the best of it, as from their superior numbers they were not afraid to disclose their position to the enemy by lighting camp-fires, with which the insurgents were often obliged to dispense. In order to celebrate the Emperor's name-day the whole forest was alive with bonfires, which served to disclose groups of wild Cossacks picturesquely scattered among the brown great-coated troops of the line, producing fine Rembrandtesque effects. From their wild singing and war dances you would have imagined yourself among North American Indians or Arabs rather than troops owing allegiance to an European master. Some of the dances were not deficient in grace, and the frequent long stoppages gave us time for observing them nearly. In

the centre of the group of singers stood the musicians and dancers, more or less numerous as the case might be. Five was a common number, two of whom danced while three played, beating the tambourine, clashing cymbals, or shaking triangles hung with clusters of brazen balls. Following the cadence of the music the group became animated or subdued, now leaping wildly into the air, now maintaining the most complete composure. Among the songs was one lately composed by a non-commissioned officer, referring to the present insurrection. There was one passage, the words of which were sufficiently remarkable. It was translated for me by a Russian officer, who is not likely to have gone out of his way to pervert the original in this particular. "The peasants are assembling against the Czar, and the French are coming to help them. They say, too, that the Austrians will be here, and that the English will not keep away."

It was getting on towards midnight when the reflections of the Wilna illuminations lighted up the sky on our left. We now began to wonder what sort of treatment we should meet with from Murawiew, whether, as some of our friends prophesied, he would have us escorted at once to the Prussian frontier, or whether he would load us with attentions, as he had done in the case of the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, and its shadow, the *Standard*.

The illuminations burst upon us as we entered Wilna by the "Ostro-brama," or pointed gate over which is enshrined the sacred image of the Virgin, whose sanctity is such that even cab-drivers uncover their heads at a distance of fifty yards. The Hotel de l'Europe was

blazing with light as we drove up to the entrance, and the trumpets brayed forth into the night from the banquetting hall, in which the officers of the garrison were celebrating the Emperor's name-day. Night was turned into day, and there seemed little prospect of getting the rest of which we stood so much in need. On sallying forth into the streets next morning, the appearance of the town was depressing in the extreme, and one could feel that a panic was pervading the inhabitants. M. Paniutine, the civil governor, on our presenting ourselves before him, announced to us that he should present us to Murawiew at eleven o'clock next morning. Accordingly we drove up to the palace at the appointed time, and, after passing the scrutiny of a series of sentinels and policemen, were admitted into an ante-chamber, where we waited till somebody should take notice of us. It was not long before an aide-de-camp asked us our business, and, on learning it, showed us into a spacious apartment, which was crowded with officers and civil dignitaries, all ready to bow down to Murawiew. In spite of all the gold lace, I could not persuade myself I was in the company of honest men, much less of gentlemen, other than that variety known as "gentlemen of the chamber." One of these individuals did us the honour of addressing us, remarking, for our benefit, that though in the enjoyment of a fine fortune, wife and children, at St. Petersburg, he had left all to serve his country, *i.e.* to wait upon Murawiew, dwelling particularly on the fact, that he did not get a sixpence for his trouble. Turning from this flunkey, albeit a prince, it was refreshing to talk for a few moments with a Cossack general, a good honest ruffian,

who looked as if he would cut your throat sooner than look at you. We were told that he had but to raise his finger, and a horde of 60,000 Cossacks would darken the plains of the Don, ready to follow him through fire and water. And now a secret door opens into the next apartment, and it is whispered that Murawiew is coming. Presently a thick-set, grey-haired, bullet-headed man, considerably below the middle height, appears, leaning on a stick, and proceeds down the room between the double line of persons waiting to be presented. Coming to an anchor before each, and planting his stick heavily on the ground, he spoke a few words and passed on. I made bold to ask to see the prisons, and Colonel Lebedew was directed to wait upon us next morning at nine for that purpose. As we were not provided with letters from the Russian Government, we were not honoured with an invitation to dinner. At Warsaw I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of an English gentleman who, thanks to a letter from the Minister of War at St. Petersburg, had had the honour of dining with Murawiew. This gentleman, whose sympathies were entirely Russian, related in my hearing how Murawiew had shown him every civility, and had given him his choice, whether he would have the prisoners, ordered for execution next morning, hung or shot! The day before our arrival, three more prisoners were hung on suspicion of being concerned in the attempted assassination of Count Dameiko, the marshal of the noblesse of Wilna, who yielded to Murawiew's threats and signed the address to the Emperor. A most tragic episode occurred in connexion with this execution. The mother of one of the young men who were hung

heard by accident, while buying some articles in the market, that an execution was about to take place. Inquiring the names of the condemned, she learnt that her own son was one of them, and, almost beside herself, started off immediately to the place of execution. Arriving at the spot, she found that her son was already dead, and in despair was about to throw herself in the river, when the police seized hold of her. But the poor woman, thus prevented from drowning herself, was only preserved for a worse fate, for her reason gave way, and she is now under confinement.

At the appointed time, Colonel Lebedew waited upon us to show us the hospitals and prisons. We first drove to what had formerly been a Polish gentleman's country house, about half a mile without the town, but which now has been converted into a Russian hospital. It is finely situated on the edge of a pine forest, overhanging the deep, rapid Wilia, which gives its name to the town of Wilna. Here we found but seven patients, most of whom were in a fair way to recovery. Close by is the large hospital of St. James, where eighty Poles were lying. But thirty-six of them were wounded in battle, the remainder were suffering from diseases brought on by exposure to the damp and cold. Among them were boys of fourteen and fifteen, with fresh innocent faces, suggestive of anything rather than conspiracy and rebellion. I am bound to say that the hospital arrangements were in general good, in respect of order and cleanliness, but I had no opportunity of judging of the nature of the diet. In this hospital was confined in a cell by himself Morszenkowicz, the head of the revolutionary police in the district of Wilna. He had been

kept alive in the hope of extorting more confessions from him, but in the end he was hung. From the hospital of St. James—from the upper windows of which the view over Wilna and the surrounding country is magnificent —we drove back to the town, to the prison of the *Missionaires.* In this prison alone 240 political prisoners were confined, among whom were fifty ladies, ten priests, thirty-five peasants (mostly of the *petite noblesse*), two or three landed proprietors, while the rest were made up of doctors, lawyers, clerks, farm bailiffs, &c. In the private apartment of the governor was a lady who had just been brought in prisoner from Minsk, where she had already passed seven months in prison. On inquiring the cause of her detention we learnt that the only charge against her was that she had opened a school for the peasant children without the permission of the Government. The only offence which another lady had committed was that she had belonged to the Society of St. Vincent a Paulo, which, as Colonel Lebedew informed us, is a society for providing the insurgents with arms! About twenty of the ladies were confined in cells containing two beds each; two were kept in solitary confinement, and the remaining thirty crowded into a single room, which had probably served as the hospital ward of the convent of the *Missionaires.* It was a heart-rending sight to see so many refined and delicate ladies shut up without the pretence of a trial of any description, for the sole crime of suspected patriotism. Most received our visit with a haughty reserve, and it jarred upon our ears to listen to Colonel Lebedew's often repeated question, "Is the soup pretty good?" This excellent man seemed to think that as

long as there was nothing to complain of in the soup it was unreasonable in his prisoners to be discontented with their lot. To judge from the manner in which the ladies replied to the question, the quality of the soup seemed to them a matter of supreme indifference. One poor mother, with tears in her eyes, entreated Colonel Lebedew to permit her children to be brought to her, as she had not seen them for four months. Most, however, remained silent, and seemed to scorn to make any request of the authorities.

In the department for the male prisoners, six men were crowded into cells eight feet wide by twenty long, and except when the window could be left open the air was very bad. The condition of the linen and the bedding left much to be desired. Taking what we saw of the prisons and the hospitals as a whole, their condition reflected credit on the authorities, but as we saw but one prison out of five, and were refused permission to see the rest, our inspection was very incomplete. However, that their cells should be tolerably clean and the food eatable did not seem to us to atone for the great injustice of shutting up fifty ladies on suspicion of entertaining patriotic ideas.

It was a clever trick of M. Paniutine, the civil governor, to present us to Murawiew immediately on our arrival at Wilna, for he knew that such a step would so compromise us with the Poles that they would be afraid to speak to us freely afterwards. The result was that we returned from Wilna with very little positive information, though the impression made upon us by the place was decided enough. As far as we could make out, there were about 1,000 persons in all the prisons, confined for

political reasons, and about 100 were deported every Friday night by a special train to Moscow, whence they were forwarded on foot or in carriages to Siberia. Among the number of those confined in the citadel at Wilna was Count Victor Staszienski, who played in Lithuania much the same honourable part as Count André Zamoyski in Poland. As marshal of the noblesse of the government of Wilna, he devoted himself to the development of the material resources of the province, and, as far as was possible, abstained from taking any part in politics. At the personal request of the Emperor, Count Victor Staszienski prepared a report of the condition of Lithuania, some time previously to the breaking out of the insurrection. This report, which the Count read in person before the Emperor, was very well received, and the author left St. Petersburg apparently in high favour at court. However, at the commencement of the insurrection, Count Victor found it incompatible with his own dignity to retain his position as marshal of the noblesse, in consequence of the insulting behaviour of Nazimow, the predecessor of Murawiew. Accordingly he sent in his resignation, which was accepted. When Murawiew arrived at Wilna, his unerring eye soon perceived a dangerous opponent in the count, who was at once thrown into prison and denied all communication with his friends. At the expiration of several months he was permitted for the first time to see his wife who was in a state of dreadful anxiety, not knowing whether her husband was dead or alive. I particularly requested permission to visit the citadel, in the hope of seeing this gentleman, of whom every one spoke so highly; but my application was refused. As all the prisons were thrown

open for the benefit of the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, I presume there was some good reason for restricting us to one. Altogether we carried away from Wilna the impression that it would be difficult to conceive a more miserable existence than that of a Pole under the *régime* introduced by Murawiew. It is impossible for him to possess his self-respect and his property at the same time, and—all honour to them—the majority of proprietors have preferred a prison with the sequestration—ready at any moment to turn into confiscation—of their estates, to the continued enjoyment of their property at the expense of their honour.

I cannot dismiss the subject of Wilna without briefly alluding to its past history, as the capital of Lithuania. Founded by Gwedymin, uncle of Jagellon, who, by his marriage with Hedwiga, Queen of Poland, brought about the union of the two countries, Wilna became alternately with Warsaw the seat of the National Diet. But the most remarkable feature in the history of Lithuania is that the country remained heathen as late as the commencement of the fifteenth century. This fact seems to have been due principally to the manner of conversion adopted by the knights of the Teutonic order, who, though professing Christianity, really carried fire and sword wherever they went. The conversion of the country, which could not be brought about by force, was peaceably effected by the marriage of Jagellon with Hedwiga, which event was speedily followed by the victory of the united forces of Poland and Lithuania over their common oppressors, the Teutonic knights, at Grünewald.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### BY THE ROAD TO LEMBERG.

On our return to Warsaw we observed a marked increase of precautions on the part of the authorities. The forcible collection of the taxes had commenced, and the new police regulations had come into practice. It was required that a porter should attend at the entrance of every house night and day, and that he should demand the business of every person who entered, and apparently follow the visitor upstairs, for it was expressly directed that the porter was to see that nobody loitered on the landing, and how many persons assembled in one room. How this individual was to be at the entrance of the house and upstairs at the same time was not clear; but, in addition to this sufficiently arduous task, he was simultaneously to report at the police-station any stranger who stayed even a few hours in the house. Every door of every private house was to be kept locked day and night. These were a few of the new police regulations, to which strangers and those born in the land were alike required to submit.

With regard to the collection of the taxes, I was a good deal surprised one day to find on entering the *salle-à-manger* of the Hotel de l'Europe, a couple of private soldiers sitting with fixed bayonets at each of

the dining-tables down the whole length of the room. On going upstairs I found a guard of twenty-five men on each floor, and inquiring what it all meant, learnt that an execution was being put in the hotel for the taxes, which the proprietors had declined paying, in obedience to the direction of the National Government. In the case of shops, the establishment is closed till the taxes are paid. In one case a tradesman who had paid the taxes and so had his shop open, found his position between two of his brethren so intolerable, that he voluntarily put the shutters up. If a tradesman pays the taxes no Pole will enter his shop; if he does not, the Russians close it. Such is the position of a Warsaw tradesman.

Before leaving Warsaw I exerted myself to the utmost to obtain permission to visit the citadel, but though I prolonged my stay on the strength of the hopes held out to me, in the end I received a decided refusal. I should not have applied at all had I not become acquainted with an English gentleman, connected in some way with the press, who had been shown over every part of the citadel; and I innocently supposed that if the Russians could open their prisons to one Englishman they could do so to another. But I ought not to have expected any such fair dealing from the Russian authorities.

Anxious as I had been to inspect the citadel as a visitor, my curiosity did not extend to the lock-up, where I was destined to spend a couple of hours of my last night in Warsaw.

I had been spending the evening in the company of my two English friends at the house of a Polish

gentleman named Lusczewski. His daughter Deotima, the name by which she is known among her countrymen, enjoys a great reputation as an *improvisatrice*, and in happier times her father's house was always besieged by an eager crowd whenever it was known that his daughter was to exercise her talent. Since the street massacres of February, 1861, when the nation went into mourning for the unhappy victims of Russian barbarity, every kind of *réunion* has ceased at Warsaw, and with the rest, Deotima's improvisations. To the engrossing power of her conversation I can bear witness; for, in listening to her, we became oblivious of time, and the regulations of the Warsaw police. Returning home a few minutes after 10 P.M. we were all three pounced upon by the police, for infringement of the regulation against being out after 10 P.M. Our lanterns, without which no man, woman, or child dare stir out after dark, were in perfect order, and by their light we showed our captors one of our watches, which happened to be ten minutes slow, and wanted a few minutes of the hour. Though we were but a few steps from the entrance of our hotel, all was of no avail, and there was nothing for it but to accompany our captors to the lock-up. Here we found other miserable mortals, in a worse plight than ourselves, men and women indiscriminately thrust into a common prison, the policemen refusing to hear what they had to say. We owed it entirely to our clothes that we were treated more leniently, and allowed a seat at the bar until the arrival of the commissioner a little before midnight. I must do this individual the justice to say that he was extremely polite, and liberated us at once on the production of our cards. The cries of an

unfortunate woman through a grating suggested to me that native prisoners were not treated with the same consideration as foreigners. Even two hours' imprisonment served to make us thoroughly appreciate our liberty, and there seemed wonderful freedom in the air we breathed as we walked to our hotel from the "eleventh circle," as they called the lock-up.

Not long after this event, M. Lusczewski, in spite of his being regarded with some suspicion by his countrymen for continuing to hold office under the Russian Government, and scrupulously attending the *levées* of the Grand Duke Constantine, was one day carried off to the citadel, and thence to the depths of Russia. Deotima nobly resolved to follow her father, and only received permission to do so on consenting to submit to the indignities and civil disabilities which attach to deportation in Russia. The spot selected for their banishment is a little village called Jadzina, in the government of Kazan. A letter received in the winter from Deotima described their condition as miserable in the extreme. With the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero, father and daughter had no other covering at night than a little straw, and no other nourishment than tea and caviar. The inhabitants of the village have scarcely yet emerged from the condition of savages, and the most ordinary necessaries of every-day life are not to be had for love or money. Deotima washed her own and her father's linen with her own hands. Among the many acts of devotion to which the insurrection has given rise, it would be difficult to find one more touching than this. From an elegant *salon* at Warsaw to a peasant's cottage in the depths of

Russia, in winter, is a change which not many delicately brought-up young ladies would have the strength of mind to adopt voluntarily.

At an early hour next morning, we were informed that post-horses were waiting to convey us on our road to Lemberg, for we had again determined to risk the dangers of the road in preference to the usual method of travelling by rail. As it is a quite unheard-of thing for travellers to visit the interior of Poland at any time for pleasure, we felt confident that, in the present disturbed state of the country, we should astonish both Russians and natives, and, unless fortune altogether abandoned us, meet with some sort of adventure. We were, however, a good deal staggered at the appearance of the vehicle, which, on the payment of three pounds extra, had been furnished by the postmaster for our journey, as a particularly *recherché* travelling-carriage. Imagine a thing on four wheels combining the nature and appearance of a hearse, a prisoners' van, and an omnibus, and you will have a very fair notion of the vehicle, in which our luggage had been already stowed away. The little windows of the bloated conveyance did not hold out much hope of seeing the country, and a most decided impression that we had been "done" came over us. We began to reproach ourselves for not having gone to the Jews for a "Gelegenheit," or "opportunity"—the universal name for a travelling-carriage—a somewhat far-fetched use of the abstract for the concrete. Wonderful structures are some of these "opportunities," rendering the first few voyages along the two or three high-roads of which Poland can boast highly interesting to the curious traveller. According

to the Jewish proprietor, his horses will go "like the wind," or sometimes "like a bird," whereas, if you take the trouble to inspect the beasts for yourself, you perceive that their wind has gone long ago, and that they have only three legs. However, by setting the right way about it (which means paying double price), you can get good horses and carriage from the Jews, from whom in Poland you can get everything else good, though the first specimens set before you are always inferior. On further reflection, we sent for a britska, of which we had already had many painful experiences, but from which you see the country so admirably, that we determined to sacrifice our comfort for three or four days. The britska, however, was so long in coming that we lost patience, and finally set off in the prisoners' van, dismally reflecting on the probable number of days we should take up in performing the 250 miles which we had before us. Feeling somewhat as if our present position was in some way connected with our imprisonment of the night before, particularly when we passed the "eleventh circle," we rolled along the ill-paved streets, over the rickety wooden bridge, through the dreary waste places of the suburb of Praga, past the Cossack camp, with the long lances piled in front of each tent, and the uncouth little horses with towering saddles tethered behind, and finally out of the Lublin barrier, after going through the usual formalities of displaying passports and getting our names and occupations entered in the books. The poor man made a great hash of this, and seemed only too glad to dismiss us, which he did without examining our van, which was big enough to hold arms and provisions for an

army. I must not omit to mention that the day before we started we had been provided by the National Government with a passport, for which we had not applied, but which was brought to me at my hotel by an individual who said he understood we were going to pass through a part of the country where we might fall in with insurgents. Some half-dozen miles from Warsaw the high road branches off in two directions, the turning to the left leading to the great fortress of Brzesc Litewski, on the Bug, the frontier of the Kingdom of Poland and Lithuania; that on the right, to Lublin and the Galician frontier. The first of these roads was that formerly taken by the trains of prisoners bound for Siberia, who are now forwarded by rail to Moscow, for fear of a rescue by the insurgents *en route*. We took the second of these two roads, and soon came up with a Russian column making their mid-day halt at a post-station. The ground was literally carpeted by dirty brown-coated soldiers, sleeping in all kinds of strange attitudes, suggestive of a battle-field strewn with slain. One of our party, in the innocence of his heart and with perfect guilelessness of purpose, approached the major commanding, with a large note-book open, and politely requested to be informed of the number of men under his orders. The major, who was deliberating on the expediency of having us searched, was so taken aback by the artlessness of the question, that he had nothing for it but to reply that he had a battalion, which was duly entered in the note-book.

Among the officers was an exceedingly gentlemanly doctor, who spoke English perfectly, and was whiling away the time with "Lady Audley's Secret." He

informed us that they were expecting to be attacked at any moment, and assured us that if we only stayed with them we were certain to see some fighting. However, as in the event of a fight we had no wish to be found on the Russian side, we did not avail ourselves of the offer, but drove on a-head. We were a good deal surprised to observe a bevy of ladies in the centre of the line of march, and a very distinguished individual in uniform with any number of orders on his breast, travelling in a most elegant brougham, with a coronet on the panels. We afterwards learned that this hero was the newly-appointed civil governor of Lublin, thus pursuing his way under escort. If this was the civil governor, we wondered what the military governor would be like. Besides this distinguished personage and his household, the troops were escorting a train of military stores and a considerable amount of money to liquidate the arrears of pay due to the six or seven thousand men forming the garrison of Lublin. Devoutly hoping that this prize might fall into the hands of the insurgents, we pursued our way, and shortly came upon a body of Cossacks who had been sent on to feel the way. Passing these wild fellows (they were most of them asleep) without being subjected to any examination, we drove rapidly on to the next post station, some ten miles distant, and gave notice of the approach of the Russian force. We found the landlord of the inn in a state of some excitement, for he had just returned from an insurgent camp some five miles off, which he had been provisioning.

Between Warsaw and Lublin—a distance of some eighty miles—this detachment on the march was the

only trace of Russian troops we came across. This appeared very unaccountable, as we had understood that the high roads were occupied by very strong detachments, while the by-roads were left almost entirely unguarded. This latter statement we subsequently found by personal experience to be well-grounded, for we had occasion to make a *détour* of a couple of days, passing through numerous villages, where the Russians seemed never to have been heard of. The district was entirely in the possession of the Poles, and unarmed insurgents walked about fearlessly, and lived comfortably among the inhabitants. I now had to change my idea of the position of an insurgent in the Kingdom of Poland. Up to this time I had pictured him to myself in constant danger, living continually in the woods, and hunted about from place to place, till finally run into by Russian bloodhounds. I now discovered that, owing to the fact that the Russians have no hold whatever of the country, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the railways, high-roads, and considerable towns, it was quite possible for unarmed insurgents to live unmolested in the villages and small towns, ready at any moment to betake themselves to the woods when summoned to arms. On this principle it was easy to understand how the insurrection might live through the winter, even though it should be a severe one. The ubiquitousness of the Russian troops has been much exaggerated. The fact is, that they were afraid to move about in small bodies, because whenever they did so, they were cut to pieces by the insurgents, and it is obvious that it would only have been possible to occupy the villages with small bodies of soldiers.

Night had unfortunately set in before we reached the woods at Szwyrzin, where the insurgents under General Kruck gained their brilliant victory over the Russians, capturing two guns and some 50,000 roubles, leaving 200 of the enemy dead on the field and taking nearly as many prisoners. The handsome treatment of these last by the Polish general, who set them all at liberty and furnished each man with enough to pay his way to Lublin, that they might have no excuse for robbing the inhabitants on the way, was quite thrown away upon the Russians, who, with brilliant exceptions, have not the capacity to appreciate an act of generosity. It is, however, impossible to conceal the fact that Kruck only made a virtue of necessity; but then he made it so neatly, especially in the matter of the gratuity, that he deserves infinite credit. The Poles have no possible means of keeping prisoners when they have taken them, so they are driven either to shoot or hang them, or let them go free, exacting (for what it is worth—and a Russian soldier's word would fetch very little in the market)—a promise from them not to serve again. So far this was not driving the prisoners to wanton perjury, as it enabled the Poles to shoot them the second time they fell into their hands with a clear conscience. In a life and death, or more properly speaking a death struggle, the insurgents could not afford to be too nice.

The second night of our journey, as we were driving along the banks of the Vistula in the bright moonlight, quite forgetful of Russians and insurgents, so calm and peaceful was everything about us, we were suddenly accosted in a commanding voice from a cart which met us, and ordered to halt. Our coachman at once pulled

up, and at the same time three individuals descended from the cart, two of whom—fine stalwart fellows—mounted guard over us, while the third, in the politest manner possible, demanded our business. By the light of the moon I made out the silver white eagle on his cap and belt, and by his uniform I had no difficulty in recognising an insurgent officer. He was a dapper, determined-looking little fellow, and there was something very business-like in the way he examined the national passport, which he demanded at once. The passport with which we were furnished being good for three persons, was of a different nature to the neat little document carried about by the Poles, which is printed on very thin paper, and about the size of half a dozen postage stamps. It is made of such slender proportions, that, in the event of being captured by the Russians, the owner may swallow his passport without its causing him much inconvenience. The seal, however, at once satisfied the officer, who proceeded to inform us that he belonged to the detachment of Liniewski; which consisted of between 1,500 and 2,000 men, well armed and well fed, of the truth of which statement we had three proofs before us. We at once expressed an eager desire to visit the camp, and were much disappointed at learning it was too far off to render this possible. With much regret we parted from our polite friend, wondering whether the insurgents would have the luck to intercept the money and stores under convoy to Lublin.

In the course of our journey we visited Pulawy, the world-renowned palace of Prince Czartoryski, with its shady walks sloping down to the Vistula, and temples and works of art buried in luxuriant foliage. After the

insurrection of 1831, in which Prince Adam—he who in his youth was the chosen friend of the Emperor Alexander I.—took so active a part, the whole of the estates of the Czartoryski family, situate in the Russian dominions, were confiscated, and the Czartoryskis forced into exile to avoid the dreaded journey to Siberia. The palace is now turned into an agricultural college, where some 200 pupils were learning to make their fortunes by farming, when the insurrection broke out, and the whole 200 joined the insurgents in a body, leaving a goodly staff of professors, who were shrewd enough to stay on, and draw their salaries, to haunt the shady groves, and wander through empty class-rooms. Desperately needing some sort of excitement, this learned body gave a great supper in our honour, to which all the notables in the place were invited. Festivities were kept up to a late hour, and the memory of a speech made in Polish by one of the English party will doubtless take its place among the traditions of the locality. I may add, without any intention of connecting the two events, that the speaker was taken violently ill next day, and was not himself again for some time afterwards.

Ten days before our visit the opposite bank of the Vistula had been the scene of an engagement, which was terminated by nightfall, and renewed next morning with unimportant results. The Poles seem to have retired across the river, knowing the Russians would not pursue them, as the troops operating on the right and left banks of the Vistula have directions not to encroach on a beat which has not been assigned to them. In the present case, however, the Russians took to firing across the river, not hitting a single insurgent, but wounding a poor girl

and a Jew. I saw the former in hospital, presenting the saddest spectacle, for her wound was doing very badly. They told me that ten days ago she had been a pretty, healthy-looking girl, but her intense sufferings seemed to have turned her into a wrinkled old woman. The Jew, I presume, was cared for by his own people, but I did not feel equal to investigating the point.

From Pulawy we made an excursion to Kasimierz, architecturally the most characteristic town I visited in Poland. Stretching amid gardens and orchards along a wide reach of the Vistula, at the foot of the ruined castle celebrated as the scene of the amours of Kasimir the Great and the beautiful Jewish maiden Esther, who emulated her namesake in winning the royal favour for her people, the town of Kasimierz is as inviting a looking place as you could well meet with. In the market-place several old houses, one mass of curious carving, more like the Ritter-haus at Heidelberg than anything I can think of, only more rude, afford the most perfect specimens of the Polish style of architecture, probably of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, though it is impossible to fix the date with anything like certainty. Besides its celebrity as a favourite residence of Kasimir, Kasimierz became later the great emporium whence the abundant harvests of the district of Sandomir, celebrated for the richness of its grain all over Europe, found their way down the Vistula to Dantzic, then the great Polish sea-port, and thence to the markets of the countries washed by the Baltic and German Ocean.

Before reaching Lublin we halted at a village, where we learned some very interesting particulars relating to the feeling of the peasantry, from the "wojt," or head

of the parish, which included in this case thirteen villages, each represented by a "soltys," or *chef de commune*. He informed us that on the outbreak of the insurrection General Kruszczew sent for all the soltyses to attend him at Lublin. On the appointed day they appeared at the palace, and were ushered into the presence of the general, who received them most graciously. He then proceeded to explain to them that the Poles had risen against the Emperor, and ended by requiring them to furnish armed peasant guards in every village to arrest straggling insurgents, by way of showing their loyalty to the Czar. This proposition was received with grave suspicion by the representatives of the communes, and, on deliberation, much to the general's disgust, they absolutely rejected it. Perceiving that there was no persuading them, General Kruszczew flew into a passion, and tried what threats would do. The soltyses, however, remaining firm, the governor lost all control over himself, and, after abusing them, as only a Russian can, had them bundled unceremoniously into the streets. Some days later he thought he would try what he could do with the wojts, but met with just the same success. Had the peasants consented to form village guards, the insurrection must have been put down in a few weeks, as in that case no insurgent would have dared to show his face in any village, or ever to venture out of the woods. For it must be remembered that the peasants are everywhere, and would be indirectly very much more formidable in many ways than regular troops, ignorant of the country. In Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine, where peasant-guards were stationed at both ends of every village, the insurrection lasted generally two or three

days, while the band of Ruzicki alone maintained itself for something under three weeks.

My friend the Wojt informed me further that, not long before our visit, an insurgent detachment under Koslowski, some 1,500 strong, and half composed of peasants, had passed the night in his village. On this fact coming to the knowledge of the authorities, he was sent for to Lublin, and narrowly escaped hanging for not announcing the fact to the nearest Russian commander.

Lublin is a clean, pleasant town, built on a hill and seen from afar. It abounds in public gardens, which were thronged with people, and not mostly Jews. The garrison consists of some 6,000 or 7,000 men, and I counted fifteen field-pieces on the esplanade alone.

From Lublin we proceeded to Krastnestaw, passing near the scene of Lelewel's defeat and death, celebrated, too, for the episode of Mr. Apel—of whom the *Times* will know nothing—and the Cossack. That the Cossack should have missed a sitting shot at a correspondent in a tree, does not say much for the shooting of this branch of the Russian army. At Krastnestaw, a considerable town, we found a strong Russian garrison, and we were detained a long time at the entrance of the place by a bevy of officers, who gave themselves and us a great deal of unnecessary trouble about our passports. An officer, whom we met late at the inn, asked us point blank whether public feeling in England was with them or the Poles; to which one of our party replied without hesitation, "With the Poles." On parting the officer said good naturedly, "I wish you a better opinion of us." Between Krastnestaw and Zamosc, a strong for-

tress, which the high-road skirts, we met a body of cavalry and infantry retiring in considerable disorder, half the latter being disarmed. From Zamosc to Tomaszow, the frontier town, a distance of twenty-five miles, we saw no traces of Russian troops, and drove through the barrier into Austrian territory as quietly as one drives out of Hyde Park into Piccadilly.

Before reaching Lemberg, I was prostrated by a violent attack of fever, and must have succumbed entirely, but for the kindness of my two companions. As it was, I just managed to crawl to my destination and get to bed at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I was attended to most kindly by Dr. Ziembicki, who refused persistently to take any fees for attendance. At the expiration of twelve days, my doctor allowed me to leave for England, cautioning me against any sort of unnecessary exertion. This caution, however, appeared to me quite superfluous, as I could not walk a quarter of a mile unsupported.

Leaving Lemberg on October 6th, I reached England by slow stages on October 13th, having traversed the entire length of Continental railways.

## CHAPTER XX.

### POSEN.

FINDING myself sufficiently recovered by the end of November, I set off once more for Poland, with the double object in view of continuing my correspondence with the *Daily News*, and completing my study of the country and language. I had not, as yet, experienced a Polish winter, nor enjoyed the opportunity of observing Poles under Prussian rule, so I selected Posen as my winter quarters. To reach Posen, I had to pass through Berlin. My journey was utterly devoid of incident, with the exception of a single amusing scene at the Prussian *douane*. A Polish lady in Paris had requested me to take charge of a doll, a Christmas present for her sister's children at Posen. This doll was clearly looked upon with grave suspicions at the custom-house, for the officials took it out of the case I had had made expressly for it—it was three feet long—weighed it, squeezed it, pinched it and shook it, expecting to find it stuffed with dangerous matter of some sort. However, they could discover nothing treasonable about it, and returned it to me at the expiration of twenty minutes, with the following bill:—

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| To three pounds of cotton stuff, in combination with wood and pasteboard, at eighteen pence per pound . . . . . | 4 | 6 |

*Or, as the original ran—*

| | *th.* | *s.g.* |
|---|---|---|
| Drei Pfund baumwollene Zeugwaaren in Verbindung mit Holz und Pappe, zu 15 Silbergroschen per Pfund . . . . | 1 | 15 |

Offering nothing to interest the ordinary traveller, as the guide-books would say, Posen is yet a place where a great deal may be found to study. My friends in Berlin pitied me for leaving the gaiety of a capital, to pass the Christmas holidays in a miserable provincial town like Posen; and certainly Berlin did present a very cheerful spectacle, all decked out with green like our churches in England. From the appearance of the market-places, you would have said that the young fir woods, finding it slow in the country, had come to pass Christmas in Berlin, and taken up their quarters in its squares, lending life and warmth to the bare planes and lindens, which looked before as if nothing could persuade them to enjoy Christmas. But the dead old trees were not destined long to enjoy the companionship of the young firs, on which the inhabitants soon commenced a raid, and carried them off home to make Christmas trees of them. All Berlin seemed for the moment turned into a stage, on which foot passengers and cabs, each armed with a young fir-tree, were performing the intricate evolutions of a ballet. Tearing myself from this scene of merriment, I turned my face eastward and made for Posen, anticipating difficulty from the fact that the Berlin police had, thanks to the ingenuity of a commissionaire whom I employed, viséd my passport for Vienna, a place I had not the remotest intention of visiting. I experienced, however, no sort of inconvenience, and was not once asked for my passport.

It is a curious sight to watch the passengers on a

Polish railroad in winter. Without intending to cast any reflection on the manners of the inhabitants of the country, which are exceedingly polished, I cannot compare their external appearance to anything else than that of a lot of bears. From head to foot they are one great mass of fur. Those who do not wear fur boots, put their feet into a fur bag, just as the Grenadier Guards did in the Crimea, when they first found out that the real use of their bearskins was to keep their feet and not their heads warm. Whether it really is cold or no, when they set out on their journey, travellers encase themselves in fur, for the temperature changes in Poland with astonishing rapidity. In the course of two or three days, I have experienced a difference of forty degrees.

If there were nothing else attractive at Posen, the traveller would be quite repaid for his journey by the infinite entertainment to be found in the market-place at Christmas time. The week between Christmas and the New Year is the period for engaging servants, and on St. Stephen's Day the last year's wages are paid, so that the towns are brimful of peasants, looking out for new engagements, and spending their earnings at the booths which line the market-place and drive a flourishing Christmas trade. The market-place itself, with the picturesque old Rathhaus, in the best style of Polish mediæval architecture, and its curious old fountain, where a satyr of stone holds high over the heads of the people a nymph whom he has just plucked out of the water, would alone furnish an interesting study to the painter, without the motley crowd of peasants with which it is crowded on holidays. The women with

their scarlet, green, and yellow dresses and head-gear, presented the appearance of a bed of flowers in full bloom: nor was the dress of the men less various, though more sober. Each village was characterised by its peculiar costume; these wearing green embroidered with grey; those, long blue overcoats curiously worked with black braid; and others again, snow-white sheepskins with black collars and cuffs, reminding one of Campagna shepherds, while for head-gear, some wore the square scarlet cloth cap, edged with black fur, others busbies with blue or red tassels, while not a few sported broad-brimmed beavers. It was highly amusing to watch the simple fellows making their purchases, the one fitting on a new cap, and surveying himself in the looking-glass, while at the next booth a second is infinitely puzzled to know which to choose of two precisely similar pots of pomatum. Decidedly the most popular were the booths of the vendors of pictures, where Mdlle. Pustowojtow (Langiewicz's female aide-de-camp) figured by the side of the Princess Royal and the Virgin Mary. I was anxious to find out for myself the truth as to the common belief that one half of the inhabitants of the Duchy of Posen is German. Of the crowd of peasants collected in the market-place, for one who spoke German I could have counted twenty who spoke Polish, and that too, be it remembered, in the very centre, where German influence is strongest. A most amusing scene, which bears upon this point, took place under my own observation. A Polish peasant, rather the worse for drink, hearing a policeman speaking German, went up to him and asked him what he meant by talking to them in German, adding that he ought to speak Polish. The policeman

looked exceedingly foolish, not knowing what to reply. Then turning to me, supposing me to be a German, remarked, "The fellow says I may not speak German, devil take him" (der Teufel soll ihn holen).

With regard to the town of Posen itself, it is impossible to deny that its general aspect is more German than Polish, and that for one Polish tradesman you find half a dozen German, exclusive of the Jews, who in Posen find formidable competitors in German traders. However, the wealthiest merchants are Jews, and to give an idea of what some of them are worth, I may mention that one of them the other day purchased a landed estate of a Polish nobleman for the sum of 1,500,000 thalers (225,000*l.*). The population of the town of Posen nearly reaches the total of 60,000, of which number barely 15,000 are Poles. Of the entire population of the grand duchy, on the other hand, which amounts to 1,200,000 souls, at least 800,000 must be considered as Poles. The Government statistics, it is true, tell a very different story, but then it is necessary to understand the manner of procedure in taking the census. The population of the Grand Duchy of Posen is divided into three classes, the first class being composed of persons who only speak German; the second, of those who speak German and Polish; the third, of such as only speak Polish. In the Government census, however, the first two classes figure as one, and as soon as a Polish peasant speaks half a dozen words of German he is supposed to have shaken off his Polish nationality, and become German to the backbone. On this principle, every educated Pole in the grand duchy, who is forced to employ the German language in the transaction of his business, is declared to be

a German. Thus, when you have the key, it becomes easy to understand the Government figures.

The peasants have not much other notion of a holiday than as an occasion of getting intoxicated, and I saw men and women alike rolling about the streets in all directions. The demand for steady legs was much greater than the supply, so that two drunken fellows were obliged to make common cause, and bear each other's infirmities. In this state, parties meeting in the street, fell to and kissed one another, swearing eternal friendship. Few went home without a bottle under their arm, and I was amused to see one fellow offer a sentinel a drink as he passed out of the town. But the richest scene of all took place in the fish-market, which is a study in itself. In the centre is a square pond, constantly supplied by a fresh stream of running water. Each vendor of fish, besides his tub, in which the fish are kept for sale alive on the edge of the pond, is the proprietor of a platform built out into the pond. In the centre of the platform is a trap-door, which communicates with the stew in the pond, where the fish are kept which are not immediately wanted for sale. The whole arrangement brought vividly before me the description given by Herodotus of the dwellers on Lake Prasias, in Thrace, where explorations are, I believe, going on at the present time in connexion with the late discoveries made in the Swiss lakes. I failed to discover the posts to which, as Herodotus tells us, the little children were tied by the leg, for fear they should tumble down through the trap-doors, nor did I hear that the inhabitants fed their horses on fish. I was regarding this scene with considerable curiosity, when my attention was attracted by a peasant,

as usual more or less intoxicated, negotiating for the purchase of two fine carp. When the bargain was concluded, he drew a very small handkerchief out of his pocket and spread it on the ground, and proceeded to place the fish, which were still alive, in it. Do what he would, he couldn't get both fish into the handkerchief at the same time. As fast as one wriggled in, the other wriggled out, and the poor fellow's patience was sorely tried.

It is the custom in Poland to eat no meat on Christmas Eve. Against the negative portion of the ordinance I have nothing to say, but I do feel bound to protest against its positive side, which prescribes a most unsavoury diet as a substitute. I was reminded strangely of a certain Arab dinner which it was once my misfortune to share, and after which I was taken violently ill. Polish dishes are excellent things when you get used to them, and especially for once in a way; but when you have to dine off raisin soup, carp stewed with sultanas, and poppy-pudding, it becomes too much of a good thing. The idea of the poppy-pudding is that it should send you into a deep sleep, in which you see all sorts of blessed visions, which is strangely at variance with the wording of the vespers for Christmas Eve, in which the following passage occurs: *Procul recedant somnia, et noctis phantasmata.* As it is the custom in Polish cities, as at Rome, to pass the night in making pilgrimages from one church to another, the poppy-pudding hardly has a fair chance of working.

Christmas Day, looked forward to in happy England by young and old alike, is to the Poles but a dreadful day of reckoning. In the family circle, the gaps alone

are felt, and the dead or exiled seem to fill the room with their absence.

I took my Christmas dinner with a Polish family, to whom I had brought an introduction from Paris, but I felt all the time as if I was intruding where I had no business, and took an early opportunity of beating a retreat.

Anything less like a Christmas dinner than that melancholy meal, at which all the guests appeared in deep mourning, I could not conceive, and I felt it a relief to get out once more into the market-place.

Two days after Christmas Day I left Posen on a visit to the country house of a large landed proprietor in the neighbourhood. The arrival of an English traveller at a Polish chateau in winter is a sufficiently rare event to create some excitement—at any rate, among the younger members of the family. On my arrival, the granddaughter of my host—an old veteran who fought by the side of Napoleon in most of his campaigns—gave the alarm, declaring that a strange man had got into the house, and was talking a most unintelligible language—it wasn't French, and she could not make out what it was. The weather on the day of my arrival was to the last degree unpleasant—a cold, raw wind driving the rain into one's face, but during the night the rain turned to snow, and the whole country had changed its aspect of yesterday. The old chateau, an extremely picturesque but comfortless residence, looked as if it did not like the change at all, and appeared actually to shiver, like a broken-down old man in threadbare clothes. The air of disorder which cannot fail to strike the English traveller in many of the chateaux in France and Ger-

many, was, in this instance, brought out in an exaggerated degree. The old soldier who inhabits it, while ever ready for any new agricultural enterprise, and willing to adopt the latest inventions, yet will not have a brick of his old chateau touched. But for the friendly support of some brick arches, which counteract its decided slope to the southward, the whole building must have toppled over long ago. Regular in form, which consists of a centre and two wings, but most irregular in detail, the old chateau is guilty of every sort of architectural impropriety. From the look of it, you could see that it had from the beginning a will of its own, and would not submit to be tied down to conventionalities. The old house has clearly had a hard life of it, and the place of it will soon know it no more, so let me hasten to describe it while I may.

Unlike most Polish country residences, which can boast of no upper regions, the chateau is three-storied, of which the middle story alone is occupied by the family. The main entrance is of a most intricate nature, and almost baffles description. A huge square portico—a curious mixture of brick and wood—into which two square and two round apertures let in light and air, projects from the centre of the building. A yawning archway in the middle leads to the lower regions, while a winding staircase turning sharp to the left conducts the visitor to a wooden platform, on to which the entrance-hall opens. The small square windows on the ground floor, carefully barred, and innocent of glass, are suggestive of troublous times, and sieges which the chateau may have stood; while the upper windows display an attempt at Gothic pointed arches in wood-

work. Like the walls, which gape with many a crack, the window-frames are very rickety, and seem to forget that it is their duty to keep out the wind. At night, you may hear them rattling in harmony with the screech of the owls which inhabit the clump of woods immediately at the back of the house. The damp and mould, which long ago seized the lower extremities of the old chateau, are rapidly spreading upwards, and the once white plaster has changed to a greenish hue. Three forlorn-looking water-butts catch as much of the rain from the roof as does not find its way into the house, and appear quite in keeping with the rest of the picture. At the back, the general air of desolation is intensified by the gloomy shade of the pine-trees, whose branches, swayed to and fro by the wind, brush up against the windows. A curious balcony of carved wood, communicating with a spiral iron staircase leading down into the garden, forms the only egress from the upper regions on this side of the chateau. Altogether, so strange and weird an air pervades the place, that the ingenuity of the novelist could hardly picture a spot more fitted for the scene of some wild adventure.

In remarkable contrast to the rickety old chateau, are the substantial brick farm-buildings which belong to it. The wooden sheds, their predecessors, were some years since taken to their well-earned rest, falling victims to a fire which consumed them all in a single night. My host conducted me, with evident pride, through the various departments, which reflected the greatest credit on his enterprise. In one shed, some fifty cows were ranged on either side, while this and last year's calves were kept separately at each end. In another, upwards

of 1,000 Spanish sheep were housed in the most admirable order, and protected from the outside cold. The rams—the fathers of the flock—were ranged in the first pen, and after these the ewes, succeeded by the lambs according to their ages. After the sheep we visited the horses, and then a huge shed where the agricultural implements were put by for the winter. In the yard a threshing-machine was hard at work, while in a neighbouring barn winnowing was going on after the old fashion of tossing the grain and chaff together into the air. The well-filled granaries and barns bursting with unthreshed corn were so suggestive of plenty and prosperity, that I forgot for the moment that I was not in a more favoured land. An asylum for the houseless poor—most necessary in a country where there are no poor laws—and a hospital for the labourers, showed that my host was not careless of the wants of his dependents. Some thirty unmarried men and women, who work on the estate, receive board and lodging in separate quarters, and some forty married couples, each of whom possess a cottage and an acre of garden-ground, are scattered over the farm, which consists of 1,300 acres. A neat chapel, built by the present owner, provides for the spiritual wants of the people, who fully appreciate their master's care for them. Quite a patriarchal order of things reigns, and it were good for the country were such examples more often to be met with. Referring to a neighbouring proprietor, well known for his chivalrous courtesy, who died not long ago, my host remarked to me, jestingly, "He was the last true Pole; we are a degenerate lot, embarking, as we do, in agricultural and other enterprises."

While our days were spent in shooting, or inspecting the farming operations, the evening hours sped quickly away in listening to my host's recollections of Napoleon's campaigns, and I was only sorry that my stay necessarily was so short.

In the villages in the neighbourhood of Posen, you find neither church nor resident minister, the result of which is, that those of the villagers who are unequal to the walk of, in some cases, twelve or fourteen miles there and back to their parish church in Posen, have no opportunity of religious worship from one year's end to the other; while those who accomplish the distance rarely content themselves with attendance at mass, but in most cases finish the day in the taverns of the city. The more moderate drinkers return home in a cheerful state of intoxication at four or five o'clock, affording infinite entertainment to the chance pedestrian on any of the roads leading out of Posen. The inveterate topers, on the other hand, who think nothing of swallowing upwards of a quart of raw brandy at a sitting, remain till nine or ten in the evening, and how they ever get home at all is a mystery not so easily solved. Nor must it be supposed that the women form any exception to this rule. As they share the field-labour of the men, so they think themselves entitled to share their potations; and thus the distressing scenes which too often disgrace cottage-life in England, where the drunken husband beats his industrious and sober wife on his return home, are obviated by the husband and wife returning together both drunk alike.

Although the peasants in every village may be divided into three distinct classes, of which the first possesses

house and land, the second house without land, while the third is merely master of its own industry, there is no perceptible difference whatever in the style of their dwellings. It would appear that the only notion which a peasant has of bettering himself in the world is of reaching a position where his facility of getting drunk shall be enlarged. It requires an experienced eye to find out the village public-house, for it is only distinguishable from the rest of the cottages by a minute signboard attached to the wall, not hung in front of the door, on which a bottle of brandy, a knife and fork, a sausage, and a loaf of bread, are commonly represented; whereas in Russian Poland and Galicia the village-inns are almost invariably kept by Jews; in the Grand Duchy of Posen it is quite the exception where the landlord is not a Christian.

True it is that in that part of Poland which has fallen to Prussia the country is fairly provided with good roads, but it is little advantage that these roads have brought to the villages. Instead of passing through the middle of the villages, as in England, and bringing civilization to the doors of the cottages, the roads, constructed in a military point of view, merely serve to connect town with town. The villages in most cases lie at some little distance off the road, and clearly hold aloof from it, as from a thing belonging to a different civilization to themselves. If the village lies by the roadside, the road will merely touch one extremity, instead of passing through it. The traveller who is curious enough to make a *détour* into the village will very soon regret that he has done so, seeing that he has to run the gauntlet of a formidable array of

loose watch-dogs, each keeping guard over the premises in the absence of the master in the fields. What little time for observation is left between the intervals of the assaults of the dogs will be amply sufficient for all that is of interest in the village. The blacksmith, if there be one, is perhaps the only man, except the schoolmaster, who speaks German, for the smith's trade is one in which Poles rarely embark. From this individual, if you do not get any other information, you will learn where the schoolmaster lives. When you have threaded your way to the cottage indicated through the miry lanes, in which you will sink over your ankles in mud if the ground be not frozen hard, instead of substantial airy buildings, such as I had been led to expect from all I had heard of the care of the Prussian Government for the education of the people, you will find a small close room, only capable of containing, with any regard to health, a quarter of the children stuffed into it. You then make the discovery that, although every peasant is liable to be fined who does not send all his children to school between the ages of six and twelve, practically only one-third of the qualified number can be crammed into the schoolroom. Notwithstanding, the average condition of the peasantry in the Grand Duchy of Posen is superior to that of their fellows under Austrian or Russian rule.

I shall not be exceeding the truth in assuming that three-fourths of the peasantry of the Grand Duchy of Posen belong to the Polish nationality. The one-fourth, which remains to be accounted for, mainly consists of German colonists, who may be divided into two classes, the Bambri or Bamberger, so called from their native

Bamberg in Bavaria, and the Hauländer, a name derived variously from the word "Hauen" (to hew), because they live in clearances in the forest, or, from the country Holland. Of these two classes, the Bambri belong to the Roman Catholic religion, and have become almost completely fused with the Polish peasantry, in most cases speaking Polish among themselves, though most of them understand German. The immigration of the Bambri is of very ancient date—so ancient, that for the most part they are not aware that they belong to a foreign stock. As many of their villages lie about Posen, I enjoyed frequent opportunities of investigating the truth for myself; and even where a peasant has replied to me in German, he has almost invariably declared himself to be a Pole. In this respect the peasant in the Grand Duchy of Posen presents a remarkable contrast to his fellow in Galicia. Go into a Galician village, and ask the first peasant you meet what he calls himself, and the chances are he will reply, "Ich bin Kaiserlich;" that is to say, "I am Imperial;" or, in other words, "I have nothing to do with the proprietor here, and am ready to do whatever the Bezirksamtmann tells me." The result is, that the position of a landowner in Galicia is rendered almost intolerable by this immoral traffic, carried on between the Government and the peasantry. Suppose that in England the inhabitants of the villages were rewarded by the Government for thwarting the owners of the soil, whenever occasion should arise, and systematically were to take their cue from the attorney in the nearest town, and you will have some idea of the painful position of the proprietors in Galicia On the other hand, go into a village in

the Duchy of Posen, and put the same question to the peasant, and he will answer you at once, "Ich bin ein Pole," even though he should be a Bamberger, and of German origin. As to the Hauländer, who belong to the Protestant faith, their immigration is more recent, and they have retained their German nationality to a much greater extent.

If the Austrian Government had merely neglected the education of the Galician peasantry, it would have been lamentable, but only a sin of omission analogous to what many other Governments have been guilty of; but her great sin is one of commission, in keeping the peasantry in ignorance, in order to sow in their minds with greater effect the seeds of the most immoral doctrine which a Government ever took measures to disseminate among its subjects. The fact is, that as it is the misfortune of the Austrian Empire to consist of a mass of heterogeneous elements, so it is the necessity of her existence to play off the various nationalities one against the other, and, what is more immoral still, the educated classes of each nationality against the uneducated. In many respects it were truer to speak of Austria than of Turkey as the sick man of Europe. All her energies are devoted to keeping herself alive instead of to governing her subjects. Like most invalids, she is too much taken up with her own ailments to have time to look to the proper education of her children. You may often hear English schoolboys, when they wish to express that any one has not yet paid the debt of nature, say of an individual, "that he is alive and kicking." Now, this phrase precisely expresses the condition of Austria—she is alive, and always kicking,

whether it be in Galicia, Bohemia, Venetia, or Hungary. Now, though in the case of an individual, the fact of his kicking may convey to his friends the confidence that the person in question is in possession of an uncommon amount of vitality, yet in the case of an Empire these kicks convey rather the notion of the approaching death struggle.

Happily for her, it is only in the Grand Duchy of Posen that Prussia is reduced to the necessity of showing her vitality by kicking. Here alone she finds herself face to face with a foreign element, and her strength as a German Power is so much weakened by the complications which arise from the luxury, which she persists in indulging in, of oppressing a nationality. The stranger who from the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies at Berlin looks down on the assembled representatives of the nation cannot fail to be struck with the compact harmony of the German element, marred only by those three benches of Polish members who sit immediately to the left of the tribune. Then let him go to Vienna, and consider the infinite diversity of nationalities which are ranged before him on the benches of the Reichsrath, and, by using his eyes alone, he will acquire a more correct idea of the respective strength and weakness of the so-called two great German Powers than any amount of reading would give him.

Having, then, but a single foreign element to deal with, Prussia has enjoyed a very confined sphere for developing the talent of playing off nationalities against each other, and setting the uneducated against the educated classes of the community, a science in which Austria has proved herself so proficient. If she

has succeeded in Germanizing the towns of the Grand Duchy of Posen to a far greater extent than Austria has in robbing them of their Polish aspect in Galicia, on the other hand, her efforts to gain over the peasantry have been crowned with a very small measure of success compared with that of Austria. This result is attributable to a variety of circumstances. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that a deep-seated feud exists between the German and Polish nationalities, and that the two come into much more decided conflict in the Grand Duchy of Posen than in Galicia. A glance at the map will show at once the different circumstances of the two provinces. While the Duchy of Posen, on the one hand, is surrounded on three sides by German territory, Galicia, on the other hand, is not touched at any point by Germany, properly so called. The result of this diversity of position is that, whereas there can be no mistake about the matter in Posen, the Galician peasantry are barely aware that in Austria they have a German power to deal with. The Prussian *employés* in the Grand Duchy of Posen belong to the purest type of German red-tapeism, rarely take the trouble to learn Polish, and are thus debarred from all immediate intercourse with the peasantry. Austria, on the other hand, has a very limited number of purely German *employés* at her disposal to plant with their wives and families in the towns of Galicia, and so to Germanize the province. The result is, that she is driven to employ such a motley staff of State servants in Galicia, that the peasantry are driven to their wits' end to know exactly with what power they have to deal. In one town you find an Italian, in another a Bohemian, in a third an Hungarian, and as

they all speak Polish, the peasantry are much more open to their influence. Both in the Duchy of Posen and in Galicia, when a peasant wishes to use the most aggravating term he can think of in abusing his neighbour, he calls him a "German dog" (pies niemiecki), an expression which sufficiently proves that no very amiable understanding exists between the two nationalities. Nothing would induce a Polish peasant to admit that he was a German, but he has no objection to be styled "Kaiserlich," a true liege of the Emperor. On the contrary, there is something in this phrase which takes his fancy, and he struts about his village, wearing with great satisfaction the Imperial arms on his cap. In the word "Königlich," which is all Prussia has to offer to the peasant, there is no such charm, especially where it entails the unmistakable adoption of a nationality so hated as the German is in all Sclavonic lands.

Again, in considering the disadvantages under which Prussia labours in dealing with the peasantry as compared with Austria, the opposition between the religion of the Government and the people must not be left out of sight. Indeed, it would appear that the influence of a community of religion is even more potent with an uneducated peasantry than that of a common nationality. Towards the proof of this fact Galicia supplies a positive, and the Grand Duchy of Posen a negative instance. In Galicia you find a Catholic German Government gaining an extraordinary influence over a Catholic Polish peasantry, and in Posen, in the case of the Bamberger, you find a Protestant German Government losing its hold of a Catholic German peasantry. It is a fact, then, that Prussia, so far from winning

over the Polish peasantry in the Grand Duchy of Posen, actually finds one portion of those of German origin becoming more and more estranged from her.

The crucial years 1846 and 1848 will also throw light on the bearing of the Polish peasantry towards Austria and Prussia respectively. Whereas in Galicia you find the peasants cutting the throats of the proprietors, in Posen you find German officials and German troops flying for their lives before an infuriated peasantry. When, at the expiration of several months, Prussia could spare a sufficient force from other parts of the monarchy to put down the insurrection in Posen, she adopted measures by no means calculated to conciliate the peasantry. Instead of making political capital out of the opportunity by treating them leniently, she branded all her peasant prisoners on the neck and arm, and they naturally have acted ever since as so many living advertisements of the benevolent disposition of the Prussian Government. The remarkable contrast between the events of 1848 in Posen, and 1846 in Galicia—itself the effect of more deeply-seated causes—became in its turn one of the causes of the present diversity in the bearing of the peasantry towards the Austrian and Prussian Governments respectively.

In taking a comprehensive view of the whole question, the circumstance that the emancipation of the serfs took place in Prussia in 1823, and in Austria in 1848, must also be considered. In having the precious boon of giving the peasant his liberty still at her disposal, Austria here again, little as she deserved it, enjoyed a considerable advantage over Prussia. In the stormy year of 1848, Austria had still the valuable cargo of serfdom on board, which she lost no time in pitching into the sea to save the

ship, when the waves ran high. Prussia, on the other hand, had nothing immediately at her disposal wherewith to satisfy the hungry appetites of the peasantry, and in Posen she positively suffered for her enlightenment in bringing about the emancipation of the serfs twenty-five years earlier than Austria. In her case, if virtue was not its own reward, she had no other.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CONTRABAND VISIT TO RUSSIAN POLAND.

An opportunity presenting itself of visiting the frontier, combined with the possibility of passing a night or two in Russian Poland, without being subjected to the disagreeable ceremony of stripping to the skin for the edification of the custom-house authorities, I gladly availed myself of it. The prospect of leading the Cossacks a dance on the ice was too irresistible to permit of my thinking twice about accepting the offer of my friend, the proprietor of a village on the Russian shore of a picturesque lake, which divides the Grand Duchy of Posen from the Kingdom of Poland. He assured me that the ice was like glass, and, as skating is not an accomplishment much in vogue with the Cossacks, there seemed every probability of our getting off unscathed in case of pursuit. It is true that the costume of the Cossack is not complete without a long rifle, or double-barrel gun (stolen from some Polish sportsman, either murdered or undergoing imprisonment with a rope round his neck in the nearest town), but this weapon, though calculated to inspire terror when slung at the back of the wearer, in the hands of a Cossack is really not formidable. The Cossack is little more skilful at handling a fowling-piece than at disport-

ing himself on the ice. If he misses a sitting shot at a correspondent in a tree, as in the case of Mr. Apel, it is hardly probable that he would be more successful at bringing him down on the ice. Anyhow, the chances were so much in favour of the skater, that I determined to run the risk if the occasion should offer. There was, however, another circumstance to be taken into consideration, which might have turned out more disagreeable. I understood that the Prussian patrols were in the habit of taking a shot at any unauthorized individual discovered crossing the frontier, and, as the lake in question was half a mile across, the shooter would have ample time to take aim. If the Prussian military confined themselves to this amusement, there would still be a good deal to find fault with; but they did not scruple to pursue their game, whether wounded or not, into their neighbours' preserves, sometimes to the extent of four English miles, a species of neutrality which should be made public. In the Russian quarters, along the frontier, they were received with all the hospitality which they showed to Cossacks pushed by the insurgents into Prussian territory. So we resolved to carry our prudence to the length of waiting for nightfall to pass the lake. For the Prussians love beer more than they hate the Poles, to say nothing of their aversion to support the cold of a Polish winter night in the open.

It was exciting enough waiting on the banks of the lake. In the summer, the Prussian authorities of the little town of Powidz, with its red-roofed church and white houses, prese ting an appearance not unlike Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, took the precaution to seize all the boats on the lake, so that they fondly hoped

to have rendered the passage of insurgents impossible. It would appear, however, that that mysterious, invisible influence, called the National Government, had almost the waves and the winds at its command; at any rate, it could not only call boats from the deep, but they would come, and all through the summer this spot was selected as a favourite point of departure for detachments, entering the kingdom. Very different was the aspect of the lake in winter. Instead of pleasant greensward stretching down to the water's edge, chequered by "the shade of melancholy boughs," we had one vast white sheet spread out before us, so that where the land ended and the lake began could only be distinguished by considerable scrutiny. The boughs, indeed, had a most melancholy air, but did not by any means express "an humorous sadness."

When night set in, the moon gave just light enough to enable us easily to find the path, without rendering us conspicuous from a distance. A peasant, who had been across to reconnoitre, and who reported that the coast was clear, led the way. After skirting the borders of the lake till we found ourselves immediately opposite Kossewo, the village we were making for, we struck boldly across, and trusted that the Prussian patrols were carousing in the taverns of Powidz. There proved to be far too much snow to render skating feasible, but where the moon disclosed here and there a black patch of ice gleaming through the snow, I could see that my friend's comparison of it to a mirror had not been exaggerated. In places, the lake is supposed to be unfathomable, and is unsurpassed in its abundant supply of fish. At one moment the ice gave way under my

feet, with a thrilling crack, but it turned out only to be a bit of surface ice. Occasionally we cast a glance back at the lights of Powidz, and down the lake to Kochowo and Giwartewo, where we knew for certain that the Russians were established, but our main and steadfast gaze was directed to the opposite shore, where the trees and bushes seemed to offer most perfect shelter for "Objeszczyki," the terror of insurgents and individuals on contraband errands.

In less than a quarter of an hour we set foot on Russian soil in the neighbourhood of those unpleasant bushes, from which, happily, no crack of a rifle broke the creeping silence. Our anxiety was not yet at an end. However, much to our satisfaction, no human being encountered us except a peasant girl, who, recognising my companion, her master, went through the usual gestures intended to represent kissing his feet, but not actually reaching below his shins. Somewhat reassured by this act of obeisance, we approached the house for which we were making by a side entrance, which rendered passing through the village unnecessary. This was only a prudent precaution, as notwithstanding the fact that the peasantry of Kossewo were decidedly favourable to the insurrection, having joined the insurgent ranks in considerable numbers, it was still always possible to find spies among them. On entering the house, my friend found his mother in despair, as she had just received intelligence that the Russians, who but the day before had arrested the proprietor of the next village, having maltreated him shamefully, were about to make a revision on her premises, so that she momentarily expected their arrival. I therefore experienced,

for some twenty-four hours, the painful feeling of suspense which is the normal mental state of the educated classes in the Kingdom of Poland. It may be imagined that, under the circumstances, anything in the shape of real sleep was out of the question. The difference between writing from a country house in Russian Poland on the one hand, and the profound security of the town of Posen on the other, was painfully striking. It did not suffice to establish yourself in Warsaw (which, by the way, was then altogether prohibited), under the protection of your consul, and with your papers perfectly *en règle*. It was absolutely necessary that there should be a dash of contraband in your proceedings, which alone could give the key to the habitual insurgent frame of mind. To me it appeared inconceivable that the Polish proprietors had not gone mad *en masse* long ere this. My host, for instance, in the course of the summer, had to choose between being hung by the Russians—with whom he was unjustly supposed by his countrymen to be on too familiar terms—or by the Poles. He preferred the first alternative, and would have been hung had the Russians not been engaged in hanging his man of business, which just gave him time to escape across the frontier. From that time he had only dared from time to time to visit his home furtively for a night or two. On one occasion he saved himself by crouching in the bottom of a boat, half under water, while his house and garden were occupied by a hundred or two Russian soldiers. While I passed the night in his dining-room, my host dared not remain in his own residence, and slept in one of his peasant's cottages. In the morning we received intelligence that the

Russians had passed the night at a neighbouring village. Somewhat to my surprise, the drawing-room table was covered with periodicals pirated across the frontier, among which figured the Paris *L'Illustration*, with several graphic engravings of Russians throwing away their arms, and flying before Polish lancers. I should have thought it prudent to have removed these, but they were allowed to remain. Immediately under my eyes lay the card of a Prussian officer, who had called lately on his rounds. What business Lieutenant Kimeck, of his Prussian Majesty's Grenadier Regiment Colberg, had to conduct his patrol thus far on Russian territory will not be intelligible to any one unacquainted with the terms of the friendly convention between Russia and Prussia, dated February 8th, 1863. It came under my knowledge that, in the month of July last, one of a mixed party of druken Russian and Prussian soldiers, whether intentionally or by accident, shot dead a boy of seven years old, in the inn at Kochowo, a village belonging to the family with whom I was staying, and situated but three miles from Kossewo. As far as I could make out, the offender escaped without punishment. About the fact there could be no doubt, as the judicial authorities of Peisern—the nearest town—who sent persons to the spot to take the evidence, admitted that the boy met his death in the manner related above.

It was painful in the extreme to contrast the actual state of things on my host's estate, with what might have been had the circumstances of the country been happier. To look at the place you would have said that nowhere might life have glided on more smoothly. In the summer it must be a charming retreat. My

host assured me that so laden with sweet odours from his garden is the breeze which meets you as you approach the shore, that you could suppose it was wafted from some northern Araby. A perfect thicket of wild jasmine, lilac, laburnums, and acacia was suggestive of most delicious shade in summer, but wore a decidedly disconsolate air in mid-winter. It was, however, but little time which the pre-occupation of one's thoughts by the all-engrossing probability of approaching Russians left for indulging in reveries, and imagining how delightful it might have been to while away the mid-day hours of a summer day under the spreading boughs, when they did not droop with their weight of snow. The necessity of being prepared to bolt at any moment was not a favourable frame of mind for dreaming.

Nothing but a contraband visit to Russian Poland can make the traveller appreciate the advantage of having Prussian or Austrian authorities to deal with instead of Tartars; for the fact is, that during the last twelve months the Poles have so successfully scratched all the skin off the Russian that only the Tartar is left. During the night and day which I passed in the dominions of the Czar, without the permission of his Majesty's custom-house authorities, I was constantly kept in a state of alarm by the reports which were brought in from time to time of approaching Russians, and I frankly confess that not until I set foot again on the Prussian shore of the lake, did I breathe with anything like freedom. A flock of geese in front of the house, whether kept expressly for the purpose, or merely accidentally performing the functions of an alarum, I know not, seemed to be suffering from a chronic state of madness,

and filling the air with their cackling, considerably increased our excitement. If not in direct line from the geese which saved the Capitol, these Polish geese proved that they too could turn their cackling to the same account. An extensive forest extends to within five hundred yards of the village of Kossewo, and it is the habit of the Cossacks to proceed leisurely till they reach the limit of the wood, and then, putting their wiry little steeds to the full gallop, surprise the inhabitants before they can receive any warning of the approaching danger. Being aware of this, I naturally enough imagined, each time the geese indulged in their wild frenzy, that this phenomenon was taking place; but, happily for us, night set in, and no Cossacks had made their appearance. As the inhabitants of Troy made bold to issue from the city and visit the camp of the Greeks, believing them to have sailed away for good, so we went forth into the village and inspected the deserted station of the terrible Objeszczyki. The well-known lines in the Æneid—

> "Juvat ire, et Dorica castra,
> Desertosque videre locos, littusque relictum
> Hic Dolopum manus, hic sævus tendebat Achilles,"

—came vividly to my recollection; but I by no means shared the confidence of the Trojans, that the enemy was departed to return no more. Why Kossewo was deserted by Objeszczyki, I do not at all understand, as it is exactly a point which should have been guarded particularly carefully, as the lake is there at its narrowest breadth. As the village lies at the apex of a triangle, the Russians were content to occupy the base, along which the main road runs. I could now understand to what an extent contraband goods may be smuggled into

the Russian dominions. The venality of the custom-house officials, and the laxity with which the Russian frontier is guarded—the necessary consequence of its huge extension—open the door so wide to contraband traders, that the Jewish inhabitants of the frontier towns profess no other line of business. Until the Jews are exterminated, a Polish insurrection will be always possible at intervals of twenty or thirty years, for no amount of vigilance, which Russia has it in her power to exercise, can possibly prevent the Jews of Galicia and Posen from conveying whatsoever they please across the frontier without the cognisance of the authorities. Between the Jewish traders along the Russian and German frontier, there exists so intimate an understanding, that they can contrive anything between them, and as long as the Poles can afford to pay, the Jews will furnish them with arms and ammunition. To gain a few pounds there is no conceivable risk which a Polish Jew will not run, and no amount of hardship he will not cheerfully endure. So astounding is their fixity of purpose when money is to be made, that I am profoundly convinced that nothing short of reversing a law of nature is impossible with them. In vain the Russians may hang up the individual Jews who fall into their clutches, as a warning to the rest; under the very nose of the authorities the trade will be carried on uninterruptedly. Yet no human being is by nature so timid as a Polish Jew. I shall not easily forget an occasion when, as several Jews were supplying an insurgent camp with provisions, and driving a very brisk trade, the alarm was suddenly given that the Russians were bearing down upon us. To have seen the sudden change from greedy grasping after an extra

penny to one of blank terror at what they believed to be approaching death, would have made the fortune of a dramatic actor, who could have imitated it. Convulsively grasping whatever each had in his hand at the moment, whether it was a pound of cheese, a bottle of wine, or a box of sardines, they stood rooted to the spot, suggestive of ghastly corpses endowed with the power of standing bolt upright. The immediate agony of the danger over, the lust of gain returns with irresistible force, and carries all before it, and the next day the Jew is ready to risk his neck again.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### COUNTRY TOUR IN THE DUCHY OF POSEN.

INSTEAD of returning direct to Posen from the Russian frontier, I made a considerable *détour* in order to visit some places of interest in the Grand Duchy. Among these Gniesen ranks foremost.

To the Poles a place full of historical interest, as being the traditional cradle of their race, Gniesen is a name with which most English readers will be quite unacquainted. According to the old fable, it was here that Lech, the progenitor of the Polish nation, discovered the white eagle's nest, and built him a castle, which remained the royal residence until the seat of Government was transferred to Cracow. The town lies pleasantly in a hollow, and, either from the discovery of the eagle's nest, or from its resemblance to a bird's nest, received the name of Gniesno (Germanicé, Gniesen), from the Polish word "gniazdo," a nest. At the same time that Lech founded the Kingdom of Poland, his brother Czech established himself in Bohemia, from which country Christianity was imported into Poland. Poland was yet heathen when, in the latter part of the tenth century, the Princess Dombrówka inherited the throne of Bohemia. Among the suitors for her hand the most comely was Micislas, King of Poland, and Dombrówka did not conceal her preference for him. The only obstacle to their

union was the difference of religion, but this was happily got over, and it was stipulated as the condition of the marriage that the Polish prince and his people should adopt the Christian religion. Then the temple of the heathen deities, Swist Poswist, Lelum Polelum, was demolished, and a fair cathedral rose from its ruins. To consecrate the Christian shrine, "Swięty Wojciech," or St. Adalbert, was sent for from Bohemia, and was installed first Archbishop of Gniesen, which city remained the seat of the metropolitan until the constitution of the Archbishopric of Warsaw. St. Adalbert's day is the 23d of April, on which occasion the cathedral itself, the hill on which it stands, and the streets leading to the hill, are densely crammed with a motley crowd of peasants from the surrounding country. On the day when all England was paying tribute to the genius of Shakspeare, St. Adalbert's famous hymn, "Boga rodzica," was being raised to heaven by a hundred thousand voices, as it has been on this day for nine hundred years, from the cathedral hill of Gniesno. From Gniesno St. Adalbert went forth to convert the Prussians, at whose hands he met his death, which became the first occasion of the feud, which has existed ever since between the Germans and the Poles. The life of the saint is written in bronze on the cathedral gate, a work which, dating several centuries earlier, is fit to be ranked by the side of the famous miracle in bronze at Florence. Some thirty English miles beyond Gniesno lies Kruswice, on the lake of Gopplo, which separates the Grand Duchy of Posen from the Kingdom of Poland. A crumbling old tower, where the wild winds which sweep the lake in winter-time hold their carnival, is now all that remains

of the royal castle of the Piasts, the earliest Polish kings.

From Gniesen I turned my face southwards, and made for a village named Miloslaw.

In the year 1848 the name of Miloslaw found its way into the English newspapers, and will be familiar to such persons in England as had their eyes on Polish affairs at the time. It was at Miloslaw that Mieroslawski—that evil genius of Poland—established his head-quarters during the revolution of 1848, and awaited the attack of the Prussian troops. Like all other enterprises with which this man is concerned, the battle of Miloslaw must have ended in complete disaster to the Poles but for an unforeseen circumstance. Receiving intelligence at the commencement of the affair that the Prussians were approaching in his rear as well as in his front, Mieroslawski lost his head, and became incapable of giving any coherent orders. In consequence a panic seized his troops, and they at once turned and fled, making for the nearest forest. As they retreated through the town of Miloslaw, a body of twenty riflemen conceived the bold idea of occupying the chateau, which stands on a gentle hill. For some time these twenty heroes succeeded in holding in check the whole Prussian detachment, which numbered some 5,000 men. To this day the side of the chateau facing the road is completely riddled with bullets and grape shot, and remains an eloquent monument of its heroic defenders. On this occasion, Fortune favoured the brave in a most unexpected manner, for while the Prussians were engaged in storming the chateau, a fresh detachment of Poles, the existence of which was not even suspected, suddenly appeared on the

scene, and a panic seized the Prussians in their turn. Then it was that Prussian troops learnt to dread the gleaming blade of the Kosynieri, who made terrible havoc among their disordered ranks.

Fifteen years have, however, wrought a mighty change in Miloslaw. The chateau alone suggests the bloody days of 1848, all else breathes an air of the most profound repose. Nowhere else in Poland did I meet with more decided evidence of the care of the proprietor for his people. A pretty Gothic church, with a campanile detached, has risen on the site of the decayed old building, which was formerly thought good enough for Divine worship. An excellent school, with four lofty airy rooms, raised mainly at the expense of the *curé*, who, while they were in prison together at Berlin, was presented with the living by the proprietor, contrasts most favourably with the miserable accommodation usually afforded for educational purposes. Last and not least, by improving the dwellings of the peasants, Count Mielzynski has set an example to the neighbourhood which cannot fail to be productive of immense good. Instead of the miserable hovels, built of wood and mud, in which the peasants were lodged hardly better than pigs, substantial blocks of brick cottages, with cheerful red-tiled roofs, imparted a most thriving aspect to the village. In each block were four dwellings, each having its separate door and offices, enabling the tenants to live with such regard to decency as was quite incompatible with the condition of their former dwellings, and which alone can raise them in the scale of civilization. These improvements were carried out in a most enlightened spirit, and being the combined product of philanthropy

and speculation, possess a double value. "My peasants," remarked Count Mielzynski to me, "are the most valuable animals on my estate; and independently of the moral duty I am performing in seeing that they are decently lodged, I shall not lose in the long run in a commercial point of view." The Bishop of London could not have put the point more forcibly before a select audience at Willis's Rooms, nor Lord Brougham before a Social Science meeting. For the benefit of such persons as suppose Poland to be a howling wilderness, peopled by wolves and bears, I may observe that I hardly know a village in England where so much has been done for the poor as at Miloslaw and its satellite villages. Nor have the Christians alone been cared for. By designing a tasteful synagogue for the Jews, and himself superintending its erection, Count Mielzynski has proved himself very far ahead of the spirit of the age, and not afraid to run counter to public opinion, which is still to a considerable extent for keeping the Jews in their former state of degradation.

In the village church of Winagora, at a short distance from Miloslaw, reposes one of Poland's greatest heroes. The chance traveller who passes that way, and is curious enough to enter the church, will see, in a chapel on his left, a sarcophagus, designed after that of Scipio Africanus, discovered on the Via Appia. No more fitting inscription could have been conceived to commemorate the name of Dombrowski than the simple words, "Jeszcze Polska nie zginela" (Not yet is Poland lost), the first line of the well-known mazurek which was composed for his legions, who shed their blood for France on many a hard-fought field. With Dombrowski,

however, his country was always his first thought, and his extreme patriotism, combined with his independence of character, could not fail to stand in the way of his advancement by Napoleon, who only looked on the Polish legions as a means of furthering his own ambition. In Prince Poniatowski the Emperor found a more ready tool, and did not scruple to advance him, though a junior officer, and of decidedly inferior capacity, over the head of Dombrowski. This unmerited slight on the part of Napoleon could not but wound the feelings of Dombrowski; but, as he loved his country more than himself, he cheerfully accepted a subordinate command. His reply to the somewhat delicate request made to him to contribute to the erection of a bronze statue to commemorate Poniatowski's death is worthy of being recorded—"Let Poniatowski have his bronze, I shall have my mazurek." As "Jeszcze Polska nie zginela" was chanted by his legions round their camp fires, on the eve of a hundred battles, so now these magic words serve as a most appropriate lullaby to the warrior, who has gone to his rest.

In the course of this journey I visited a country gentleman, who related to me a piece of his own experience of last summer.

Early in the spring an individual of the name of Rocheblave arrived at Cracow from America with a British passport, granted by the English Consulate at Hamburg. He attracted considerable attention by giving out that he had thrown up the command of, I forget which, Arkansas regiment, in order to be free to fight for Poland. He professed to have been present at any number of engagements, and declared his con-

siderable military experience at the disposal of the National Government. It was difficult to make out the nationality of this hero, for he spoke all languages indifferently well, including Polish. It came out, however, by degrees, that his father was a British Canadian, who had married a Polish lady. After insinuating himself into general favour at Cracow, Mr. Rocheblave was requested to proceed to Posen to take the command of a detachment forming in the Grand Duchy, which stood in much need of experienced officers. On his arrival at Posen he was received with open arms by the inhabitants, and hospitably entertained for some weeks, while preparations were making for the equipment of the detachment in question. Among other houses which he visited, was that of the gentleman who related these particulars to me. As it lay near the frontier, Mr. Rocheblave made the place in question his head-quarters, and proceeded to put himself in communication with his subordinate officers. In the meantime he made himself so agreeable to the whole family, that they began to think themselves in great luck at being honoured by the presence of the distinguished stranger. When all was ready, a sum of 1,000 roubles was confided to Mr. Rocheblave, for the payment of such of the insurgents as should be reduced to the necessity of serving for pay. On the appointed day he took leave of his entertainers, to put himself at the head of the band, which was ready to cross the frontier. However, instead of taking the road to Russian Poland, he thought better of it, and not only decamped with the 1,000 roubles, but, taking the express train to Berlin, denounced the Polish Committee at Posen to the police authorities;

furnishing them with a list of the names. Next day, they were arrested *en masse*.

At a small town named Schroda, I enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the election of two deputies to the Lower Chamber at Berlin in the room of Count Dzialynski and M. Bentkowski. The law regulating the elections is nominally the same for the whole of the monarchy, but practically the Duchy of Posen labours under a considerable disadvantage. It depends upon the caprice of the Landrath to unite what communes he pleases into electoral arrondissements, and, whereas in the rest of the Prussian monarchy the Landrath is elected by the country gentlemen from among themselves, in the Grand Duchy of Posen he is an official nominated by the Government. The position of Landrath is in some respects analogous to that of chairman of quarter sessions in England. Suppose, for instance, that our country gentlemen had to meet under the presidency of an attorney, a tool of the government, instead of a chairman elected by themselves, and you will have some idea of the amount of self-government now permitted by the Prussian authorities in the Grand Duchy. It is only fair, however, to add, that up to the year 1846 (when a conspiracy was discovered to be hatching in Posen, under Mieroslawski's directions), the Landrath was elected from among themselves by the country gentlemen.

In Prussia, every male above the age of twenty-four, not disqualified by having been convicted of any criminal offence, provided only he be not in receipt of any description of parochial relief, and has resided for six months in the electoral arrondissement, is entitled to

a voice in the representation of the country. Every male above the age of thirty who is qualified to vote is likewise qualified to be elected as deputy. The stormy proceedings which often disgrace an English election are avoided by the rational system of proxies. In theory, every 250 souls have the right to elect a single proxy, but in practice a single batch of 250 is not permitted to exercise its vote. Instead of 250 voices electing a single proxy, 750 elect three proxies. If the commune numbers less than 750 males above the age of twenty-four, and otherwise not disqualified for voting, the Landrath has to use his discretion in making up the deficit from communes where the population of qualified voters exceeds this number. Thus he is able very materially to influence the elections, especially where he has to deal with a mixed population, as in the Grand Duchy. If the Germans are in want of a few votes to give them a majority in one district he can bring the voters from another, and so arrange it that the Poles shall have a superfluity of votes in one place, and just not enough in another. When, notwithstanding this machinery, only seven Germans are returned for the Grand Duchy by the side of twenty-two Poles, is any more decided proof required that the Polish nationality is not yet extinct in the country, though it may have been pretty well got rid of in the towns?

Though the representation of the country appears to rest on the basis of population, it really depends more on property. Each electoral arrondissement of 750 voters is divided into three classes, not of 250 each, but in many cases the first class consists of one individual, the second of ten, and the third of 739;

each class electing a single proxy. The total amount of taxes paid by the whole arrondissement is divided into three, and if any one individual pays taxes amounting to one-third of the whole he figures in a class by himself, and his voice alone returns a single proxy. In the country districts the proprietor is usually alone in the first class, which in the towns is composed of the wealthiest tradesmen. In the second class, in the country, you find probably the *curé*, the manager of the proprietor's estate, the mayor of the commune, the district commissarius (inspector of country police), and the most considerable peasant proprietors. The third class consists of the petty proprietors and day-labourers.

At the election of proxies the third class votes first, and usually elects the proprietor, if he has not rendered himself unpopular. In the voting of the second class comes the real tug of war, where the district commissarius, with as many of the peasant proprietors as he shall have succeeded in gaining over, is arrayed against the *curé* and the manager with the rest of the peasants. Here again much depends on the popularity of the proprietor. If he is on good terms with the peasant proprietors, who are entirely independent of his influence, they will probably elect his intendant, or the *curé*. If not, they will choose one of themselves, or the district commissarius. When it comes to the proprietor's turn to vote, if he has not been elected by either of the preceding classes, he names himself his own proxy. If, however, he has been already returned by the third or second class, he usually names one of the peasant proprietors.

The election of proxies takes place but once in three

years, and by this means much electioneering business is saved. On the occasion of the election of deputies, which may occur two or three times in the course of three years, it is only necessary for the three proxies from each arrondissement of 750 original voters (urwähler) alone to proceed to the district town, where the voting takes place. Schroda, a small town twenty miles south of Posen, was fixed upon as the polling place on the occasion at which I was present. The district is Polish to the backbone, and the Germans, knowing they would have no chance of success, did not even propose a candidate. Besides the Landrath, there were but two Germans in the room during any part of the proceedings, and all day I heard nothing but Polish spoken. In fact, but for the orderly nature of the proceedings, had I not been acquainted with the historical fact of the partition of Poland, I should have supposed, from the thoroughly Polish costumes and faces with which I was surrounded, that an election of deputies to the Diet at Warsaw and not to the Chamber at Berlin was taking place. After the polling was finished, the whole company of voters adjourned to the church, and the hymn, "Boze cos Polska," to which I suppose no one ever listened unmoved, was sung by a thousand voices. At the words of the refrain, "To Thy altars we bring our prayers; Lord, give us back our country and our freedom," a man's heart must have been made of steel to have gone on beating as before.

I fancy that, had I visited Poland in its days of prosperity, I should have found the Sejmiki, or electors, otherwise occupied than in singing hymns. Indeed, I was often led to think that I might not have found

more to sympathize with in unpartitioned Poland than Mr. Carlyle. In the Poland of to-day I found no resemblance to the picture with which the author of the "Life of Frederick the Great" endeavours to frighten people out of their sympathy for the Poles.

If the insurrection had owed its rise and progress to the influence of Mr. Carlyle's turbulent nobles, it would never have gained the sympathy of Europe.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### POSEN TO CRACOW.

In the beginning of February I set out once more for Cracow. It was still pitch dark as my carriage rolled under the bomb-proof covered way, and over the draw-bridge, out of Posen, to the railway-station, which lies some way without the fortifications.

For the last time I beheld the little sentinel, whose appearance had so often amused me. As he stood shivering there, wrapped up in his swaddling clothes, for such was the appearance of his great-coat and comforter, he looked as near as possible round, and if by any accident the wind had blown him over, I would have defied him to get up again. In his musket and bayonet, which together were at least twice as tall as himself, he carried so much sail that I sometimes trembled for his safety. Contrast him, with his blue face, trying to warm his hands, encased in their black, fingerless gloves, by rubbing them together, with the dignified bearing of the Polish peasant, as he strides past him with his long snow-white sheepskin, and picturesque four-cornered fur cap, with its jaunty tassel hanging down over his shoulder, and I would defy you to decide in favour of German civilization over Polish barbarism.

While Posen was garrisoned by purely German troops, the Polish regiments drawn from the Grand Duchy of Posen were bearing the brunt of the fighting in Schleswig-Holstein, where Poles, Hungarians, Venetians, and Croats were doing the work of Germans, under Prussian and Austrian officers.

Even at that early hour—it wanted an hour of daybreak—the peasants, in their bright holiday dresses, were beginning to stream into Posen to celebrate the first day of their carnival—for Poland has its carnival as well as Italy, though only the peasantry were equal to the effort of merry-making. As the flickering lamplight half discovered their gay costumes, it would have been more natural to suppose that one was looking on a company of revellers returning home from the dance than about to begin their festivities with the opening light of day. Wishing them much joy of their holiday, which to the peasants in their blessed ignorance of *ennui* can never be too long, we continued on our way, and took our places in the Breslau train. To get from Posen to Cracow—a distance of 250 English miles, or thereabouts—the traveller must pass through Silesia, a country which for many centuries formed part of the kingdom of Poland. To this day Polish is the language spoken by the people in that part of the Prussian monarchy called Ober-Schlesien, of which Oppeln, fifty miles beyond Breslau, southwards, is the chief town and seat of the Government.

However, there was far too much of interest in the country between Posen and Breslau to justify one in rushing through it in the train; so descending at a small station, called Moszina, lying near the banks of the

Warthe, I made for the little village of Krosno, where, I understood, I should meet with a favourable specimen of a German colony of Protestant Hauländer. I had already enjoyed many opportunities of visiting the villages of the Bambri, or Catholic German colonists, and was curious to compare the two. The position of the village, in a clearance in the forest, at once explained the meaning of the name Hauländer, or dweller in a spot which he has hewn (German *hauen*) out for himself. The little settlement, with its prim church, smithy, and straight poplars, was highly suggestive of the idea Longfellow gives one of a New England village; and I was constantly reminded of his "Evangeline." I had purposely chosen Sunday for my visit, and as I looked round the church at the purely Saxon faces with which I was surrounded, I could with difficulty believe that I was in Poland. The pastor seemed a good, sensible man, and more bent on looking after the wants of his own flock than on the propagation of Germanism in the neighbourhood. These Hauländer were imported into the country when Poland was yet independent, and received the perpetual usufruct of a portion of the land recovered from the forest by their labour, on condition of cultivating the rest for the benefit of the lord. In the year 1823,—the date of the emancipation of the serfs in Prussia,—the right of perpetual usufruct or possession, enjoyed by the Hauländer in common with the rest of the peasants throughout the Prussian monarchy, was changed into the right of property, which they now enjoy on the condition of paying a temporary tax of five per cent. to the Government.

The Catholic Bamberger, on the other hand, never

performed the corvée, but at once received a free gift of their lands from the State. In the beginning of the eighteenth century a plague ravaged the city and district of Posen, and carried off a great proportion of the population; a great dearth of labour consequently ensued, and the archbishop applied to the bishops of Southern Germany for a supply of hands. The population of the country under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Bamberg happening at that time to be very abundant, and in search of an outlet for its superfluous energies, overflowed into the western provinces of Poland, and, owing to the similiarity of religion between them and the inhabitants of their adopted country, soon became to a great extent fused with their Polish neighbours.

The Hauländer, on the other hand, have retained in every respect their German nationality, and hold no more dealings with their Polish neighbours than the Jews of old did with the Samaritans. Their settlement at Krosno presented a very flourishing appearance, and I ascertained that the proportion of peasant proprietors to day labourers was as four to one, whereas in most Polish villages you find at least three day labourers to every gospodarz, or proprietor. Besides their cottages, garden, and thirty acres of land, most of the peasants at Krosno possess about half an acre of wood, which, in that district, is very plentiful.

The superior condition of these Hauländer over the Suabian colonists imported by Austria into Galicia was very striking. In the village of Krosno we were greeted more than once by Catholic peasants, on their way through to the church at Moszina, with the salutation, "Niech będzie pochwalone Jesus Christus," and thus

at once enabled to distinguish them from their Protestant neighbours.

Some ten miles from Moszina, the first station out of Posen, lies the chateau of Kurnik, the architectural pride of the Grand Duchy. The road thither is most picturesque, traversing an extensive forest, and affording here and there glimpses of the Warthe, winding through the valley below. To be seen rightly, there is no question about it, Poland should be visited in winter time. In that country winter is at home, and preparations are made for his reception as for a welcome guest. The land composes itself decently to sleep, and is grateful for its warm coverlet of snow. Whether it is cold or not, the inhabitants dress as if the thermometer were perpetually below zero; and the houses are so constructed that the cold cannot get in or the warmth get out. It is only in Italy that you really feel the cold; and, as you shiver in the desolate corridors of the hotels —a world too big for their guests—you curse the ingenuity of the architect, who contrived the building in such a manner that the inhabitants should be always in a thorough draught. I have never felt such unwholesome cold as in the damp, slimy atmosphere of the Roman streets, and never such a bracing, dry air as in Poland. Then what can be more striking than the solemn silence which reigns in the forests of Poland in winter, where the only sound which falls on the ear is the rustling of crisp leaves over the frozen snow, and, perhaps, the distant tinkling of the bells of an approaching sledge. To me the swift gliding motion of a sledge is inexpressibly delightful, and I can only liken it to the sensation of being whirled in a gondola through

water, which has frozen in heaven, and fallen in the shape of snow, that men might have a foretaste of the method in which the angels travel in winter.

As the vine is to the elm in Italy, so is the silver birch to the pine in Poland. It is common to find tracts in the forest where the birch and pine grow together, and the feminine grace which its slender silver stem and drooping foliage lends to the birch contrasts pleasantly with the more masculine bearing of the pine. In the forest through which the road to Kurnik lies, you find at intervals gigantic oaks, which might hold their own against our boasted specimens in Windsor Park, standing out from the other trees like officers from the rank and file.

On a gentle slope in the clearance of the forest the traveller is astonished to stumble on an elegant Roman temple, where, from the neighbourhood of the oaks, he would rather have expected to find a Druid circle, or an altar to "Swist Poswist," the wind god of Sclavonic mythology. This temple was erected by Count Raczynski on the model of the Maison Carré at Nismes. The name of this nobleman is held in the grateful recollection of his countrymen, and Posen owes to him the chief objects of interest which it has to offer to strangers. Distracted by the distressing position of his country, Count Raczynski crowned a life spent in doing good by a most strange suicide. Retiring to an island in the centre of a lake on one of his properties, he there blew his head off by discharging a small cannon, in front of which he placed himself.

As we emerged from the forest, the chateau of Kurnik, lying in a picturesque spot on the edge of a

wide lake, came into sight. On the one side a boundless expanse of lake and wood stretches as far as the horizon; on the other the long straggling town, with its Rathhaus, Kreisgericht, Polizeiamt, Postamt, and every other appliance of German civilization, like new cloth in an old garment, making the rent worse, coils itself right up to the gates of the chateau. In the case of Kurnik the Germans have beaten the Poles out of the field. The chateau, on the embellishment of which the late Count Dzialynski spent a considerable fortune, is now in the hands of the Prussian authorities, and the estate administered by a German attorney. The present owner was in Egypt when the Polish insurrection broke out, but returned home as soon as the intelligence reached him, and took the leading part in the military organization of the insurgents in the Grand Duchy of Posen. Having distinguished himself on more than one field of battle, and nobly sustained the credit of the family name in the face of the enemy, Count Dzialynski soon became a marked man, and Prussians and Russians alike were for ever on his track. He was at last compelled to save himself by flying to France, where alone he is safe from the chance of being arrested.

From Kurnik I made for the nearest railway station, and passing through Breslau, reached Oppeln, which I selected as a halting-place, in order to see something of the Polish-speaking country people in the neighbourhood. In their manners and customs, the peasantry of Upper Silesia differ but slightly from those of their brethren in Poland, and their language is grammatically identical, with some variety of pronunciation. In many

districts there are still questions pending between the proprietor and the peasant, arising out of the emancipation scheme of 1823, and there seems little prospect of their being satisfactorily settled. If, at the expiration of forty years, the Prussian Government has still work before it in the arrangement of the affairs of the peasants, what reasonable prospect is there that Russia will, within any given time, have emerged out of the chaos into which the emancipation of the serfs has plunged her?

As in Poland, the religion of the people is Roman Catholic, and their faith in the miraculous power of the Madonna of the neighbouring shrine of Czenstochowa—the most frequented by pilgrims in all Poland—is quite unbounded. Every peasant has at least one copy of this celebrated Madonna hanging over his bed, and in most cases two, one to keep off the devil from himself, and the other from his wife. In a peasant's cottage, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, where I took my dinner on the invitation of the proprietor, I found the walls literally papered with framed pictures of this Madonna and accompanying saints.

A ten hours' railway journey from Oppeln, prolonged by the difficulty of getting through the snow, landed me at Cracow. Not less necessary than is the moonlight to him who would see Melrose aright is its mantle of snow to the ancient capital of Poland. The garish light of day becomes the ruins of the abbey as little as the season of midsummer seems made for the decayed old city of Cracus. There is that about the appearance of Cracow which is suggestive of a broken down gentleman, who has seen better days. Its crumbling

walls, towers, and half a hundred churches dating from the remotest antiquity, are only seen to advantage when half-buried in snow, and when long white beards in the shape of icicles hang down from the chins of the evil spirits which do duty as waterspouts outside the sacred edifices. In winter time a profound stillness reigns in the city, and instead of the incessant rattling of wheels over the stones, the silence is only broken by the musical tinkling of bells which tell of a passing sledge. Somewhat the same sensation as is conveyed to one used to the perpetual din of a crowded thoroughfare by the solemn silence of Venice may be experienced in Cracow when the snow lies deep on the ground.

Among other things which cannot fail to strike the traveller as grotesque in a Polish town in winter is the appearance of the pumps. These are carefully packed up in straw to keep them warm, and look as if they were suffering one and all from a severe cold in the head, and were subject to a perpetual running at the nose. Then the appearance of the gutters is not attractive—except to pigs, who have a glorious time of it. It is the habit of the inhabitants to empty their slops into the open drains in front of their houses, and this does well enough in summer, when there is a stream of water to carry off the refuse. In winter, however, when the gutter is frozen, a most unsavoury-looking mixture —a kind of frozen Irish stew—stagnates in front of each house, to what would be the exceeding disgust of an English housewife, but in Poland it is taken as a matter of course. In the country you hear no sound of running water. The action of all water-mills is stayed, and the flap-boards of the wheels are all silvered over

with frozen spray. The windmills, on the other hand, betray increased signs of activity, and I fear it must generate angry passions in the breast of the water-miller, standing there idle with his hands in his pockets, to see his neighbour driving such a brisk trade.

Since the autumn the rigour of the Austrian *régime* had increased to an alarming extent, and no matter what time of day or night, you could not stir out without coming across patrols conveying prisoners to the lock-ups, which were crammed to overflowing. One night I happened to be returning home from the house of a friend, a little before midnight, and was struck with the dead silence which reigned around. As I crossed the market-place I was admiring the picturesque old market hall, lighted up by the moonlight, and the effect of the dark shadows thrown across the snow, when I was attracted by the sound of many voices in high dispute. It was not long before some dozen figures emerged from a narrow dark street into the open market-place at some distance from me. The sight of their bayonets flashing in the moonlight made it clear to me at once that a patrol was doing its usual work. As the captives continued protesting loudly against being kidnapped in that manner, I could not resist following them, wishing, if possible, to make out the circumstances under which they had been arrested. On approaching nearer, I perceived the prisoners to consist of three men and two women, who were made to plough their way through the snow, which lay upwards of a foot deep, the soldiers surrounding them with fixed bayonets. I heard one of the soldiers say roughly to one of the women, who was unable to keep up, "Go quicker," and if one of the men lagged behind,

a soldier went at him with his bayonet, and whipped him up as a huntsman does a lazy hound. As I had not my own passport about me, I dared not follow the party to their destination, but I saw enough to give me an idea of the brutal treatment with which Poles, whether guilty or not, without distinction of sex, had to put up at the hands of the Austrian authorities. Whether these persons had been kidnapped in their beds I know not; all I can vouch for is, that at a few minutes before midnight they were plodding their way through the snow, with the thermometer a little above zero, with the uncomfortable prospect before them of passing the night in a common lock-up.

Hearing on my arrival at Cracow that a friend who had shown me considerable kindness in the summer, had been kept for the last five months in solitary confinement in the Castle, and that his nerves had suffered thereby to an alarming extent, I applied to the authorities for permission to visit him. In the first instance it was necessary to present yourself at the bureau of the Platz-Commandant, and, having ascertained that on his side there was no objection, to apply in person for a written permission from the president of the criminal court. Following this course, I attended at the military bureau, and was given to understand that there would be no objection in that quarter, and the general's secretary informed me that if I returned the next day with the requisite permission of the civil authorities, he would at once send an orderly with me to the prison, adding that I must be there betimes. Accordingly I repaired at once to the residence of the president of the criminal court, and after kicking my heels in the ante-chamber of

the great man for some time, was at last admitted to an audience. With the blandest of smiles he assured me that he could have no possible objection, and proceeded to write out a lengthy permission on a huge sheet of paper, signing his name at the bottom with a tremendous flourish, and affixing the official seal. Rising next morning at daybreak, I repaired with my credentials to the general's bureau, in the fullest confidence that I should have no further difficulty, where, to my astonishment, instead of the expected orderly, I received the shortest possible of answers, to the effect, that the general absolutely refused to permit me to visit my friend.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### EXPULSION FROM CRACOW.

On March 1st, the state of siege was proclaimed in Galicia, and all foreigners—including Poles, not Austrian subjects—ordered to present themselves with their travelling documents at the police-office, to ask leave to prolong their stay in the country.

The month of March was fixed for the recruitment in Austria, and in consequence of the existence of one or two guerilla bands among the outlying spurs of the Carpathians—the border-land between Poland and Hungary—the Government was naturally enough apprehensive that the peasants might prefer swelling the ranks of these bands to being taken as recruits for the regular army. Troops were accordingly despatched from Cracow to Nowy Targ, the principal town in the mountainous district, where guerilla bands were reported to have been seen. The mountaineers of the Carpathians are remarkably distinguished from the heavy, dull inhabitants of the plain, by their patriotism and love of liberty, which they share in common with the Tyrolese, Swiss, and Scotch. In one instance, they got hold of an Austrian *employé* and his son, and gave them a good beating, to let them know that they were made of

different stuff to those peasants of the plain, with whom the Government has such an easy task. Had the insurgents in the kingdom had a district as favourable for guerilla warfare as the base of the Carpathians, the Russians would have had a different task before them; and if the Hungarians and the Poles should one day make common cause, and rise at the same time, it may go hard with the Austrians, having, as they would, a hostile population on both slopes of the mountains to deal with. It was in anticipation of the possibility of such an event, that the Government lost no time in taking the initiative by the adoption of severe measures. The circumstance, which probably excited most alarm, was the safe passage of a body of seventy Hungarians through the heart of Galicia, on their way to join General Bosak, in the Kingdom of Poland.

A scene at a railway-station, where a lot of peasants were collected to take farewell of their comrades, carried off as recruits, confirmed my suspicions that the state of siege had been proclaimed because of the apprehensions entertained by the Government with regard to the recruitment. The peasants had made no secret of their intention to be off to the insurrection rather than be taken as recruits, and in spite of the proclamation of the state of siege, which rendered them liable to be shot at a moment's notice if caught in the act of absconding, some of them joined Bosak's detachments. When the moment arrived for the train to move off from the station in question, the peasants—men and women alike—gave way to such paroxysms of grief as I never witnessed. I was attracted to the window from the further side of the railway-carriage by the cries and

groans of the assembled country people, and was at first quite at a loss to make out the meaning of it. My first impression on seeing the people tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and dashing themselves on the ground, was that the inmates of some neighbouring madhouse had broken loose. When it was explained to me that all that show of grief was because four or five lads had been taken off to serve as recruits, I began to understand with what danger the recruitment might be attended in troublous times.

In dealing with my application for permission to prolong my residence in Cracow, the authorities were not long in making up their minds, but I was cruelly deceived as to the nature of their decision. At the instance of the commissioner of police, an officer served a notice upon me, informing me, in a cheerful tone of voice, that I had but to present myself at the bureau of the commissioner, and a permission to stay in Cracow would be at once accorded me. "There will be no difficulty, then," I suggested. "None whatever," replied the messenger. Leaping up with alacrity, and congratulating myself that, however they might treat the Poles, the Austrians at least had the decency to respect an Englishman, I followed my guide to his superior. On the road I met one of the editors of the *Chwila*, "The Moment,"—a journal which grew out of the ashes of the *Czas*, or "Times"—an old acquaintance, and received his congratulations on the successful issue of my adventures. On our arrival at the police-office, my guide conducted me into the bureau of the commissioner, who was entrenched behind a barricade of desks and tables, to keep off the *profanum vulgus*. As there were a number of persons waiting to be dealt

with, an hour would probably have elapsed before my turn came, had not my guide successfully executed a flank movement and taken the commissioner in the rear. Turning suddenly round upon us, with an air of outraged dignity mingled with astonishment, reminding me irresistibly of a scene I once witnessed, where, while one boy engaged the attention of a peacock in front, another approached it from behind, under cover of its magnificent outspread fan, and seized hold of the feathers of its tail —the commissioner poured out the vials of his wrath on the devoted head of my guide, and gave him to understand that it was as much as his place was worth to "try that dodge on again." Then turning to me, he communicated to me the decision of the authorities, that I must leave Cracow in three days. It was now my turn to be astonished, as I had the assurance of my guide that I was to be allowed to remain. But in the meantime the fellow had vanished, and I was unable to find out whether I had been made the victim of a hoax, or merely of a misunderstanding. Demanding of the commissioner the grounds of my expulsion, I received a question for an answer, "Are you at home (einheimisch) here in Cracow?" To this I replied that for the present I was, and that I had paid for my quarters in advance. "Are you a native of this country?" Having been every day witness of the way in which the Austrians treat their Polish subjects, I could not refrain from replying, "Thank God, no;" under the circumstances, doubtless, a most imprudent answer, but one which came from the bottom of my heart.

After this, it was not to be expected that anything more was to be done at the police-office; so, turning my

back upon the officials, who, I must do them the justice to say, treated me personally with more politeness than I deserved, I addressed myself in the next place to General Bamberg, the military governor of Cracow. After repeated applications for an interview, which was persistently refused me, I at last, by a successful stratagem, forced this distinguished officer to an engagement of words with me, and received the assurance from his own lips that, without a single exception, he should send every foreigner in Cracow about his business, without the smallest regard to the circumstances under which he might be there. Being anxious to test whether this course would be followed to the letter, I went to call on a gentleman of my acquaintance, whose estates lie in Volhynia, and who had fled with his wife and child from the clutches of the Cossacks. On being admitted, I found my friend engaged in the one employment with which half Cracow was taken up at the moment—*i.e.* packing up his trunk. In spite of the illness of his wife and child, about whom the doctor had given his opinion that a railway journey would be highly dangerous to them, this gentleman had received notice that he would not be permitted to prolong his stay in Cracow. General Bamberg even went the length of assuring me that he should not make an exception to the rule of indiscriminate expulsion from Galicia in the case of Count Maurice Potoçki, one of the largest proprietors in Russian Poland, and who is also possessed of an estate in the district of Cracow, where he was residing at the time.

In the course of my conversation with General Bamberg, he politely informed me that he thought me a very

dangerous fellow, and that he knew I was in communication with the heads of the revolutionary party, from finding my card about persons arrested. That I had conversed, and exchanged cards with suspected individuals, was certainly true; but I could not see the logic of attributing their views to me, because in mere civility I had not withheld my card in exchange for theirs, when proffered to me.

Had General Bamberg not been good enough to spare me the trouble of coming to a decision of my own on the matter, I could hardly have made up my mind to stay another week in Cracow, so utterly intolerable was life in that city under a state of siege. It was impossible to stir abroad at any hour of the day or night without encountering patrols prowling about the streets, seeking whom they might devour. If they did not arrest you personally, they arrested all your friends, which was almost as bad, and eyed you in a most suspicious manner, as much as to say, "It will be your turn next." The whole town was "gated," and a guard stationed, not only at all the barriers, but at almost every point, whence an exit from Cracow was possible. Even if you attempted to pass the bridge over the Vistula to gain the suburb of Podgorze, or had occasion to cross in the ferry at the foot of the castle, you were collared by the inevitable sentry, and required to give an account of yourself. Bored to death with perambulating the ill-paved streets from morn till eve, I made an effort, the day before I left Cracow, to gain the cemetery, by way of enjoying a little recreation; but there, too, I was pulled up by the guard. The fact of General Bem having passed out of Vienna in a coffin, in the year 1848,

appears yet to be fresh in the memory of the Austrians. One felt in Cracow like a hare, perpetually dashing itself up against a wire fence, in its futile efforts to escape from its tormentors. Though this confinement was intolerable to me, as an Englishman, to the last degree, I do not regret having shared for a period the lot of the Poles, as I can now fully understand that craving for liberty, as necessary to the mind as fresh air to the body, which drives the nation with irresistible force to periodical insurrections. It is this natural longing to escape, if but for a moment, from the perpetual *surveillance* of the police, which drives the youth of Poland into the woods, where alone they can drain the delicious draught of liberty. In sheer despair numbers of young men, who were quietly pursuing their studies or business, having nothing before them but a miserable life of begging their bread in some foreign country, went off to join the insurrection.

Not till I got well away from Cracow did I breathe with anything like freedom. In the railway-carriage in which I took my seat was an old lady, a refugee from Russian Poland, unmercifully driven from Cracow in common with the rest of the foreigners—*i. e.* the Russian and Prussian Poles. By the barbarous severity of the measures which the Austrians are taking under pretence of aiding Russia in stamping out the insurrection, I am convinced that they have a further object in view. It is beyond a doubt that Austria is bent on profiting by the occasion of turning Cracow into a German town. Even admitting that it is desirable to finish the work, against the commencement of which, in 1848, the Western Powers thought it their duty to protest, the means which

Austria is employing are quite indefensible. Let them wage what war they like with able-bodied men who might swell the insurgent ranks, but if they had any regard to decency they would abstain from driving into banishment old men and women, tottering on the brink of the grave, and from turning loose on the world, without any sort of provision, young women and children whose parents are scattered God knows where.

In the house in which I was residing was an old man of seventy-nine, who could hardly walk a hundred yards without stopping to rest himself. In spite of his feebleness, and the doctor's certificate that the patient was suffering from asthma, this poor old fellow, unable to speak any language but Polish, was unmercifully sent off to Vienna, with permission to remain there twenty-four hours, to give him time to decide to what part of the world he should betake himself to die.

Families established for twelve years in Cracow, even though they owned the house in which they were living, regardless of the misery thereby brought upon them, were sent about their business, in order to make way for the German colonists, by whom Cracow is to be peopled. Had I read of these things in Polish newspapers I should certainly have set them down as false, or at any rate exaggerated, but my own experience now proves to me that many stories may be true which appear quite incredible to us in England.

In conclusion, I would add a few words on the general merits of the Polish question. In pronouncing decidedly for the Poles, as against their oppressors—be they Rus-

sians or Germans—I would have it understood that I do so with my eyes open. Travellers who have carried away a favourable impression of the inhabitants, formed in the course of a journey through Russia and Germany proper, would scarcely recognise the Russians and Germans in Poland, Hungary, or Venetia, as the same people. I have myself passed through every possible phase of feeling on the Polish question, and, in the face of some dastardly acts committed while I was in the country by desperate individuals, of whom the number in Poland is ever on the increase, well nigh lost heart to write any more about the Poles and their wrongs. It is easy to sympathize with the Poles in England, where "distance lends enchantment to the view," but there—in Poland—I admit that there is enough to disgust the superficial observer, incapable, as such an one would be, of penetrating through the frothy unsavoury substance on the top, to the good and sympathizable element below.

On the other hand, I maintain it to be quite impossible for the indiscriminating sympathy of those who stay at home, to reach half so deep as that of one who has watched the Poles in their good and evil hours, and arrived at a true appreciation of the people from having gone in and out among them in their time of trial.

That, in spite of the combined efforts of the three partitioning Powers to drive the nation into frivolity and idleness, by throwing every obstacle in the way of commercial or agricultural enterprises, which might serve as a healthy outlet for the remarkable energies of the people, so much that is solid and respectable should remain is rather wonderful, than that a considerable

amount of noxious matter should be found floating on the surface of Polish society. Only on its own stem will the Polish tree bear fruit. Directly you attempt to graft it on a foreign stock it withers and dies away; and the three partitioning Powers are perpetuating a great crime by cutting off a great nation from its natural development. Recognising, as I do, after studying the Poles in every province, whether under Russian, Prussian, or Austrian rule, a considerable capacity of self-government among them, and a willingness to work in one, and only in one, direction—that which leads to the regeneration of their country—I am convinced of this, that the Western Powers have to choose between lending their best energies to providing the nation with a healthy field for its energies, or by looking on and doing nothing, becoming responsible for the propagation of an ever increasing amount of festering matter in every capital of Europe.

Although the aristocratical and democratical parties are still far from trusting each other, unmistakable indications of the existence of a spirit of mutual conciliation, and a willingness to meet each other half-way, may be read in more than one event of the past year. The acceptance of the post of diplomatic agent at Paris by Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, at the hands of the National Government, whose general views he can only have shared to a very limited extent, is a proof that in the crisis through which their country is passing the two parties are willing to hold out the hand to each other.

As to the phenomenon "Polish Insurrection," when viewed face to face on the spot, it, of course, like every-

thing else of the kind, loses to a certain extent by being viewed at close quarters. Unmixed heroism is a thing not to be found in a Polish insurrection, nor anywhere else, as far as I am aware. In the ranks of the insurgents the most devoted patriots are found side by side with the most hardened ruffians, men of the most refined natures with the dregs of a town population. Among the priests, some who follow the insurgent detachments are full of religious enthusiasm, others are a disgrace to their sacred calling; of the scythemen, some are fine strong fellows, others weak boys who stagger under the weight of their weapon. However, as far as my own experience goes, I must add that the general behaviour of the insurgents in camp was highly creditable to them, and I was informed by officers who served under Garibaldi, that more order and discipline prevailed in the ranks of the insurgents than of the "Garibaldini" who cleared Southern Italy of the Neapolitan troops. Had Langiewicz, Jezioranski, or Bosak—who, by his indefatigable energy and self-devotion, kept the insurrection alive all through the winter—been opposed to the armies of the King of the Two Sicilies instead of to those of the Autocrat of all the Russians, the result had been widely different.

"RESURRECTURIS."

*Reprinted from* "MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."

## "RESURRECTURIS."

A POEM FROM THE POLISH OF SIGISMUND KRASINSKI.

I SUPPOSE it may be taken for granted that ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred never so much as heard of the name of Sigismund Krasinski. Yet he would rank high among modern poets, were he not rendered well-nigh inaccessible to fame by the language in which he wrote. At the same time, no one in any degree acquainted with Polish can fail to recognise in that language a richness and vigour, combined with a remarkable simplicity, hardly surpassed by the Greek. While Polish will go word for word into Greek, without any perceptible change of construction, and into English or German without suffering much violence, it refuses absolutely to be rendered into French. Yet the French is just the one language into which translators have hitherto tried to force it. It is said that the poet Mickiewicz, who disputes with Krasinski the first place in the estimation of his countrymen, after reading a French translation of his poems, laid the book down with a sigh, exclaiming that from henceforth he renounced all claim to be considered a poet.

It is, indeed, a matter of surprise that in these days,

when Englishmen scour land and sea in search of something new, and unearth Norse tales, Icelandic legends, and Servian ballads, for the benefit of the British public, they should with one accord have agreed to pass over the rich field of Polish literature. It is high time that the claims of such really remarkable poets as Mickiewicz and Krasinski were at least laid before the English reader. Were we but superficially acquainted with the masterpieces of Polish literature, we should not need the excitement of an insurrection to turn our thoughts towards, and remind us of the continued existence of that unfortunate nation. It should be borne in mind that the Poles do not die when the newspapers cease to write about them. That unintelligent sympathy which is ready to burst out in England whenever the Poles throw down the gauntlet to one or other of their oppressors, would then be changed into an intelligent admiration of a people which in its century of bonds has produced so remarkable a literature. Just as Vesuvius resorts to periodical eruptions to save itself from falling quite out of the world's memory, so does the indifference of Europe drive Poland to insurrection, that men may at least talk of her for a time.

Whether it really be the difficulty of the language, or not rather the want of interest taken in Poland in repose, combined with a general disbelief in the existence of a Polish literature, which keeps the very names of Mickiewicz and Krasinski a dead secret to the outside world, it is a fact which is much to be regretted. If we are thereby the losers, the Poles, on the other hand, gain by the intense fervour with which their poets address themselves to the narrow circle of their own country-

men. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm with which a Polish lady remarked to me one day, "Nous avons Mickiewicz—*à nous*," as much as to say, "We have him all to ourselves. To you he is nothing, but to us he makes up for everything else." While an Italian or German poet is to a certain extent the common property of all nations, the Pole is conscious that his song will be unheeded by the world at large; and hence that intense nationality which characterises Polish poetry. That stanza in Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"—

> "Like a poet hidden,
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden,
> Till the world is wrought,
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not"—

is peculiarly applicable to the Polish poet, "pouring his full heart," full of anything but the skylark's gladness. To the Germans, who ought to have acted as the interpreters of Polish thought, coming as they do in immediate contact with the Poles, the gems of Polish poetry are offences—condemned as Prussians and Austrians are, in common with Russians, to see nothing in Poland but the reflection of their own crime; but we, "who have free souls," may find something besides treason there. The circulation of all the works of Krasinski is strictly forbidden in Russian Poland, and the prohibition of the subjoined poem "Resurrecturis" extends to Galicia.

You might search modern literature in vain for a thinker with whom Krasinski has any real affinity. In Shelley there are here and there touches which remind one of Krasinski; but these are to be accounted for

rather by the outward similarity of their lives than by any kindredness of spirit. Both led a secluded life abroad, and wrote among strangers; and both were more or less misunderstood by their own countrymen. This circumstance sufficiently accounts for the under-current of melancholy which runs through the poems of both; but here the resemblance ends. While Shelley obeyed the impulse of his genius in abandoning himself to the beautiful in nature, Krasinski saw the hand of God everywhere; and hence the deep religious colouring which prevades his poems.

Strictly speaking, Krasinski is less of a poet than a preacher, or seer; and, in reading him, you would rather suppose you had before you the utterances of a Jeremiah, or of a Dante, than of a poet produced by, or rather in spite of, the nineteenth century. Krasinski's highest aspiration is the moral education of his countrymen; and the constant aim of his poems is to teach them to make nothing of their present sufferings in comparison of the glorious recompense in store for them.

There is a strange similarity between the fate of the Jews and that of the Poles; and it is not a little remarkable that at the present day there are more Jews in Poland than in the whole of the rest of Europe. It would almost seem that, in granting an asylum to the Jews at a time when they were cruelly persecuted in every other country of Europe, the Poles must have seen in the sufferings of this unfortunate people a foreshadowing of the fate in store for themselves. As the Jews were then everywhere trodden under foot, and scattered to the four winds of heaven in search of a home, so is it at this moment with the Poles. The destinies of these

two nations seem to be linked together in a remarkable manner, and the leading idea of them both is what the world persists in regarding as an insane expectation of national regeneration. As in the case of the Jews, so with the Poles, the sins of the fathers have been visited with terrible severity on the children; and, as their sweetest singers rose up among the Jews during the captivity, so has the literature of Europe been enriched by Poland's century of bonds.

The similarity between the circumstances of the Jewish history and those of his own country was often present to the mind of Krasinski. In order to understand the following poem, it must be borne in mind that, according to Krasinski, Poland is the modern scapegoat of nations, destined to bear the sins of the rest, but that one day, in the fulness of time, the national humiliation is to be recompensed by a glorious future. To point out to his countrymen what line of conduct will render them most worthy of the heritage in store for them, is the scope of the following poem. The poet exhorts them above all things not to sell their souls (*i.e.* their nationality) for those material goods which are so freely offered them by their enemies.

In conclusion, a few words as to the life of the author. To his own countrymen, Sigismund Krasinski was only known as "the anonymous poet." His unwillingness to attach his name to his poems arose from unfortunate family differences. General Count Krasinski, the father of the poet, lent all his influence to induce his countrymen to accept the Russian yoke with a good grace. This attitude of his father towards the Russian Government was the great grief of the life of the son, whose

regard for his father was only second to his love for his country. Partly in order not to compromise his father, and partly because of the bad odour in which the family name stood with his countrymen, owing to General Krasinski's Russian policy, the poems of Sigismund Krasinski were published anonymously at Paris, where the poet died a few years ago. To the end, he steadily rejected all offers of lucrative posts, made to gain him over, by the Russians. It can only be regarded as a happy thing, that he did not survive to witness the outbreak of the present insurrection, which he would surely have looked upon as a precipitate action. To use his own words in the following poem, he would never have admitted "that the bell of universal events had sounded for action." Yet, if they neglected the prudential part of their poet's teaching, the youth of Poland showed, by the fearless way in which they met death, that they had laid to heart some portion of Krasinski's exhortation. Much of the poem "Resurrecturis," which was written some ten years ago, has been painfully illustrated by the events of the past year, and reads like a prophecy.

## RESURRECTURIS.

This world is a graveyard of tears, of blood, and of mire,
To each one of us an everlasting Golgotha!
In vain the soul casts about her,
Writhing in her agony.
From the storms of life
There is no landing-place here.
Destiny mocks us every moment!
The workers she hurls into the gulf;

Takes the saintly, takes the lovely;
Leaves the unlovely!
Everything is knotted, and will not get untangled;
Death is at hand; and, in the distance,
Somewhere on the far-off waves of ages,
RESURRECTION!

Well, then, why not grow hard and stony-hearted?
Among murderers, become murderers,—
Among criminals, be criminals too,
Lie, hate,
Kill, and scoff,—
Paying the world back in its own coin?
Lo! this shall be our strength!
Or let us eat and drink, and sink to nothingness,—
Only gilding over our beastliness—
Pampering the body, and letting the mind run to seed—
And so be counted among the fools and happy!

Oh no! my soul!
Hold! draw back!
These are no weapons for those
Who would march in the van of the nations.
Not with evil must he pursue evil
Who would destroy it.
Alone in all the world
The force of silent suffering
Is able to crush crushing destiny.
Lo! this alone is action;
Which, at a single breath,
Shall sweep into nothingness
Whatever is grovelling, or presumptuous,—
Both but one kind of rubbish.

Oh! know thyself!
Ask not to be lord,
Like God in heaven;

Neither be like the beasts, which rot at grass in the meadows!
On this side the grave, before the Resurrection dawn,
Be a man, by thy suffering stamped of heavenly birth!
Be an arch-worker of unbending will!
Be patientness,—that queen-mistress of adversity,
Who rears her pile out of nothing, brick by brick!
Be that loser whose prize is always afar,
But who in the end wins for all eternity!
Be rest amid the storms of unrest;
Be order in chaos—harmony in discord;
Be an eternal beauty in the eternal fight of life!
Only to the grovelling and the self-righteous
Be a threat, a wrath, or saintlike silence!
With the hypocrites have no dealings at all;
To all others be an angel's breath!
Be that food on which the heart feeds;
Be a sister's tear to thy brother in misfortune,
And a man's voice when his manhood is like to fail him!
To the homeless—be home;
To the hopeless—be hope;
To yon sleeping corpses be an awakening thunder-clap!
In thy wrestlings with the fury of this hell-world,
At all times, and in all places, be that winning force,
Charity, whose strength is stronger than death!
Be a hell of love!
Continually, in word and deed,
Expend thyself on thy brethren!
Multiply thy one self by thy living actions,
And out of thee alone shall be a thousand!
Though it be in bonds, be an untiring worker!
Make of each pain, pain as it may, no pain!
In thy one breast be thy whole people!
Be a miracle joining earth to heaven,
A saintliness in bonds!

Rush not on death, ere, like a grain in the earth,
Thy thought shall be sown in men's hearts and fructify;
As long as the victory of martyrdom is not sure—
For the good of thee alone, and not of thy kind—
Shun martyrdom!
They are fools who grasp
At vain crowns of glory;
They are only heroes, who leap
Into the yawning gulph;
But the higher force of the soul
Heeds not such tinsel.
Only then, when, with its penetrating vibration,
The bell of universal events shall sound for action,
Will it be time for thee to offer thyself a ransom.
When thou hast hearkened to thy country calling thee,
Thy spirit will sink in penitent submission
On the threshold of the portal of the two worlds;
And into thy soul, spread out there before God,
The inbreathing voice of the Deity shall pour through the silence.
Then arise; and, like the runner whose course is run out,
Shake off from thy feet the dust of this earth.
Arise; and, like love, which dies for that it loves,
Spread out thy arms, and soar heavenwards.
Arise; speed to meet the hangman
Speeding towards thee—greeting such guests
In silence—with a blessing—without grief—
With the pitying glance of thy immortality!
Then seal thy witness, big with future promise,
With death—the budding of the higher life!

What the world called a dream and a delusion,
Make it a reality;
Make it a faith;
Make it a right—

Something fixed and tangible,
Something holy,
Which shall bore deep into men's hearts
Like a dagger, and stick there for ever,
Though it seem but to touch the surface lightly
Like a breath of air;
Until the world, thy murderer,
Of itself fall on its knees, and confess
That God and Fatherland
Are the conscience of nations.
When thy thought shall stream from thy body
Clothed in the flowing purple of thy blood,
This thought of thine shall be as a flood of light,
A judgment of God gleaming on high
Over the base herds of the ungodly.
Then shall withstand it
Neither men, nor deeds,
Nor lies, nor shams,
Nor genius, nor praise,
Nor kings, nor peoples;
And on the third day,
Over the grave of thy sufferings,
Out of the gulf of calamities,
Of the flood of events,
The unborn shall be born—
Righteousness shall arise!

LONDON: R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

# POLAND BEFORE THE FIRST PARTITION.

Former boundary of Poland
Present boundary between Russian & Austrian & Prussian Poland

Pink.
Green.

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